

# SONGS

And other

# POEMS

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By ALEX. BROME Gent.

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*Dixero quid si fortè jocofus , hoc mihi juris  
Cum Venia dabis—Hor. 1. Sat. 4.*

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The second Edition Corrected and enlarged.

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L O N D O N ,  
Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in  
Ivy Lane 1664.



CARMINA. DESUNT.





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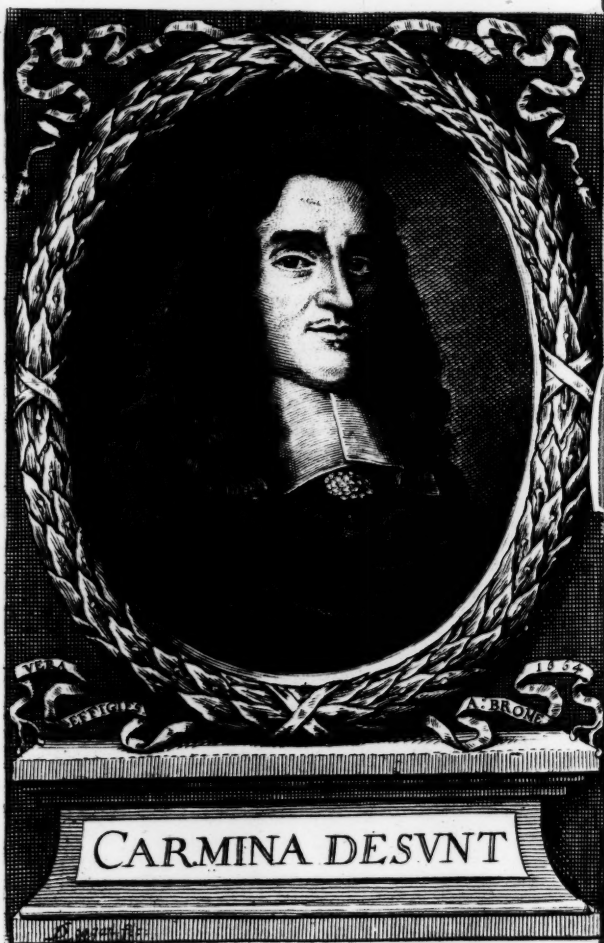


CARMINA DESVNT













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P O E M S

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Fiat Editio altera

*Fo. Berkenhead*

*April 28.*  
1663.

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To the Honourable,  
S<sup>R</sup>. JOHN ROBINSON  
Knight and Baronet, His Majesties  
Lieutenant of the Tower of  
L O N D O N.

**T***He many great ob-  
ligations which your  
nobleness hath from time  
to time laid upon me, doe  
merit a more serious ac-  
knowledgement then  
A 3 this*

## The Epistle

*this rude and toyish addressle can pretend to ; whose design is onely to beg pardon and protection, for that I being seduced to print these youthful vanities, have thus audaciouſly shelter'd them under your celebrated Name. I should not have done it, but that I well know the greatnesse of your soul , and the*  
Kind-

## Dedicatory.

d- Kindnesse you have for  
o; me, are a sufficient  
to screen to keep off any of-  
e- fence that I can commit  
e- against you: and I have  
b- considered also, that there  
us are four great things  
d- committed to your custo-  
a- dy; the Soldiers, the  
ot Lyons, the Guns, and  
I (which is more power-  
se ful) the Money. So that  
be if any should have an itch

## The Epistle

*to snarle at me, they will not dare to open their mouths, least they should be thought to bark at you ; In whose Regiment I desire to list this Volunteer, being encouraged by this consideration ; that, together with those great and serious Emblems and instruments of power, with which you are entrusted,*  
*the*

## Dedicatory.

*the Apes and Cata-  
mountains, and other  
properties of diversion,  
doe there find safety and  
subsistence; That those  
priviledges may extend  
to this Brat of mine,  
which is no lesse ridicu-  
lous, is the ambition of,*

SIR,

Your grateful Servant

and great Honourer

ALEX. BROME,

To the *Reader*.



O the Collection of these Papers two accidents have concurr'd; a *lazy disease*, and a *long vacation*: the one inclining me to doe nothing else, and the other affording me nothing else to doe.

To their publication I might alledge several reasons; namely, *gratification* of Friends, importunity, *prevention* of spurious Impressions. But these are in Print already in many grave Authors, with exact *formula's* to express the bashfulness of the Author, and the badness of the work, &c.

There are another sort of *reasons*, not express'd but impli'd; as, an *ambition* to be in *Print*, to have a *Face* cut in *Copper*, with a *Lawrel* about my head, a *Motto* and *Verses* underneath, made by my self  
in



To the Reader.

in my own commendation, and to be accounted a *Wit*, and call'd a *Poet*.

But, to say the truth, none of all these prevailed with me; for I made few of my Friends acquainted with the design; and these few told me, I should expose myself to the censure of the new Generation of JUDGE-WITS; who, like Committee-men, or black-Witches in Poetry, are created only to doe mischief. Nor did I fear any illegitimate Impression hereof, conceiving that no body would be at the charge of it. And to gratifie friends this way, were instead of quitting old obligations, to create new.

Now as to the honour of being in print, with its priviledges, 'tis much like being a Parliament-man; those that deserve it, need not court it, but will be so, whether they desire it or not; those that merit it not, may come in by purchase; such authors, like Men that beget Daughters, must give portions to be rid of their issue.

These

To the Reader.

These *reasons* being laid aside, as deficient, it will be expected that I should present you with better; but *indeed I have them not about me*; and for that *reason*, I am bold to affirm, that I am not bound, in strictness, to give any man any *reason* for doing this. For why I made these *rambles*, I can give no other account then a poor man does, why he gets *Children*; that is his *pleasure*, and this mine. And as with him in his case, 'tis with me in mine; having brought our *Brats* into the World, 'tis our duty to provide for their preservation.

I dare not say these *Poems* are good, nor do I certainly know whether they be or not; for the *Wits* are not yet agreed of a *standard*; nor shall I declare them bad, least others out of respect to me, should be of the same opinion.

But this I assure you, that I have been told to my face, that they are good, and was such a fond fool to believe it; else  
you

*To the Reader.*

you may be confident, they had ne're been exposed to view ; for upon my credit, I have no ambition to be *laught* at. And 'twere a great *disingenuity* to offer that to my Friends , which I myself should dislike.

All that is terrible in this case, is, that the *Author* may be laught at, and the *Stationer* begger'd by the Books invendibility. It concerns him to look to the one, I am provided against the other. For 'tis as unkind and unmanly to abuse me for being a bad *Poet*, as it is to raile at a *Dwarfe* for being little and weak: it being my desire to be as good as any that can jeer me; and if I come short by the Head, who can help it ? yet I desire to be thus far *ingenuous* , to let the World know, though they may esteem or call me a *Poet*, by this they may see I am none, or at least so mean a one, that 'twere better I were none.

To beg acceptance of this, upon the  
old

To the Reader.

old promise of never Writing more, were to make the publishing this a wilful *sin*, which I shan't commit. And though at present I resolve against *incumbring* my thoughts with such unprofitable meditations; yet I will ne're *abjure* them; being no more able to perform vowes never to Write again, then *Widows* theirs never to Marry again.

And now, being taught by custome, to beg something of the Reader, it shall be this; that in *reading* and *judging* these *Poems*, he will consider his own frailty, and *fallibility*; and read with the same *temper* and *apprehension*, as if himself had *written*, and I were to *judge*: and if he cannot find matter here to please himself and love me, let him pittie my disastrous *fate*, that threw me into this sad *distemper* of *rythming*.

But as to the men of a *severer brow*, who may be scandaliz'd at this free way  
of

*To the Reader.*

of writing, I desire them to conceive those Odes which may seem wild and extravagant, not to be *Idea's* of my own mind, but *Characters* of divers humours set out in their own persons. And what reflected on the *Times*, to be but expressions of what was thought and designed by the persons represented; there being no safe way to reprove vices then raging among us, but to lash them smilingly.

Perhaps it may be expected I should have interlarded this address with ends of *Latine*, to declare my self a *Schollar*. But the reason why I do not, is because by this late happy change I shall have occasion to employ that little *Latine* I have to a better use, and make it more advantageous to me.

*Farewell.*

To his honoured Friend Mr. ALEXANDER  
B R O M E, on the publishing his *Poems*.

S I R,

**Y**our ingenious Book, you were pleased to trust  
with me, had before this time come to your  
hands: had I either sooner known of your return  
to London, or found an handsome opportunity of  
conveying it thither with safety. Though your modesty is  
pleased to invite Censure, I find it is more then your great  
felicity in this way of Poetry can be liable to: Nor should  
I have thought those two or three slight Animadversions  
here inclosed, to have been worth the mentioning, were it not  
that I would have you believe I use such freedom with  
you, as to have done more if I had found occasion: though I  
doubt not but you have or will communicate these Papers  
to some other friends of more refined judgement then I can  
pretend to. This I am sure, that by publishing of them you  
will oblige, not onely all Men, but some of the Gods; espec-  
ially your Name-sake Bacchus (called also Bromius) whose  
worth your wit hath so much advanced, that, though Ex-  
cise should cease, we should in pure conscience think we  
could not purchase him at too dear a rate. Cupid himself  
who hath hitherto exercised chief dominion in Poetry  
now vails Bonnet to Him; were it not, that, whilst you so  
handsomely magnifie the power of Wine, your Readers are  
forced to fall in Love with your Muse: and, amongst them  
none more affectionately, then

S I R,

Your most obliged hum-  
ble Servant

R. B.

To the Ingenious Author Mr. Alexand.  
Brome.

**P**raise is the shade of Vertue, and ne're fell  
Into contempt, till Men ceas'd to do well.  
'Twas profit spoyld the world. Till then (we know  
The Usurer strook sayles unto the Poet. (it,)  
Kings Envied them their bayes; for though the Crown  
Had more of lustre, it had less renown.

Then be thou (Brome) my Subject; Thou whose mind  
Large, as the bounds of Nature, hath calcin'd  
Things high and low, and drawn conceptions thence,  
Which Adam scarcely knew in's Innocence,  
T' adorn thy style, and feed poetick fire,  
And make thy high-flown Raptures to fly higher:  
What can be thought or said to set thee forth?  
Or what Embellishment can guild thy worth?  
Great Merits (like good Claret) need no sign  
(Who ere proclaimed that the Sun did shine?)  
'Tis easie to begin, and hard to end;  
When but to speak thy Name, is to commend.

But leave I thee the Fountain; for the stream;  
Thy book, is now my more peculiar Theame,  
The Scene of Wine and Women. Thy smart pen  
Refines our Loves, and liquors o're agen,  
And teaches us new lessons. Shall I whine  
To a coy Mistrefs, swear, and lye, and pine,  
And dye, and live again, and change more shapes,  
Then Proteus did, or four and forty Apes,  
To win my loss of Liberty, when I,  
Enthron'd by fancy in true Soveraignty,

Can out of nothing, whensoever I please,  
Create a million of such Mistresses?  
And write a Sonnet to my Aiery she,  
Or steal a better Sonnet (Brome) from Thee?  
No, No, for know my loves best bill of Dye  
Is first free thoughts, the next is to be quiet.  
Hence too I'll quit the Taverns, for I find  
No Wine is like the Nectar of the Mind.  
Conceit is a good Cellar; Here we may  
Drink without sin, and spend without Decay;  
And frolick and be merry; Or else we  
May read thy book, and tippie Poetry;  
And sing the praises of the nobler Vine,  
And send a health to the great God of Wine.  
This, This, is pleasure, and cheap too, that's better,  
For know the Muse is apt to be a debtor.

All this we learn from thee; go on, and be  
A miracle in future History.  
Thou shew'st us mirth, and nobler waies to woe;  
And Vindicatest thy profession too.  
If Law and Business can produce such strains,  
Wee'l owe no Wit to leisure, but to Brains.

W. Paulet E medio Templo.

---

### To the Ingenious Author Mr. A. B.

**H**ow! how! what miracles in print?  
A Poem with the Politicks in't?  
'Tis strange, but I will not rehearse  
All the Probatus of thy verse.  
This only; when the nose and Bum  
Had frighted all our miseries dumb,

when



When force hag-rid our Land and Seas,  
Had made lames truths Antipodes ;  
When treason, ( like the bloud ) was found  
To circulate all England round ;  
Thou ( Brome ) to cure the Kingdoms wrong  
Didst hatch new loyalty with a song.  
Musick ( as once Saul's eldest Devil )  
Fetter'd Rebellious rampant evil ;  
Rhime oft times over-reaches reason ;  
Averse will counter-charm a Treason.  
Had Cromwel learn't the grace to sing,  
H'had fled to Heaven for his King.

Rob. Napeir E medio Templo.

To my ingenious Friend Mr. Brome, on  
his various and excellent Poems : An  
bumble Eglog.

### Daman and Dorus.

Written the 29. of May, 1660.

*Daman.*

**H**ail happy day ! Dorus sit down :  
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown  
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.  
The King ! the King's return'd ! and now  
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing  
We have our Laws, and have our King.

B 2

*Dorus*

*Dorus.*

'Tis true, and I would sing, but oh!  
These wars have sunk my heart so low  
'Twill not be rais'd.

*Daman.*

*What not this day?*

*Why 'tis the twenty ninth of May :  
Let Rebels spirits sink; let those  
That like the Goths and Vandals rose  
To ruine families, and bring  
Contempt upon our Church, our King,  
And all that's dear to us, be sad;  
But be not thou, let us be glad.*

*And Dorus, to invite thee, look,  
Here's a Collection in this book,  
Of all those chearful songs, that we  
Have sung so oft and merilie  
As we have march'd to fight the cause  
Of Gods Anointed, and our Laws :  
Such songs as make not the least ods  
Betwixt us mortals and the Gods :  
Such songs as Virgins need not fear  
To sing, or a grave Matron hear.  
Here's love drest neat, and chaste, and gay  
As gardens in the month of May;  
Here's harmony, and Wit, and Art,  
To raise thy thoughts, and chear thy heart.*

*Dorus.*

*Written by whom?*

*Daman.*

*A friend of mine,  
And one that's worthy to be thine :  
A Civil swain, that knows his times  
For business, and that done makes rhimes ;*

---

But not till then : my Friend's a man  
Lov'd by the Muses ; dear to *Pan* :  
He blest him with a chearful heart :  
And they with this sharp wit and art,  
Which he so tempers, as no *Swain*,  
That's loyal, does or should complain.

*Dorus.*

I wou'd fain see him :

*Daman.*

*Go with me*

*Dorus, to yonder broad beech-tree,  
There we shall meet him and Phillis,  
Perrigot, and Amaryllis,  
Tityrus, and his dear Clora,  
Tom and Will, and their Pastora :  
There wee'l dance, shake hands and sing,  
We have our Laws,*

*God blefs the King.*

*Iz. Walton.*

---

**To my worthy Friend Mr. Alex. Brome.**

*(made*

**W**ine ne're to run more clear through quill was,  
Then through thine is the praise of it convey'd ;  
And as by *Xeuxis* grapes so painted were,  
That even birds to peck at them drew near ;  
So, who thy lively Poems see, will think  
That as they read of Grapes the juice, they drink :  
Thou dost not treat us with short Epigrams,  
Like Usurers glassees, only holding drams ;

But in thy Songs thy wit is copious found,  
 As Wine in Conduits when a King is crown'd.  
 There strength of fancy, to it sweetness joynes,  
 Unmixt with water, nor stam'd with strong lines.  
 The lover who in many a frosty night,  
 Did Serenade, his Mistress out of sight,  
 And to his Gitthar songs most doleful howle  
 In consort with the Bell-man and the Owle,  
 Now takes his Brimmer off, and to her flies,  
 Singing thy Rhimes, and straight she is his prize.  
 She doth no more her Red-nos'd lover scorn,  
 But fairer thinks than blushes of the morn;  
 And would have Hymens torches lighted be  
 By th' nose, that's a Linck-boy compar'd by thee.  
 He tells her no part of a woman ought  
 Unto Starrs, Sun, globes, roses like be thought;  
 But that these names which raise so high a pride,  
 Are but to Taverns fit to be apply'd.  
 A Countrey Parson i'th' Rumps reign did woe  
 His auditory Honestly to do,  
 And wear brave souls, which he enforc'd by those  
 Thy songs only reform'd by him to prose,  
 Which he had heard at market over night:  
 Thus do thy fancies profit and delight.  
 Carry the cause then for this man is black,  
 That he may have from Vintners Tithes of Sack;  
 Wherein he will not crave so much, as did  
 The Levite who some of his Parish bid;  
 That sail'd to Green-land that they should not fail  
 Thence of their prey to bring him the tenth Whale.  
 But to reward him higher, let him get  
 Tithes of thy muse, and so be out of's debt.  
 And now we think, while thou abroad dost shew  
 Thy self in print to the Worlds open view,

From

---

*From all that wear brave souls no voyce doth stir,  
But welcome Sir, y'are kindly welcome Sir.  
Yet if the envious at thee do repine,  
They shall be but like flies drown'd in thy Wine.*

C. W.

---

*To his dear friend Mr. Alex. Brome, upon  
the publishing his Poems.*

**M***Y kind Affections will shew forth thy wit,  
Although't be by a simple opposite;  
For thou preventest all Ingenuous poems,  
Ingrossing all the wit within thy Poems;  
But yet there's something left for me to do,  
Which would be folly if perform'd by you:  
And that's to praise both thee, and them, whose glory  
Shall reign with thy loyal Congratulatory  
And daring Speech, made in Clothworkers-Hall,  
Which overcame, and made the General,  
Who made us all, by making all his men,  
Rank as they were, to bring our Kings agen,  
By being subject to our Lawful Prince,  
Whose damned Exile, made us Slaves e're since:  
And so confin'd thy fancy, that thy Fame  
(Till his return was) kept without a Name.  
Though thou hast been Libellish all these times,  
Against the changing Powers; yet some Crimes  
Thou didst conceal, which did thy prudence shew,  
To keep their vices for their overthrow;  
Reserving still some strength as a redoubt,  
Fearing the Rumpish rear might face about;*

*And made our Kings de facto, and of right  
In Charles the Second justly to unite ;  
Who soon enlarg'd thy Muse, which free,  
Hath bound us to our Laws for liberty :  
To whom I do subscribe, (since our Commander,  
In name's as good as is Great Alexander).*

Cha. Steynings.

*To his Ingenious Friend Mr. A. B. upon  
his most excellent Poems.*

**I***N our late Chaos, when the giddy world  
Was to th' Abyſſe of curs'd Rebellion hurl'd :  
And its distemper'd Pilots did advance  
Nothing but dull and sordid Ignorance ;  
When to be either learn'd, or witty, gave  
Occasion to make this or t'other slave :  
Then Atlas-like thou didst that world sustain,  
Destin'd to thrive by thy Poetick-brain.*

*Divinity we there saw stifled, and  
The Law was only practis'd under-hand :  
The Glory of our School eclips'd ; a shade,  
No life, nor Beauty gave, but Horror had  
All Modes and Methods Ravish'd from our eye,  
To cancel Name of King and Loyalty ;  
For each of which, thou mad'st a fit supply,  
As some instruct their Boyes by Poetrie.*

*Nay Millions more had driven with that stream,  
Had not thy sense and light diverted them,*

*Those*

*Those who droop'd in despair, had drop'd away,  
But Thy Prophetick Numbers made them stay;  
And did re-animate their spirits here,  
Fore-telling them their Sun would once appear.*

*Most of the younger Fry, that never saw  
A Crown or Gospel flourish with the Law,  
Had been deprav'd in soul, but that the Starre  
(Thy Lines put forth) directed how and where  
They ought to worship, so they were kept fræ  
From the Times guilt, others Apostacie.*

*The puisne Law-wrights too may spare to look  
On this grave Sirs reports, or t'others Book  
For what's Authentique, but (at will) from thee,  
May freight their Skuls with Law's Epitomie:  
And henceforth we shall have them cease to Bawl  
Cook upon Littleton, but Brome on all.*

*The Brethren of the Crowd throughout the Town,  
Who lost their time to keep't, were out of Tune  
More than their Instruments; as if their Arts  
Were meerly but to play, not play their parts,  
Till furnish'd with a Song or two from you;  
Then they grew proud upon't, and wealthy too;  
Nor was't ill husbandry, or either's wrong,  
To give, or get their money for a Song.*

*We find in every Science, Art, or Trade,  
Ambition some Competitors has made;  
But here THOU art particular, and like,  
For Poesie, as Painting was Vandyke.*

*Such*

---

*Such reputation hast thou gain'd, that when  
A piece of Wit has by some other Men  
Been richly cloath'd, and spoken; Hear their dooms,  
Upon our lives, 'Tis Alexander Brome's.  
But —————*

*As Pictures by their soyles seem better drest,  
I can but be, Thy Blackamore at Best.*  
Valentine Oldis.

---

*For his much honoured Friend  
Mr. Alexander Brome.*

Honoured Sir,

**Y**Our ingenious Letter which came to my hands long after its date, had sooner received an Answer, if my frequent absence, and many hæsitations between Willingness and Inability to serve you, had not caused this respite. And now let me tell you my opinion; that, though Elogies upon Authors are at no time necessary, yet I think them never more superfluous, than when Verses are commended with more Verses; which if they be better, disparage their Friend; if worse Themselves. We know it is against a Rule of Art to lay Metal upon Metal, and that Cook who besprinkles the borders of his dish with the same meat which it contains, will be thought rather to dawb then garnish it. I am sure it will be so here, with your curious entertainment, unto which the Reader must needs come with such an eager Appetite, as to reproach, or at least neglect, all that stands in his way. And I should much wonder why  
you



you would be such a Mezentius to your self, as to bind my dead Muse to your own living one; but that I suppose, being secure of immortality, you are proof against all contagion. Had you laid this command upon me, when you favoured me with the perusal of your Book, those brisk and frolick airs might have so volatiliz'd my thoughts, that it had been as easie for me to write, as for the beasts to dance when they heard Orpheus's Harp. But now you bid me be warm, when you have long since withdrawn the fire: and call me to a work unto which my pen is so much a stranger, that it is now many years since I made a verse in English. Believe it Sir, 'tis to me as great a Metamorphosis, as when a City was turn'd into a Bird, on a sudden, to lay by all that is solid and severe, and soar aloft in the airy maies of Fancy, led only by the tinkling of Rhymes, as Bees by the noyse of a Candlestick: At present, I am sure, whilest business is much upon me, I am charm'd against such transmutations. You that are a wonder your self in this kind, would be less so, if any were like you; that can reconcile Poetry with Westminster-Hall, where nothing of a fine spinning (not so much as Cobwebs, they say) can have a place: that can swallow down the rank phrases of our Law, like so many heads of Garlick, next your heart in a morning; and before night breath forth soft and Jovial airs, surpassing the most captivated votaries of Love or Wine: these are toss'd about like the Sibylls prophetick leaves, and at length you find them crowning every Feast, and dancing on the lips of every Lady. But for mine own part, if perhaps I have been found of late amongst our Academical Versifiers, it was but as Cleaveland's Presbyterian danced, only ——— in obedience to the Ordinance. For you must know, that Doctors appear in Verse, as old men some-  
times

---

*times have done in a Morris, not so much for ostentation of Ability, as for uncouthness of the sight, and to shew how ready they are to be laught at for his Majesties service. And I could tell some who would censure me for levity, should they see me play the Poet in such good company as yours, who yet call upon me to do the same here, where I am to be dull by my place. In short Sir, if it be necessary that such a Champion as you should not come forth into the field without your Dwarf, I heartily wish I were able to serve you in that condition: However, give me leave I pray you to remain in downright Prose*

*Sir,*

*Your assured Friend and most  
humble Servant,*

*H. T.*

---

**POEMS.**



# P O E M S.

## S O N G I.

### *Plain Dealing.*

1.



*Well*, 'tis true,

I am now fal'n in Love,

And 'tis with You :

And now I plainly see,

While you're *enthron'd* by me above,

You all your *arts* and *pow'rs* improve

To *Tyrant* over me ;

And make *my flames* th' *Incentives* of *your Scorn*,  
While you *rejoyce*, and *feast* your *Eyes* to see me thus  
(forlorn.

2.

But yet be wise,

And don't believe, that I

Did think your *Eyes*

More bright than *Stars* can be;

Or that your *Face Angels* out-vies

In their *Cæstia*l *Liveries*

'Twas all but *Pœtrie*.

I could have said as much by any *She*, (by *me*.  
You are not *beauteous* of *your self*, but are made so

3.

Though *we*, like Fools,  
Fathom the *Earth* and *Skie*,  
And drein the *Schools*  
For names t'express *you* by :  
Out-rant the lowd'ft *Hyperboles*  
To dub the *Saints*, and *Deities*,  
By *Cupid's Heraldry* :

We know you're *Flesh* and *Bloud* as well as *Men*,  
And when we will can *mortalize*, and make you so  
(*agen*.

4.

Yet, since my *Fate*  
Has drawn me to *this Sin*,  
Which I did *hate*,  
I'll not my labour lose :  
But will *love on*, as I begin,  
To th' purpose, now my hand is in,  
'Spite of those *Arts* you use ;  
And let you know, the *World* is not so bare,  
There's Things enough to love, besides such *Toyes* as  
(*Ladies* are.

5.

I'll love *good Wine* ;  
I'll love my *Book* and *Muse*,  
Nay all the *Nine* ;  
I'll Love my *real Friend* ;  
I'll Love my *Horse* ; and, could I chuse  
One, that would not my *Love* abuse,  
To *her* my Heart should bend.  
I'll love all those, that *laugh*, and those, that *sing* ;  
I'll love my *Country*, *Prince*, and *Laws* ; and those,  
(that love the *King*.  
SONG.

## S O N G   I I.

*The Indifferent.*

## I.

**M**istake me not, I am not of that mind  
 To hate all *woman kind* ;  
 Nor can you so my *patience* vex ;  
 To make my *Muse* blaspheme your sex,  
 Nor with my *Satyrs* bite you ;  
 Though there are some in your *free-State*.  
 Some things in you, who're *Candidate*,  
 That he who *is*, or *loves* himself, must hate ;  
 Yet I'll not therefore *slight* you.  
 For I'm a *Schismatick* in Love,  
 And what makes *most* abhorr it,  
 In me does more *affection* move,  
 And I *love* the better for it.

## 2.

I vow, I am so far from loving *none*,  
 That I *love* every one ;  
 If *fair* I must, if *brown* she be,  
 She's *lovely*, and for *Sympathy*,  
 'Cause we're alike, I love her ;  
 If *tall*, she's *proper* ; and if *short*,  
 She's *humble*, and I love her for't :  
*Small's* pretty, *fat* is pleasant, every sort  
 Some graceful *good* discover ;  
 If *young*, she's pliant to the sport ;  
 And if her *visage* carry  
*Gray hairs* and *wrinkles*, yet I'll court,  
 And so turn *Antiquary*.

3.

Be her hair *red*, be her lips *gray* or *blew*,  
 Or any other *hew*,  
 Or has she but the *ruins* of a *nose*,  
 Or but *eye-sockets*, I'll love those;  
 Though *scales*, not *skin*, does *clothe* her,  
 Though from her *lungs*, the *scent* that comes  
 Does *Rowt* her *teeth* out of their *gums*;  
 I'll count all these for high *Encomiums*,  
 Nor will I therefore *loath* her.  
 There are no *rules* for beauty, but  
 'Tis as our *fancies* make it:  
 Be you but *kind*, I'll think you *fair*,  
 And all for truth shall take it.

## S O N G III.

*The Resolve.*

I.

**T**ELL me not of a *face* that's *fair*,  
 Nor *lip* and *cheek* that's *red*,  
 Nor of the *tresses* of her *hair*,  
 Nor *curls* in order laid;  
 Nor of a rare *seraphick* voice,  
 That like an *Angel* sings;  
 Though if I were to take my *choice*,  
 I would have all these things;  
 But if thou wilt have me *love*  
 And it must be a *she*,  
 The only *argument* can move  
 Is, that she will *love* me.

2. The

2.  
The glories of your *Ladies* be  
But *Metaphors* of things;  
And but resemble what we see  
Each common *object* brings.  
*Roses* out-red their *lips* and *cheeks*,  
*Lillies* their *whiteness* stain:  
What fool is he that *shadows* seeks  
And may the *substance* gain?  
Then if thou'lt have me love a *Lass*  
Let it be one that's kind,  
Else I'm a *servant* to the *glass*  
That's with *Canary* lin'd.

S O N G IV.

*The Wary Woer.*

1.

Faith, you're mistaken, I'll not love  
That face that *frowns* on me,  
Though it be handsome, 't shall not move  
My center'd soul that's far above  
The *magick* of a paint;  
That on a *Devil* writes a *Saint*:  
I hate your *Pictures* and *Imagery*.  
I'm no love-*Sinon*, nor will tamely now  
Lie *swaddled* in the trenches of your brow.

2.

Though you are *witty* what care I?  
My danger is the more;  
Nay should you boast of *honesty*,  
*Woman* gives all those names the *Lie*:

C

In

In all you hardly can  
Write after that fair copy, *Man*;  
And dabble in the steps we've gone before.  
We you admire, as we do parrots all  
Not speaking well, but that they speak at all.

3.

That *Lass* mine arms desire t'enfold,  
Born in the golden age,  
Guarded with *Angels*, but of Gold,  
She that's in such a *showre* enroll'd  
May tempt a *Jove* to be  
Guilty of Loves Idolatry,  
And make a pleasure of an *Hermitage*;  
Though their teeth are not, if their necks wear pearls  
A *Kitchin-wench* is Consort for an *Earl*.

4.

'Tis money makes the man, you say,  
'T shall make the *Woman* too;  
When both are clad in like array  
*Decemler* rivals youthful *May*:  
This rules the *World*, and this  
*Perfection* of both Sexes is;  
This *Flora* made a Goddess, so 'twill you:  
This makes us laugh, this makes us drink and sing;  
This makes the beggar trample o're his King.

## S O N G V.

The Counsel.

I.

W Hy's my friend so melancholy?  
Prithe why so sad, why so sad?  
*Beauty's* vain, and *Love's* a folly,



*Wealth and women make men mad:*  
 To him that has a heart that's jolly  
*Nothing's grievous, Nothing's sad.*  
 Come, cheer up my *Lad.*

2.

Does thy *mistress* seem to fly thee?  
 Prithee, don't *repine*, don't *repine*;  
 If at first she does deny thee,  
 Of her love, deny her thine;  
 She shews her *coyness* but to try thee,  
 And will *triumph* if thou pine.  
 Drown thy thoughts in wine.

3.

Try again, and don't give over,  
 Ply her, she's thine *own*, she's thine *own*;  
 Cowardise undoes a *Lover*  
 They are *Tyrants* if you moan;  
 If not thy *self*, nor *love* can move her,  
 But she'll *sight* thee and be gone:  
 Let her then alone!

4.

If thy courtship can't invite her,  
 Nor to condescend, nor to bend;  
 Thy only wisdom is to *sight* her,  
 And her *beauty* discommend.  
 Such a *niceness* will requite her;  
 Yet if thy *Love* will not end,  
 Love thy *self* and friend.

C S

SONG

## S O N G VI.

To his *Mistress*.

**L**ady you'l wonder when you see  
 With those bright *twins* of eyes,  
 These *ragged* lines that *creep* from me,  
 And note the *contrariety*  
 That both in them and in their *Author* lies.

I that came hither with a breast  
 Coated with *Male* about;  
 Proof 'gainst your beauty, and the rest,  
 And had no room for *Love* to nest,  
 Where *reason* lodg'd within, and *love* kept out.

My thoughts turn'd like the needle, about,  
 Touch'd by *Magnetick* love:  
 And fain would find some *North-pole* out,  
 But waver'd 'twixt *desire* and *doubt*;  
 Till now they're fixt, and point to you above.

Lend me one *Ray*, and do but *shine*  
 Upon my verse, and me;  
 Your *beauty* can *enrich* a line,  
 And so you'll make 'um yours, not mine;  
 Since there's no *Helicon* like love and thee.

## S O N G. VII.

To his Mistress.

I,

W Hy dost thou frown my dear, on me?  
 Come *change* that angry face.  
 What though I kist that *Prodigie*,  
 And did her ugly limbs embrace?  
 'Twas only 'cause *thou wert* in place.

2.

Had I suck't poyson from her breath,  
 One kifs could set me free:  
 Thy lip's an *Antidote* 'gainst Death;  
 Nor would I ever wish to be  
 Cur'd of a *sickness* but by thee.

3.

The little birds for dirt repair  
 Down from the purer skie,  
 And shall not I kifs foul and fair?  
 Wilt thou give *Birds* more pow'r than I?  
 Eye, 'tis a *scrupulous nicety*.

4.

When all the *World* I've rang'd about,  
 All *beauties* else to spy,  
 And, at the last, can find none out,  
 Equal to thee in beauty; I  
 Will make thee my sole *Deity*.

## S O N G VIII.

*The hard Heart.*

1.  
**S** Till so *hard-hearted*? what may be  
 The sin thou hast committed?  
 That now the angry *Deity*  
 Has to a *Rock* congealed thee,  
 And thus thy *hardness* fitted?  
 To make one act both *sin* and *curse*,  
 And plague thy *hardness* with a *worse*.

2.  
 Till thee there never was but one  
 Was to a *Rock* translated,  
 Poor *Niobe* that weeping stone:  
 She ever did, thou ne're dost moan,  
 Nor is thy scorn abated.  
 The *tears* I send to thee are grown  
 Of that same nature, and turn *stone*.

3.  
 Yet I, dear *Rock*, must worship thee,  
*Love* works this *superstition*,  
 And justifies the *Idolatri*  
 That's shown to such a *stone* as thee,  
 Where it fore-runs *fruition*.  
 Thou'rt so *magnetick*, that I can  
 No more leave thee, than to be *Man*.

4.  
 But thou, I warrant thee, dost suppose  
 This new *design* will *slay* me,  
 And *ravel* out my life with *woes*  
 Till death, at last, mine eyes shall close;  
 Then in thy breast thou'lt lay me,

That

That all may read, lo here I lye  
Tomb'd in thy heart, slain by thine eye.

5.

But I, I vow, will be more wise,  
And love with such discretion;  
When I read coyness in thy eyes,  
I'll robe mine with like cruelties,  
And kill with *prepossession*.  
Then I'll turn *stone*, and so will be  
An endless monument to thee,

S O N G. IX.

*Loves Anarchy.*

1.

L Ove, I must tell thee, I'll no longer be  
A *Victime* to thy beardless *Deity*:  
Nor shall this heart of mine,  
Now 'tis return'd,  
Be offered at thy *shrine*,  
Or at thine *Altar* burn'd.  
*Love*, like *Religion's* made an *airy name*,  
To awe those souls whom want of wit makes tame.

2.

There's no such thing as *Quiver*, *Shafts*, or *Row*,  
Nor does *Love* wound, but men imagine so.  
Or if it does perplex  
And grieve the mind,  
'Tis the poor *masculine Sex*:  
*Women* no *surrows* find.

'Tis not our persons, nor our parts, can move 'um,  
Nor is't mens *worth*, but *wealth*, makes Ladies love  
(um.

3.

*Reason* henceforth, not *love*, shall be my guide,  
My fellow-creatures sha'n't be *Deis'd*;

I'll now rebel be,

And so pull down

That *Distaff-Monarchy*,

And *Females* fancy'd crown.

In these *unbridled* times who would not strive  
To free his *neck* from all *prerogative*?

## S O N G X.

*The Libertine.*

1.

**P**erswade me not, I vow I'll love no more,  
My *heart* has now ta'n quarter;  
My *fetters* I'll no more adore,  
Nor madly run, as heretofore,  
To break my *freedom's Charter*:

He, that once fails, may try again;

But who so often fool'd has bin,

And still attempts, commits a *triple sin*:

He's his own *humours* *Martyr*.

I'll use my *liberty* to run

Abroad, and still be *choosing*:

Who would *confine* himself to one

That has power of *refusing*?

2. The

## 2.

The unconfined *Bee*, we see, has power,  
 To *kiss* and *feel* each flower;  
 Nor is his *pleasure* limited  
 To th' ruins of one *maidenhead*,  
 Nor ty'd to ones *embraces*:  
 But having's will of one, he'll fly  
 T'another, and there load his thigh.  
 Why should he have more priviledge than I?  
 Since both our amorous cases  
 Differ in this alone; his *thighs*,  
 When he abroad doth rome,  
 Loaden with spoys return, But mine  
 Come *weak* and *empty* home.

## 3.

The self same *beauty* that I've often sworn  
 Dwelt only in my dearest,  
 I see by other *Ladies* worn,  
 Whom the same *Graces* do adorn:  
 I like that *face* that's nearest.  
 This I *salute*, and *walk* with that;  
 With this I *sing*, with t'other *chat*,  
 I've none to *Catechize* me *where?* or *what?*  
 Nor will bety'd t' a *Querist*.  
 Thus out of all, *Pigmalion* like,  
 My fancy limns a woman;  
 To her I freely sacrifice,  
 And *rival'd* am by no man.

## S O N G. XI.

*The Contrary.*

1.

N Ay prithe do, be coy and slight me,  
 I must love, though thou abhor it;  
 This pretty *niceness* does invite me:  
*Scorn* me, and I'll love thee for it.  
 That *World* of beauty that is in you,  
 I'll overcome like *Alexander*.  
 In amorous flames I can continue  
*Unsing'd*, and prove a *Salamander*.

2.

Do not be won too soon I prethee,  
 But let me *woo*, whilst thou dost fly me.  
 'Tis my delight to dally with thee,  
 I'll court thee still if thou'lt deny me;  
 For there's no happiness but *loving*,  
*Enjoyment* makes our pleasures flat;  
 Give me the heart that's alwaies moving,  
 And's not confin'd to one, *you know what*.

3.

I've fresh *supplies* on all occasions,  
 Of thoughts, as *Various* as your face is,  
 No *Directory* for evasions,  
 Nor will I court by *common-places*.  
 My heart's with *Amidotes* provided,  
 Nor will I dye 'cause you frown on me;  
 I'm merry when I am derided,  
 When you laugh at me, or upon me.



4.

'Tis *fancy* that creates those pleasures  
 That have no being but conceited;  
 And when we come to dig those treasures,  
 We see our selves our selves have cheated:  
 But if th'art minded to destroy me,  
 Then love me much, and love me ever,  
 I'll love thee *more*, and that may slay me,  
 So I thy Martyr am, or never.

## S O N G XII.

*The Young Lover.*

1.

**T**ush! never tell me, I'm too young  
 For loving, or too Green,  
 She staies at least seven years too long  
 That's wedded at *fourteen*.

*Age and Discretion fit*Grave *Matrons*, whose desires and youths are past.*Love* needs not, nor has wit. (frost)

They in whose youthful breast dwells nought but  
 Can only mourn the *daies*, and *joyes*, they've lost.

2.

*Lambs* bring forth *Lambs*, and *Doves* bring *Doves*

As soon as they'r begotten:

Then why should *Ladies* linger loves,

As if not ripe till rotten.

'Tis envious age pe. swades

This tedious heresie for men to *moore*Stale *Nymphs* and *Vestal* maids,While they in modesty must answer *No*.Late *Love*, like late *Repentance*, seldom's true.

3: Gray

3.

Gray hairs are fitter for the *Grave*  
 Than for the *bridal bed* ;  
 What pleasure can a lover have  
 In a wither'd *Maidenhead* ?  
 Dry bones and rotten limbs  
 Make *Hymen's Temple* turn an *Hospital* :  
 Age all our beauty dims.  
 Though *Lands* must not till one and twenty fall,  
 The laws to *love* prescribe no time at all.

4.

Nature's exalted in our time ;  
 And what our *Grandames* then  
 At four and twenty scarce could climbe,  
 We can arrive at *ten*.  
 Youth of it self doth bring us  
*Provocatives* within, and we do scorn  
*Love-powders* and *Eringoes*.  
*Cupid* himself's a *childe*, and 'twill be sworn,  
*Lovers* like *Poets*, are not *made*, but *born*.

## S O N G XIII.

To his *Mistress*.

I.

MY *Theodora*, can those eyes  
 From whence such glories shine,  
 Give light to every soul that pryés,  
 And only be obscur'd to mine,  
 Who willingly my heart resign,  
 Enflam'd by you, to be your sacrifice ?

2. Send

2.

Send out one beam t' enrich my soul,  
 And chase this gloomy shade;  
 That does in *clouds* about me roul,  
 And in my breast a *hell* has made;  
 Where *fire* still burns, still *flames* invade.  
 And yet lights *pow'r* and *comfort* both controul.

3.

Then, out of *gratitude*, I'll send  
 Some of my flames to thee,  
 Thus lovingly our gifts we'll blend;  
 And both in *joyes* shall wealthy be:  
 And love, though *blind*, shall learn to see,  
 Since you an eye to him and me can lend.

## S O N G XIII.

To a Widow.

1.

**N**AY, dry (for shame) those *blubber'd* eyes,  
 And cease to *figh* that breath away,  
*Fates* are not mov'd with tears and cries,  
 Nor formal sighs as vain as they,  
*Joyes* are not *joyes*, that alwaies stay,  
 And constant *pleasures* do n't delight but cloy.

2.

Though he be gone, that was your dear,  
 Must you for ever *mourn* and *pine*  
 The Sun that's buried the last Year,  
 Does now in *newer* glory shine.  
 Your Nuptial joyes and pleasures be  
 Not dead, but only inherited by me,

3. Hymen's

3.

*Hymen's* an Artist, and can do  
 The next time better than before,  
*Giants* great heights can reach unto,  
 But on their shoulders *dwarfs* reach more.  
*Men* more refin'd do daily grow,  
 The nearer to Divinity they go.

4.

Then don't (my dear) thy heart confine,  
 To one whose *being's* past away,  
 And make me with desires, to pine,  
 Whilest he must glut, that can't enjoy.  
 Love's stifled, when it is confin'd,  
 To this or that ; it's object is mankind.

## S O N G XV.

*To his Friend that had vow'd Small-Beer.*

1.

**L**eave off fond *Hermite*, leave thy vow,  
 And fall again to drinking  
 That *beauty* that won't sack allow,  
 Is hardly worth thy thinking,  
*Dry love*, or *small*, can never hold,  
 And without *Bacchus*, *Venus* soon grows cold.

2.

Doest think by turning *Anchorite* ;  
 Or a dull *Small-Beer* sinner.  
 Thy cold embraces can invite,  
 Or sprightless *Courtship* win her ?  
 No, 'tis *Canary* that inspires,  
 'Tis *Sack*, like *Oyle*, gives *Flames* to am'rous Fires.

3. This

3.

This makes thee *chant* thy Mistress name,  
 And to the heav'ns to raise her;  
 And range this universal frame  
 For *Epithets* to praise her.  
 Low liquors render brains unwitty,  
 And ne're provoke to love, but move to pity.

4.

Then be thy self, and take thy *Glass*,  
 Leave off this dry *Devotion*,  
 Thou must like *Neptune* court thy lass,  
 Wallowing in *Nectars* Ocean,  
 Let's offer at each Ladies *shrine*,  
 A full crown'd bowl, first here's a health to thine.

## SONG. XVI.

On Claret.

1.

W<sup>I</sup>thin this *bottle's* to be seen,  
 A scarlet liquor that has been  
 Born of the royal vine;  
 We but nick-name it when we call  
 It *Gods* drink, who drink none at all,  
 No higher name than *Wine*

2.

'Tis Ladies liquor; here one might  
 Feast both his eye and appetite,  
 With *beauty* and with *taste*,  
*Cherries* and *Roses* which you seek,  
 Upon your *Mistress* lip and *cheek*,  
 Are here together plac'd.

3. Phy-

3.

Physicians may prescribe their whey  
 To purge our *Reins* and *Brains* away,  
 And clarify the *Blond*;  
 That cures one sickness with another,  
 This *routs* by whole-sale altogether,  
 And drowns them in a flood.

4.

This *Poets* makes, else how could I  
 Thus ramble into *Poetry*,  
 Nay and write *Sonnets* too;  
 If there's such pow'r in *junior* wines,  
 To make one venture upon lines  
 What could *Canary* do?

5.

Then squeeze the vessels *bowels* out  
 And deal it faithfully about,  
 Crown each hand with a brimmer;  
 Since we're to pass through this *red Sea*,  
 Our noses shall our *Pilots* be  
 And every soul a swimmer.

## S O N G XVII.

*A Mock-Song.*

1.

**T**Is true, I never was in love:  
 But now I mean to be,  
 For there's no art  
 Can shield a heart  
 From loves *Supremacie*.

2. Though

2.

Though in my *monage* I have seen  
 A world of taking faces;  
 I had not *age* nor *wit* to *ken*  
 Their several hidden graces.

3.

Those vertues which though thinly set;  
 In others are admired,  
 In thee are altogether met,  
 Which make thee so desired.

4.

That though I never was in *Love*  
 Nor never meant to be  
 Thy self and parts  
 Above my arts  
 Have drawn my heart to thee.

## S O N G XVIII.

*Reasons of Love.*

1.

P Rethee, why dost thou *love* me so?  
 Or is it but in *show*? (me?)  
 What is there that your thoughts can *pick* about  
 If beauty in my face you view,  
 'Twas ne're writ there unless by you;  
 I little find within, nor you without me.

2.

I ha'nt the *Rhetorick* of the foot:  
 Nor lean long *leg* to boot,  
 Nor can I *court* with *congees*, *trips*, and *dances*;  
 I seldom *sing*, or if I do,  
 You'll scarce tell whe'r I *sing* or no,  
 I can't endure *Love-stories* and *Romances*.

D

3. I

3.

I neither know, nor love to play  
 And fool my time away ;  
 Nor talk in *Dialects* to please your fancy :  
 Nor *carve* the *Capon* or the *Quail*,  
 But *hew* it through from *head* to *tail*,  
 A *complement* to me is *Negromancy*.

4.

I boast not of a pedigree,  
 That *Lords* or *Lordlings* be,  
 Nor do I lace my name with *Grandfires* story,  
 Nor will I take the pains to look  
 For a fools coat i'th' *Heralds* book,  
 My fame's mine own, no monumental glory.

5.

I am not fashion'd of the mode,  
 Nor rant i'th' *Gallants* rode,  
 Nor in my habit do observe *decorum* :  
 Perfumes shall not my breath belie,  
 Nor clothes my body glorifie,  
 They shall derive their honour, 'cause I wore 'um,

6.

No *frizling* nor scarce *locks*, and yet  
 Perhaps *more hair* than *wit* :  
 Nor shall *Sweet-powders* vanity delight you ;  
 Though my hairs little, I'll not carry  
 A wig for an *Auxiliary*.  
 If my *locks* can't, anothers shant invite you.

7.

And which is worse, I cannot woe  
 With *Gold* as others doe,  
 Nor bait your love with *Lordships*, *Lands*, and *Towers*,  
 Just so much money I have by,  
 As serves to spoil my *poetry*,  
 Not to expose me to the higher powers.

8. Nay



8.

Nay you shan't make a fool of me,  
 Though I no *Statist* be,  
 Nor shall I be so valiant to fight for ye;  
 I han't the *patience* to court;  
 Nor did I e're do't, but in sport,  
 I won't run mad for love, nor yet go marry.

9.

And yet I know some cause does move,  
 Though it be not pure love  
 'Tis for your honours sake that you affect me;  
 For well you know, she that's my *Lass*,  
 Is *canoniz'd* in every *glass*,  
 And her health's drunk, by all that do respect me.

10.

Then love thou on, I'll tittle till  
 Both of us have our *fill*,  
 And so thy name shall never be forgotten;  
 I'll make thee *Hellen's* fame survive,  
 Though she be dead and thou alive,  
 For though thou'rt not so old, thy heart's as rotten.

## S O N G XIX.

*Epithalamy.*

I.

N Ay fie, *Platonicks* still adoring,  
 The fond *Chymera's* of your brain?  
 Still on that empty nothing poring?  
 And only follow what you feign?  
 Live in your humour, 'tis a curse  
 So bad, 'twere pity wish a worse.  
 We'll banish such conceits as those,

D z

Since

Since he that has *enjoyment* knows,  
More bliss, then *Plato* could suppose.

2.

*Cashiered* woers, whose low merit  
Could ne're arrive at nuptial bliss,  
Turn *Schismaticks* in love, whose spirit  
Would have none *hit* 'cause they do *mifs*,  
But those reproaches that they vent  
Do only blaze their discontent.  
*Condemn'd* mens words no truth can show,  
And *Hunters* when they prove too slow,  
Cry *Hares* are dry *meat*, let 'um go.

3.

Th' inamour'd *youth*, whose flaming breast  
Makes *Goddeffes* and *Angels* all;  
In's contemplation finds no rest,  
For all his joyes are *sceptical*,  
At his fruition flings away  
His *Cloris* and his *Welladay*,  
And gladly joyns to fill our *Quire*.  
Who to such happiness aspire  
As all must envy or admire.

## S O N G XX.

An Ode of *Anacreon* paraphrased.

*Beauties* force.

**I** Wonder why Dame *Nature* thus  
Her various *gifts* dispences;  
She every *creature* else but us  
With *arms*, or *armour* fences.

The *Bull* with bended horns she arms;  
 With hoofs she guards the *Horse*;  
 The *Hare* can nimbly run from harms,  
 All know the *Lions* force.

2.

The *Bird* can danger fly on's wing,  
 She *Fish* with fins adorns,  
 The *Cuckold* too, that harmless thing,  
 His patience guards, and's horns.  
 And *Men* she valiant makes and wise,  
 To shun or baffle harms;  
 But to poor *Women* she denies  
 Armour to give, or arms.

3.

Instead of all, this she does do;  
 Our *Beauty* she bestows,  
 Which serves for arms and armour too,  
 'Gainst all our pow'rful Foes,  
 And 'tis no matter, so she doth  
 Still beautious faces yield  
 Wee'l conquer sword and fire, for both  
 To beauty leave the field.

## S O N G XXI.

*Love's without Reason.*

I.

'T Is not my Ladies face that makes me loue her,  
 Though beauty there doth rest,  
 Enough t' inflame the breast  
 Of one, that never did discover

The glories of a face before ;  
 But I that have seen *thousands* more  
 See nought in hers, but what in others are,  
 Only because I think she's fair, she's fair.

2.

'Tis not her *vertues*, nor those vast *perfections*,  
 That crowd together in her,  
 Ingage my soul to win her,  
 For those are only brief *Collections*,  
 Of what's in man in *folio* writ ;  
 Which by their imitative wit  
*Women* like *Apes* and *Children* strive to do ;  
 But we that have the *substance* slight the *show*.

3.

'Tis not her *birth*, her *friends*, nor yet her *treasure*,  
 My free-born soul can hold ;  
 For *chains* are *chains* though gold ;  
 Nor do I *court* her for my pleasure,  
 Nor for that old *Moralitie*  
 Do I love her, 'cause she loves me ?  
 For that's no *love*, but *gratitude*, and all  
 Loves that from *fortunes* rise, with *fortunes* fall.

4.

If *friends*, or *birth*, created love within me,  
 Then *Princes* I'll adore,  
 And only scorn the *poor*,  
 If vertue or good parts could win me,  
 I'll turn *Platonick*, and ne're vex  
 My soul with difference of *sex*,  
 And he that loves his *Lady* 'cause she's fair,  
 Delights his eye, so loves himself, not her.

5.

*Reason* and *Wisdom* are to love high *treason*,  
 Nor can he truly love,  
 Whose *flame*'s not far above,

And

And far beyond his *wit* or *reason*,  
 Then ask no reason for my fires,  
 For *infinite* are my desires.  
 Something there is moves me to love, and I  
 Do know I love, but *know* not *how*, nor *why*.

## S O N G XXII.

*The Damsel.*

I.

**S**ince *Women* are still,  
 By-pretenders to skill,  
 Suppos'd to be sway'd by their will,  
 And not by their judgment nor reason,  
 Then it shall be mine,  
 To uphold the design,  
 In spite of the *hits*  
 Of the fellows call'd *Wits*,  
 That jeer every thing that's in season.

2.

Though youthful I be,  
 And buxome to see,  
 And suppos'd to be frolick and free,  
 And ripe for the thing you wot on,  
 I'll not sacrific'd be  
 To the *Ginger-bread* he,  
 Whose *cloathes* are in print  
 And his hair has butter in't  
 And his *fancies* and *whimsys* has got on.

3.

For the *Youth* in their bud,  
 That do sail in the floud,

Of their active and flaming bloud,  
 Like furious undertakers;  
 Are fiery at first,  
 But have soon done their worst,  
 Then they shrink their heads in,  
 And care not a pin  
 For the *sport*, nor yet the *sport-makers*.

4.  
 But give me that he  
 That is *threescore* and *three*  
 And can neither *hear*, *smell*, or *see*,  
 He will serve well enough for a *cover*;  
 He will *tickle*, and *touch*,  
 Though his strength be not much,  
 He can't *do*, but *desire*,  
 And that kindles his fire,  
 While he *fathers* the sports of a *lover*.

5.  
 O the *tooth* without peers!  
 And the silver hairs!  
 And the *gouts*, and the *coughs* of old years!  
 I would have such an one for the nonce;  
 I can *Chronicles* find,  
 In his limbs, and his mind,  
 While his *face* tells the story  
 Of *memento mori*,  
 With an *Amanack* in his bones,

## S O N G XXIII.

## A Dialogue.

I.

*Amoret.*

O For the balmy coral of a lip!  
 Where I with *kissing Chymistry* may sip.  
*Castalian* quaffs of *Nectar* to delight me,  
 And every kiss may to a new invite me.

*Oenophil.*

Give me a bowl wherein I'll tumble *Bacchus*, (us  
 To bathe our souls, we'll drink till Sack doth crack

*Midas.*

But let my chests groan with the *gilded oar*,  
 Where having much is *prologue* unto more.

*Oenophil.*

Who doats on *beauty*, fancies but a toy.

*Midas.*

Who *Wine* adores, does overwhelm his joy.

*Oenophil.*

And he that gapes for gaudy dirt or treasure,  
 Still feels desires, but no content nor pleasure.

*Chorus.*

(guide,

Then let's unite our *desires*, but let *reason* be our  
 What in each is not found, in all swels like a tide.

2.

*Amoret.*

A beautilous face can a young fancy raise,  
 And *mirtle* glorifies, as well as *Bayes*.  
 Love, like the soul, informs the flesh that's stupid,  
 Nor can *Apollo* more inspire than *Cupid*.

*Oenophil.*

*Oenophil.*

(flow, it

Where full-fraught *cups*, with sprightly liquors  
Unwraps your brain, and makes each wight a *Poet*.

*Midas.*

Where boundless treasure raigns 'twil raise the soul,  
And wit and love both conquer and controul.

*Amoret.*

Still give me love, give me my lovely lass.

*Oenophil.*

I'll count no other mistress, but the glass.

*Midas.*

But give me *chink*, nor love, nor wit shall plague us.  
For *Poe* and *Hypocrene* both vail to *Tagus*.

*Chorus.*

(guide

Then let's unite our *desires*, but let *reason* be our  
*What* in each is not found in all *swels* like a *tide*.

# SONG XXIV.

*To his Mistress affrighted in the wars.*

I.

Come sigh no more, but kiss again,  
These troubles shall never trouble me;  
Your sighs are but wind, and your sorrows vain;  
They'll never the sooner for us agree.

Let *Canons* keep roaring

And bullets still fly,

While I am adoring

Thee, my deity.

Hang this wealth! let money flee,  
They cannot undo me, while I have thee.

2. I'll



2.

I'll be thy *Champion* to defend  
 Thy person from all these dangers and harms;  
 No Army's so sure as a real friend,  
 Nor Castle defends like a lovers arms.

But if I can't daunt 'um,  
 By valour and might,  
 Your face shall enchant 'um,  
 For beauty can fight.

There's no armour can men free  
 From the naked pow'r of such beauties as thee.

3.

I *Venus* serve, a fig for *Mars*,  
 Loves arrows may wound, but neuer kill me;  
 Me thinks there's no pleasure in bloody wars,  
 But I long to be wounded and taken by thee?

When our bullets are kisses,

And our field is a bed,  
 And the top of our blifs is  
 A pure maidenhead.

Both will strive to lose the day,  
 And both shall be conquer'd, yet not run away.

## S O N G XXV.

*Upon the Cavaliers departing out of London.*

1.

NOW fare thee well *London*,  
 Thou next must be undone,  
 'Cause thou hast undone us before;  
 This cause and this tyrant,  
 Had never plaid this high rant,  
 Were't not for thy *Argent* and *Or*.

2. Now

2.

Now we must desert thee,  
With the lines that begirt thee,  
And the red-coated Saints Domineer,  
Who with liberty fool thee,  
While a Monster doth rule thee,  
And thou feel'st what before thou didst fear:

3.

Now *justice* and *freedom*  
With the *laws* that did breed 'um,  
Are sent to *Jamaica* for gold,  
And those that upheld 'um,  
Have power but seldom,  
For justice is barter'd and sold.

4.

Now the Christian Religion  
Must seek a new Region,  
And the old Saints give way to the new;  
And we that are loyal  
Vail to those that destroy a'll,  
When the Christian gives place to the Jew.

5.

But this is our glory  
In this wretched story,  
Calamities fall on the best;  
And those that destroy us  
Do better employ us,  
To sing till they are suppress.

S O N G

## S O N G XXVI.

*On the fall of the Prices of Wine.*

## I.

NOW our thanks to our powers above us,  
 And to him that above them doth sit,  
 Who to shew how intirely they love us,  
 Have found out the way  
 To repair the decay  
 Of the famish'd and foundered *Wit*,  
 And new drench the Poetical *Tit*.

*Chorus.*

Welcome desired *August* to us  
 Thou Comfort and delight do'st give us  
 'Twas *November* did undo us,  
 But 'tis *August* does relieve us.

## 2.

Give's a rowling beer-glass of Canary,  
 The half-pint and thimble's our foe;  
 We will be no more tributary  
 To the *Spaniards* pride,  
 Nor make *Vintners* ride,  
 When we are not able to go,  
 Or dare not our faces to show.

*Chorus, &c.*

## 3.

We defie now the *Malter* and *Hopper*,  
 Whose *Pride* would have made us surmise,  
 Our *Helicon* lay in his *Copper*;  
 And He'll sell *wit* and *art*,  
 At three half pence a quart;

And

And with that he would make us so wise,  
To be able to cheat the *Excise*.

*Chorus, &c.*

4.

Let us venture to take the *Canaries*,  
And then wee'll make *Sack* of our own;  
For he that those *Islands* carries,  
Wins the *Indies* to boot,  
And all *Spain* added to't;  
The *Turk* and the *Pope* wee'l not own,  
But rule the whole World alone.

*Chorus, &c.*

5.

'Tis the *means* and the *end* of our study,  
It does make our invention overflow  
While the channel of *ale* makes it muddy  
A *Mayor* or a *Knight*  
By *bunches* may write,  
If his theame be the *grape*, and by it  
Be esteem'd a *Divine* and a *wit*.

*Chorus, &c.*

---

S O N G XXVII.

*The Old Mans Delight.*

By R. B.

**H**O boy, hay boy,  
Come come away boy,  
And bring me my longing desire,  
A Lads that is near,  
And can well do the feat,  
When lusty young blood is on fire.

Let

Let her body be tall,  
And her waist be small,  
And her age not above eighteen;  
Let her care for no bed,  
But here let her spread  
Her mantle upon the green.

Let her face be faire,  
And her breasts be bare.  
And a voice let her have that can warble,  
Let her belly be soft,  
But to mount me aloft,  
Let her bounding buttocks be marble.

*The Addition by A. B.*

Let her have a cherry lip  
Where I *Nectar* may sip;  
Let her eyes be as black as a floe;  
Dangling locks I do love,  
So that those hang above,  
Are the same with what grows below.

Oh such a bonny Lass  
May bring wonders to pass,  
And make me grow younger and younger;  
And when ere we do part,  
She'll be mad at the heart,  
That I'm able to tarry no longer.

S O N O

## S O N G XXVIII.

*A Dialogue translated.**Q.* **W**Hat made *Venus* strike her Son?*A.* Cause he lost his bow and quiver.*Q.* Where is his bow and quiver gone?*A.* To my Mistress without doubt.*Q.* Prithee how came that about?*A.* She did but ask, and he did give her;

For being blind, he easily errs,

And knew not his Mothers face from hers.

*Chorus.*

Oh blame him not for what he did do;

Which of us all would not err so too?

## S O N G XXIX.

*Out of Catallus.*

I.

**M**Y *Lesbia*, let us live and love,  
 Let crabbed *Age* talk what it will.  
 The *Sun* when down, returns above,  
 But we, once dead, must be so still.

2.

Kiss me a thousand times, and then  
 Give me a hundred kisses more,  
 Now kiss a thousand times agen,  
 Then t'other hundred as before.

3. Come

3.  
Come a third thousand, and to those  
Another hundred *kisses* fix;  
That done, to make the sweeter close,  
Wee'l millions of *kisses* mix.

4.  
And huddle them together so,  
That we our selves shan't know how many,  
And others can't their number know,  
If we should envy'd be by any.

5.  
And then, when we have done all this,  
That our pleasures may remain,  
Wee'l continue on our bliss,  
By *unkissing* all again.

6.  
Thus wee'l love, and thus wee'l live,  
While our posting minutes fly,  
Wee'l have no time to vex or grieve,  
But *kiss* and *unkiss* till we die.

## S O N G XXX.

*The Attempt.*

**W**Hy should I blush or be *dismay'd*,  
To tell you I adore you?  
Since *Love's* a pow'r, that can't be staid,  
But must by all be once obey'd,  
And you as well as those before you:  
Your beauty hath enchain'd my mind,  
O let me not then cruel find.  
You which are *fair*, and therefore should be kind.

E

2. Fair

2.

Fair as the light, *pure* as the Ray,  
 That in the gray-ey'd morning  
 Leaps forth, and propagates a day :  
 Those glories which in others stray  
 Meet all in you for your adorning.  
 Since *nature* built that goodly frame,  
 And *Virtue* has inspir'd the same,  
 Let *love* draw *yours* to meet my *raging flame*.

3.

Joy of my soul, the only thing,  
 That's my *delight* and *glory*,  
 From you alone my love does spring,  
 If one love may another bring,  
 'Twill *crown* our happy story.  
 Those fires I burn withall are pure  
 And Noble, yet too strong t'endure ;  
 'Twas you did *wound*, 'tis you that ought to *cure*.

## S O N G XXXI.

To a Lady that turned her Cheek.

1.

ANd why this *coyness*, Lady mine ?  
 What needs all this adoe ?  
 'Tis but a *swap*, my lips for thine,  
 A gentle touch, and goe.  
 Nay let such *kisses* still be kept,  
 Let him that is deny'd  
 Your *lip*, and will your *cheek* accept,  
 Lye only by your *side*.



2.

I hate to kiss your *druggs* and *foiles*;  
 'Tis flesh that I affect,  
 And you whose art your *nature* spoils,  
 I like not, but suspect.  
 Pray why's your *mouth* more *skie* than *mine*?  
 Am't I as *sound* as you're?  
 My *lips* let in as much good *wine*,  
 And send out *words* as pure.

3.

Expect no *courtship* more from me,  
 Nor words, that you, and I  
 May in our judgments plainly see,  
 Make but a ranting lie:  
 Leave these coy humours and be plain:  
 Deny, or else be free,  
 Look not for *love*, w'thout *love* again,  
 I'll *kiss*, if you'l *kiss* me.

## S O N G XXXII.

*Practick Love.*

1.

**P**Rithee *Calia* tell me, why  
 Thou fool'st away thy precious hours,  
*Beauty* fades, and *youth* doth fly,  
 There's no trust to *futurity*.  
 Time present's only in our powers.  
 She that her present joys doth defer,  
 Would love at the last, when none will love her,  
 And so proves her own *Idolater*,

2.

Either *love* or say you will not,  
 For *love* or *scorn*'s all one to me,  
 Diversion's pleasant, though it fill not ;  
 Denials vex us, but they kill not,  
 We're *murder'd* by *credulity*,  
 O'tis a *Tyranny* still to invite,  
 The mind, and inrage it with faigned delight,  
 To raise, and then baffle the *appetite*.

3.

If you'd let me be but quiet,  
 Not see your *face*, nor hear your *name* ?  
 Though I can't conquer love. I'd fly it,  
 For *absence*, *business*, *friends*, or *dye*,  
 Would *quench* or else divert my flame :  
 But you're so *imperious* grown, and so cruel,  
 'Cause you see that my heart is *combustible*, you will  
 Not put out the *fire*, but still put in *fuel*.

4.

'Twas not your face, nor yet my eye,  
 That this devouring flame begot,  
 If either did alone, pray why  
 Did you not kill, and I not die  
 Then when we knew each other not ?  
 'Twastheir *constellation* was my undoing,  
 You by being beautiful, and I by viewing  
 Paid in contribution to my own ruine.

5.

Come then let's love now while we may,  
 And let me know what I may trust to,  
*Desires* are muredred by *delay*,  
 Our *youth* and *marrow* will decay,  
 And Love, for *want* of use, will rust too.

This *king* and *courting* not any thing spels,  
In spite of the story the *Platonist* tells,  
If it were not in order to something else.

## S O N G XXXIII.

*Translated out of French.*

I.

**N**OW I'm resolv'd to love no more,  
But *sleep* by Night, and *drink* by day :  
Your *coyness*, *Cloris*, pray give o'e,  
And turn your *tempting* eyes away.  
From *Ladies* I'll withdraw my heart  
And fix it only on the *Quart*.

2.

I'll place no *happinefs* of mine  
A *puling beauty* still to court  
And say she's *glorious* and *divine*,  
The *Vintner* makes the better sport.  
And when I say my *Dear*, my *Heart* ;  
I only mean it to the *Quart*.

3.

Love has no more prerogative,  
To make me desperate courses take,  
Nor me t'an *Hermitage* shall drive,  
I'll all my vows to th' *goblet* make  
And if I wear a *Capuchoone*  
It shall a *Tankard* be or none.

*Added.*

4.

'Tis *Wine* alone that cheers the soul,  
But love and *Ladies* make us sad ;

E 3

I'm

I'm merry when I court the bowl,  
 While he that courts the *Madam's* mad,  
 Then Ladies wonder not at me,  
 For you are *coy*, but wine is free.

## S O N G XXXIV.

*Translated out of French.*

1.

**C**lymena still complains of me  
 And I of her complain too.  
 But would you know the cause, why we  
 This quarrel did attain to.  
 'Tis 'cause I am not true saies she,  
 And I say that again too.

2.

I cannot choose but wonder why  
 This lovely Toy doth blame me,  
 If my heart wears *inconstancy* ;  
 It is but what became me.  
 Since she was *fickle*, why not I ?  
 I'm but as she did frame me.

3.

Time was I thought our flames of love,  
 Would burn for ever brighter ;  
 But when she did so faithless prove,  
 I vow'd I would requite her,  
 I quickly did my flames remove,  
 And now for ever slight her.

## S O N G XXXV.

To a Painted Lady.

1.

**L**eave these *deluding* tricks and shoves,  
Be honest and down-right;  
What *Nature* did to view expose,  
Don't you keep out of sight.  
The novice *youth* may chance admire,  
Your dressings, paints and spells:  
But we that are *expert* desire  
Your *sex* for somewhat else.

2.

In your adored *face* and *hair*,  
What vertue could you find,  
If *Women* were like *Angels* fair,  
And every man were blind?  
You need no *pains* or *time* to *wast*  
To set your *beauties* forth,  
With *oils*, and *paint*, and *drugs*, that cost  
More than the *face* is worth.

3.

*Nature* her self, her own work does  
And hates all needless arts,  
And all your *artificial* shoves  
Disgrace your *Nat'ral* parts.  
You're *flesh* and *bloud*, and so are we,  
Let *flesh* and *blond* alone,  
To Love all *compounds* hateful be,  
Give me the *pure*, or none.

## S O N G XXXVI.]

To a coy Lady.

I.

**I** Prithee leave this peevish fashion,  
 Don't desire to be high-priz'd,  
*Love's a Princely noble passion,*  
 And doth scorn to be despis'd.  
 Though we say you're fair, you know,  
 We your *beauty* do bestow,  
 For our *fancy* makes you so.

2.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,  
 We do't only for our pleasure,  
 And those parts in which you glory,  
 We by *fancy* weigh and measure.  
 When for *Deities* you go,  
 For *Angels*, or for *Queens*, pray know,  
 'Tis our *fancy* makes you so.

3.

Don't suppose your Majesty  
 By *Tyranny's* best signified,  
 And your *Angellick* natures be.  
 Distinguish'd only by your *pride*.  
*Tyrants* make *Subjects* rebels grow,  
 And *pride* makes *Angels* Dev'ls below,  
 And your *pride* may make you so.

S O N G

## S O N G XXXVII.

*The Recovery.*

I.

**H**OW *unconcerned* I can now  
Behold that face of thine!  
The *Graces* and the *dressés* too,  
Which both *conspir'd* to make thee shine,  
And made me think thou wert *divine*.

2.

And yet me thinks thou'rt wondrous fair,  
But I have no *desires*,  
Those *Glories* in thy face that are,  
Kindled not in my heart those *fires*,  
For that *remains*, though this *expires*.

3.

Nor was't my eyes that had such pow'r  
To burn my self and you,  
For then they'd every thing devour,  
But I do several others view,  
*Unsing'd*, and so don't think it true.

4.

Nay both together could not do't,  
Else we had dy'd e're this,  
Without some higher pow'r to boot,  
Which must rule both, if either miss,  
All t'other to no purpose is.

5.

It puzzles my *Philosophy*,  
To find wherein consists  
This *pow'r of love*, and tyranny,  
Or in a *Lovers eye*, or breast  
Be't where it will, there let it rest.

SONG.

## S O N G XXXVIII.

*Advice to Cælia.*

I.

**M**Y lovely *Cælia*, while thou dost enjoy  
*Beauty and youth*, be sure to use 'um,  
 And be not fickle, be not coy,  
 Thy self or *Lovers* to destroy.  
 Since all those *Lillies* and those *Roses*,  
 Which *Lovers* find, or *love* supposes,  
 To flourish in thy face,  
 Will tarry but a little space;  
 And *youth* and *beauty* are but only lent  
 To you by *nature*, with this good intent,  
 You should enjoy, but not abuse 'um,  
 And when *enjoyments* may be had, not fondly to re-  
 (fuse 'um.

2.

Let lovers *flatt'ry* ne'r prevail with thee;  
 Nor their oyl'd complements deceive thee,  
 Their *vows* and *protestations* be  
 Too often meer *Hypocrisie*:  
 And those high praises of the witty  
 May all be costly, but not fit ye,  
 Or if it true should be  
 Now what thy *lovers* say of thee,  
 Sicknes or age will quickly strip away  
 Those fading glories of thy youthful *May*;  
 And of thy graces all bereave thee;  
 Then those that thee *ador'd* before will slight thee,  
 (and so leave thee,

3. Then



3.

Then while thou'rt *fair* and *young*, be *kind*, but *wise*,

*Doat* not, nor proudly use *denying*;

That tempting *toy* thy beauty lies

Not in thy *face*, but lovers *eyes*.

And he that *doats* on thee may *smother*

His love, 'ith *beauty* of another,

Or flying at all game

May *quench*, or else *divert* his flame.

His *reason* too may chance to interpose,

And *love* declines as fast as *reason* grows.

There is a *knack* to find loves treasures

Too young, too old, too nice, too free, too slow,

(destroys your pleasures.)

## S O N G XXXIX.

*The Mad Lover.*

**I** Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink

This many and many a year ;

And those three are plagues enough one would think

For one poor mortal to bear.

'Twas drink made me fall into Love,

And Love made me run into debt,

And though I have struggled and struggled and strove,

I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,

And rid me of all my pain.

'Twil pay all my debts,

And remove all my lets,

And

And my Mistris that cannot endure me,  
Will love me, and love me again,  
Then I'll fall to loving and drinking amain.

## S O N G XL.

*The Murmurer.*

I.

**L**et's lay aside plotting and thinking,  
And meddling with matters of State,  
Since we have the freedom of drinking,  
'Tis a folly to scribble or prate.  
The great ones have nothing to think on,  
But how to make fools of the small;  
We Cavaliers suffer and drink on,  
And care not a louse for 'um all,

2.

We thought it was matter of danger  
To be Rebels against our Prince;  
But he that is not a meer stranger,  
May see it is otherwise since.  
'Tis only the petty Delinquent  
With whom the matter goes hard;  
'Where ever much boldness and Chink went,  
There honour's bestow'd and reward.

3.

To keep up a turbulent nature,  
And fear neither God nor the King;  
To be a significant Traytor,  
Is an advantageous thing.  
But since it has ever been so,  
And so it will ever be,

!Let

Let it end as it did begin, so  
That it never do trouble me.

## S O N G XLI.

*A Round.*

**S**it round, sit round, leave musing and thinking,  
Hang caring and working, let's fall to our drink-  
The works of our hands (ing;  
Shall purchase no lands,  
But in spite of all care wee'l be frolick;  
He that does the glass skip,  
May he die of the pip,  
Or be lowsie that none shall endure him;  
Or be plagu'd with the stone or the cholick,  
And find ne'r a Surgeon to cure him.

## S O N G XLII.

*The Cavalier.*

**W**E have ventur'd our estates,  
And our liberties and lives,  
For our Master and his mates,  
And been tofs'd by cruel fates,  
Where the rebellious Devil drives,  
So that not one of ten survives.  
We have laid all at stake  
For his Majesty's sake,  
We have fought, we have paid,  
We've been sold and betray'd.

And

And tumbled from nation to nation,  
But now those are thrown down  
That usurped the Crown,  
Our hopes were that we  
All rewarded should be,  
But we're paid with a Proclamation.

Now the times are turn'd about,  
And the Rebels race is run :  
That many headed beast, the Rout,  
Who did turn the Father out  
When they saw they were undone,  
Were for bringing in the Son.  
That phanatical crue  
Which made us all rue,  
Have got so much wealth,  
By their plunder and stealth,  
That they creep into profit and power :  
And so come what will,  
They'll be uppermost still ;  
And we that are low,  
Shall still be kept so  
While those domineer and devour.

Yet we will be loyal still,  
And serve without reward or hire,  
To be redeem'd from so much ill,  
May stay our stomachs, though not fill ;  
And if our patience do not tire,  
We may in time have our desire.

## S O N G XLIII.

*A Wife.*

1.

S Ince thou'rt condemn'd to wed a thing,  
And that same thing must be a she ;  
And that same she to thee must cling  
For term of life of her and thee ;  
I'll tell thee what this thing shall bee.

2.

I would not have her virtuous,  
For such a wife I ne'er did see ;  
And 'tis a madness to suppose  
What never was, nor e'er shall bee ;  
To seem so is enough to thee.

3.

Do not desire she should be wise,  
Yet let her have a waggish wit ;  
No circumventing subtilties,  
But pretty flights to please and hit,  
And make us laugh at her, or it.

4.

Nor must thou have one very just,  
Lest she repay thee in thy kind ;  
And yet she must be true to trust ;  
Or if to sport she has a mind,  
Let her be sure to keep thee blind.

5.

One part of valour let her have ;  
Not to return but suffer ill,  
To her own passion be no slave  
But to thy law's obedient still,  
And unto thine submit her will.

6. Be

6.

Be thou content she have a tongue,  
That's active so it be not lowd;  
And so she be straight-limb'd and young,  
Though not with beauty much endow'd,  
No matter, so she be but proud.

7.

Tir'd she should be, not satisfi'd,  
But alwaies tempting thee for more,  
So cunningly she bee n't espy'd.  
Let her act all parts like a whore,  
So she bee n't one, I'd ask no more.

8.

But above all things, let her be  
Short liv'd and rich, no strong-dock'd *Jone*,  
That dares to live till 53,  
Find this wife, if thou must have one;  
But there's no wife so good as none.

## S O N G XLIV.

*On the Queens Arrival.*

I.

**F**rom the *Lusitanian* Shore,  
Our triumphing Ships are come  
Proudly with their royal lading,  
Which Britain, that now truly's great, enjoys at  
And needs no more abroad to rove, (home,  
But may now give over trading.  
For we have that Jewel whose value is more,  
Then all one *India's* Spice, or t'other *India's* Ore.

2. *Katharina*

2.

*Katharina* Queen of love!*England's* joy and admiration!Fit to be made a Spouse to *Jove*,*Spain's* terrour, yet their emulation;The *Portuguez* riches, their glory and pride,

Who now are become but a rifled nation,

Such a cœlestial comfort to bring

To the embraces of *Brittains* King:

The world yields not so glorious a Bride;

Nor is there a Prince that merits the bliss

Of so great beauty, but so good a King as this.

3.

Now let sea and land rejoyce,

*Tagus* yields us golden sands;

All that have feet, or hands, or voyce,

In these two united lands,

Lift them up, rejoyce and sing;

Blessed Queen and happy King!

*Chorus.*Long live *Charles* and *Katharina*!

To testify our joy,

We sung *Vive le Roy*;But now wee'll sing *Vive le Roy & la Reigna*.

## S O N G XLV.

*A Friend.*

**F**Ain would I find out a friend that is true;  
 That we may live freely together:  
 But men are grown false, and friends are but few,  
 And as fickle in mind as a feather.

F

That

That man I suspect, who much zeal does pretend,  
And will not our frailties connive at,  
His looks and his words are both fram'd to his end,  
While some underhand-cheat he does drive at.

He that still laughs in tune, and smiles in my face,  
And appears very courteous and civil;  
If I trust him but once, I shall find him as base  
And perfidious as the Devil.

A man of a niggardly soul I despise,  
His Avarice makes him slavish;  
For he that his wealth more than honour doth prize,  
Will not only be sordid but knavish.

He that soon grows rich from a beggerly life,  
Is not for my conversation ;  
He's as proud as a Presbyter Parson's wife,  
Or a new made corporation.

But he that is generous, jolly and wise,  
Good natur'd and just to any one,  
Such person I love and extol to the skies;  
He shall be my friend and companion.

---





# PART II.

## SONG I.

### *The Royalist.*

I.

*Written in 1646.*

Come, pass about the *bowl* to me,  
 A health to our distressed *King*;  
 Though we're in hold, let cups go free,  
 Birds in a *cage* may freely sing.  
 The ground does tippie healths apace,  
 When *storms* do fall, and shall not we;  
 A sorrow dares not shew its face,  
 When we are *ships* and sack's the *sea*.

2.

Pox on this grief, hang *wealth*, let's *sing*,  
 Shall's kill our selves for fear of death?  
 We'l live by th' *air* which songs doth bring,  
 Our *sighing* does but wast our breath:  
 Then let us not be discontent,  
 Nor drink a glass the less of *Wine*;  
 In vain they'l think their plagues are spent,  
 When once they see we don't *repine*.

F 2

2. We

3.

We do not suffer here alone,  
 Though we are beggar'd, so's the King;  
 'Tis sin t' have wealth, when he has none,  
 Tush! poverty's a *Royal* thing!  
 When we are larded well with drink,  
 Our heads shall turn as round as theirs,  
 Our feet shall rise, our bodies sink  
 Clean down the wind, like *Cavaliers*.

4.

Fill this unnatural *quart* with sack;  
*Nature all vacuums* doth decline,  
 Our selves will be a *Zodiack*,  
 And every mouth shall be a sign.  
 Me thinks the *Travels* of the glass,  
 Are circular like *Plato's* year,  
 Where every thing is as it was;  
 Let's tipple round; and so 'tis here.

## S O N G II.

*The Commoners.**Written in 1645. to the Club men.*

C Ome your waies  
 Bonny Boyes  
 Of the Town,  
 For now is your time or never;  
 Shall your fears  
 Or your cares  
 Cast you down?  
 Hang your wealth  
 And your health,  
 Get renown,

We all are undone for ever.  
 Now the *King* and the *Crown*  
 Are tumbling down,  
 And the *Realm* doth groan with *disasters*,  
 And the scum of the land,  
 Are the men that command,  
 And our *slaves* are become our *masters*.

2.

Now our lives,  
 Children, wives  
 And estate,  
 Are a prey to the lust and plunder,  
 To the rage  
 Of our age.  
 And the *fate*  
 Of our land  
 Is at hand,  
 'Tis too late  
 To tread these *Usurpers* under.  
 First down goes the *Crown*,  
 Then follows the *gown*;  
 Thus levell'd are we by the *Roundhead*,  
 While *Church* and *State* must  
 Feed their *pride* and their *lust*.  
 And the *Kingdom* and *King* confounded.

3.

Shall we still  
 Suffer ill  
 And be dumb?  
 And let every *Varlet* undo us?  
 Shall we doubt  
 Of each *Lowl*,  
 That doth come,  
 With a voice

Like the noise  
 Of a Drum,  
 And a sword or a Buffe-coat to us?  
 Shall we lose our estates  
 By plunder and rates  
 To bedeck those proud upstarts that *swagger*,  
 Rather fight for your meat,  
 Which these *Locusts* do eat,  
 Now every man's a beggar.

## SONG III.

*The Pastoral.*

*On the Kings Death. Written in 1648.*

**W**Here *Englands Damon* us'd to keep,  
 In peace and awe, his *flocks*  
 Who fed, not fed upon, his sheep,  
 There *Wolves* and *Tygres* now do 'prey,  
 There *Sheep* are slain, and *Goats* do sway,  
 There reigns the subtle *Fox*  
 While the poor *Lamkins* weep.

2.

The *Laurell'd garland* which before  
 Circled his brows about,  
 The *spotless coat* which once he wore,  
 The *sheep-hook* which he us'd to sway,  
 And *pipe* whereon he lov'd to play,  
 Are seiz'd on by the *rout*,  
 And must be us'd no more.

3.

Poor *Swain*, how thou lament'st to see

Thy flocks o're-ru'd by those  
That serve thy Cattle all like thee :

Where hateful *vice* usurps the Crown,  
And *Loyalty* is trodden down ;

Downskrip and sheep-hook goes,  
When *Foxes* Shepherds be.

## S O N G IV.

*A Mock-Song.*

**H**Ang up *Mars*  
And his wars,  
Give us drink,  
We'll tipple my *Lads* together ;  
Those are slaves,  
Fools and knaves,  
That have *chink*,  
And must pay,  
For what they say,  
Do, or think,  
*Good fellows* accompt for neither ;  
Be we round, be we square,  
We are happier than they're  
Whose dignity works their ruin :  
He that well the *bowl* rears,  
Can baffle his cares,  
And a fig for death or undoing.

## S O N G V.

*The Trooper.*

I.

C O M E, come, let us drink,  
 'Tis in vain to think,  
 Like fools on grief or sadness;  
 Let our *money* fly  
 And our *sorrows* die,  
*All worldly care is madness*;  
 But Sack and good cheer  
 Will in spite of our fear,  
 Inspire our souls with gladness.

2.

Let the greedy clowns  
 That do live like hounds,  
 That know neither *bound* nor *measure*  
 Lament each loss,  
 For their *wealth* is their cross,  
 Whose delight is in their *treasure*,  
 But we that have none,  
 Will use theirs as our own,  
 And spend it at our pleasure.

3.

Troul about the *bowl*,  
 The delight of my soul,  
 And to my hand commend it,  
 A fig for *chink*,  
 'Twas made to buy drink;  
 Before that we go we'll end it:  
 When we've spent our store,  
 The land will yield us more,  
 And jovially we will spend it.

S O N O

## S O N G VI.

*The Good-fellow.*I.  
S

Tay, stay, shut the gate ;  
T' other quart, faith, it is not so late,  
As you're thinking ;  
Those *Stars* which you see,  
In this *hemisphere*, be

But the *studs* in your cheeks by your *drinking*.  
The *Sun* is gone to tippie all night in the sea boyes;  
To morrow he'l blush that he's paler then we boyes,  
Drink *wine*, give him *water*, 'tis *sack* makes us the  
(boyes.

2.

Fill, fill up the glafs,  
To the next merry *Lad* let it pass, ~  
Come away w'it ;  
Come set foot to foot,  
And but give your minds to't,

'Tis *heretical fix*, that doth slay wit.  
No *helicon* like to the juice of the Vine is,  
For *Phaebus* had never had wit, or diviness,  
Had his face not been *bow-dy'd* as thine, his, and  
(mine is.

3.

Drink, drink off your bowls,  
We'l enrich both our heads and our souls  
With *Canary* ;  
A *carbuncled* face  
Saves a tedious race ;  
For the *Indies* about us we carry.

Then

Then hang up good faces, we'l drink till our *noses*,  
 Give freedom to speak what our *fancy* disposes ;  
 Beneath whose protection is *under the Roses*.

4.

This, this must go round,  
 Off your *hats*, till that the *pavement* be  
     With your *beavers* (crown'd  
 A red-coated face  
 Frights a *Sergeant* at mace,  
 And the *Constable* trembles to shivers.  
 In state march our *faces* like those of the *Quorum*,  
 When the *Wenches* fall down & the *vulgar* adore 'um,  
 And our *noses*, like *Link-boys*, run *shining* before 'um.

*An Addition by M. C. Esquire.*

5.

Call, call, honest *Will*,  
 Hang a long and tedious bill,  
     It disgraces ;  
 When our *Rubies* appear,  
 We justly may swear,  
 That the reckoning is true by our *faces*. (ing,  
 Let the *Bar-boy* go sleep, & the *drawers* leave roar-  
 Our looks wil account without them, had we more in  
 When each pimple that rises will save a quart sco-  
     (ring.

S O N E



## S O N G VII.

*The Mock-Song by T. J.*

I.

**H**Old, hold, quaffe no more,  
 But restore  
 If *you* can, what you've *lost* by *your drinking*,  
 Three Kingdoms and Crowns,  
 With their Cities and Towns,  
 While the King and his progeny's sinking.  
 The studs in your cheeks have obscur'd his *star boyes*,  
 Your drinking mischarriages in the late war boyes,  
 Have brought his prerogative now to the bar  
 (boyes.)

2.

Throw, throw down the glass,  
 He's an As  
 That *extracts* all his worth from *Canary*;  
 That valour will shrink  
 That's only good in drink,  
 'Twas the *cup* made the *camp* to miscarry.  
 (tame ye,  
 You thought in the world, there's no power could  
 You tippled and whor'd till the foe overcame ye,  
 Gods nigs, and ne'r stir, *Sir*, has vanquish'd God  
 (damm me.)

3.

Fly, fly from the Coast,  
 Or you're lost,  
 And the *water* will *run where the drink* went,  
 From hence you must sink  
 If you have no chink;  
 'Tis the course of the *royal Delinquent*.      You

You love to see *Beer-bowls* turn'd over the *thumb* well;  
 (well;  
 You like three fair *Gamesters*, four *Dice*, & a *Drum*  
 But you'd as lief see the *Devil* as *Fairfax* or *Crom-*  
 (wel.

4.

Drink, drink not the round  
 You'l be drown'd  
 In the *surge* of your *sack* and your *sonnets*:  
 Try once more your fate  
 For the *King* against the *State*,  
 And go barter your *beavers* for *bonnets*.

(charters,

You see how they're *charm'd* by the *Kingdoms* in-  
 And therefore pack hence to *Virginia* for *planters*;  
 For an *Act* and two *Redcoats* will rout all the *ran-*  
 (ters.

## S O N G VIII.

The Answer.

I.

Stay, stay, prate no more,  
 Lest thy *brain*, like thy *purse* run 'th score  
 Though thou strain'st it;  
 Those are *Traytors* in grain,  
 That of *sack* do complain,  
 And rail by 'rs own power against it.  
 Those *Kingdoms* and *Crowns* which your *poetry* pities,  
 Are, falsn by the pride and *hypocrisie* of *Cities*,  
 And not by those *brains* that love *sack* & good *duties*.  
 The *K.* and his progeny had kept 'um from *sinking*,  
 Had

Had they had no worse foes, then the Lads that  
 (love drinking,  
 We that tipple ha' no leisure for plotting or thinking.

2.

He, he is an Ass  
 That doth throw down himself with a glass  
 Of Canary;  
 He that's quiet will think  
 Much the better of drink,  
 \*Cause the cups made the camp to miscarry

(you lie,

You whore though we tipple, and there my friend  
 Your sports did determine in the month before July,  
 (my truly:

There's less fraud in plain dam me, then your fly by  
 'Tis Sack makes our blonds both the purer & warmer;  
 We need not your priest or the feminine charmer,  
 For a bowl of Canary's a whole suite of armour.

3.

Hold, hold, not so fast;  
 Tipple on, for there is no such halt  
 To be going:

We drowning may fear,  
 But your end will be there  
 Where there is neither swimming, nor rowing:

(down boyes,

We were Gamesters alike, and our stakes were both  
 But Fortune did favour you being her own boyes,  
 And who would not venture a cast for a crown boyes.

(foes is,

Since we wear the right colours he the worst of our  
 That goes to traduce us, and fondly supposes,  
 That Cromwel is an enemy to Sack and red noses.

4. Then



2.

First the thing, call'd a King,  
To judgement we bring, (then he,  
And the *spawn* of the *Court*, that were prouder  
And next the two Houses united shall be,  
It does to the *Romish* religion enveagle;  
For the State to be two headed like the *spread-eagle*  
We'll purge the superfluous Members away,  
They are too many Kings to sway,  
And as we all teach;  
'Tis our Liberties breach,  
For the Free-born *Saints* to obey.

3.

Not a Claw, in the Law,  
Shall keep us in aw;  
We'll have no *cushion-cuffers* to tell us of hell;  
For we are all *gifted* to do it as well;  
'Tis freedom that we do hold forth to the Nation,  
To enjoy our *fellow-creatures* as at the creation:  
The *Carnal* mens wives are for men of the *spirit*,  
Their wealth is our own by merit;  
For we that have right,  
By the Law called *Might*,  
Are the *Saints* that must *judge* and *inherit*.

S O N G

## S O N G X.

*The New Courtier.**Written in 1648.*

**S**ince it must be so,  
 Then so let it go,  
 Let the *Giddy-brain'd* times turn round;  
 Since we have no *King* let the *goblet* be crown'd,  
 Our *Monarchy* thus we'll recover; (souls  
 While the *pottles* are weeping, we'll drench our sad  
 In *big-bellied* bowles,  
 Our sorrows in *Sack* shall lye steeping,  
 And we'll drink till our eyes do run over;  
 And prove it by reason,  
 That it can be no *Treason*  
 To drink and to sing  
 A *mournival* of healths to our new-crown'd *King*.

2.

Let us all stand bare,  
 In the *presence* we are;  
 Let our *noses* like *bonfires* shine,  
 In stead of the *Conduits*, let the *pottles* run wine,  
 To perfect this new *Coronation*;  
 And we that are loyal,  
 In drink, shall be *Peers*,  
 While that face, that wears  
 Pure *Claret*, looks like the *blond-royal*,  
 And out-stares the *Bores* of the *Nation*:  
 In sign of obedience,  
 Our oaths of *Allegiance*  
 Beer-glasses shall be,  
 And he that tipples *ten*, 's of the *Nobility*.

3. But

3.

But if in this *Raign*,  
 The Halberted train  
 Or the *Constable* should rebel,  
 And should make their twy-bill'd *militia* to swell,  
 And against the Kings party raise arms,  
 Then the *Drawers* like *Yeomen*  
 Of the Guard, with quart-pots,  
 Shall fuddle the sots;  
 While we make 'um both *cuckolds* and *freemen*,  
 And on their wives be up alarums.  
 Thus as each *health* passes,  
 We'l tripple the glasses,  
 And hold it no sin,  
 To be loyal and drink in defence of our King.

## S O N G XI.

*The Safety.**Written in 1648.*

**S**ince it has been lately enacted *high Treason*,  
 For a man to speak *truth* of the *heads* of the *state*,  
 Let every wise man make use of his reason;  
 See and hear what he can, but take heed what he  
 For the proverbs do learn us, (prate.  
*He that staves from the battail, sleeps in a whole skin,*  
*And our words are our own, if we can keep 'um in;*  
 What fools are we then, that to prattle begin  
 Of things that do not concern us?

2.

Let the three kingdoms fall to one of the *prime ones*  
*My mind is a Kingdom, and shall be to me,*

G

i

I could make it appear, if I had but the time once  
 I'm as happy with one, as he can be with three,  
 If I could but enjoy it.  
 He that's mounted on high, is a mark for the *hate*  
 And the *envy* of every *pragmatical* pate,  
 While he that *creeps* low, lives safe in his state,  
 And *greatness* doth scorn to annoy it.

3.

I am never the better which side gets the battel,  
 The *Tul's* or the *Crosses* what is it to me?  
 They'l never increafe my goods or my cattel,  
 But a *beggar's* a *beggar*, and so he shall be,  
 Unless he turn *T*raytor.

Let *Misers* take courses to heap up their treasure,  
 Whose *lust* has no *limits*, whose *mind* has no *measures*;  
 Let me be but quiet and take a little pleasure,  
 And little contents my nature.

4.

My petition shall be that *Canary* be cheaper,  
 W'thout patent or custome, or curfed excise;  
 That the *Wits* may have leave to drink deeper and  
 (deeper,  
 And not be undone, while their heads they *baptise*  
 And in liquor do drench 'um,  
 If this were but granted, who would not desire,  
 To *dub* himself one of *Apollo's* own quire?  
 We'l ring out the bells, when our noses are on fire  
 And the quarts shall be the buckets to quench  
 (um

5.

I account him no *wit*, that is gifted at railing,  
 And *flirting* at those that above him do sit;  
 While they do out wit him with *whipping* and *goading*  
 Then his *purse* and his *person* both pay for his *wit*.



'Tis better to be drinking:  
If Sack were reform'd into Twelve pence a quart,  
I'd study for money to merchandize for't,  
And a friend that is true, we together will sport:  
Not a word, but we'll pay them with thinking.

S O N G XII.

*The Companion.*

W<sup>H</sup>at need we take care for *Platonical* Rules?  
Or the precepts of *Aristotle*? (fools,  
They that think to find learning in books are bus  
True Philosophy lies in the bottle.

And a mind  
That's confin'd

To the mode of the Schools.  
Ne'r arrives at the height of a pottle

Let the sages

Of our ages

Keep a talking

Of our walking,

Demurely, while we that are wiser,

Do abhor all

That's moral

In *Plato*

And *Cato*

And *Seneca* talks like a Sizer.

*Chorus.*

Then let full bowles on bowles be hurl'd,

That our jollity may be compleater,

For Man though he be but a very little world,

Must be drown'd, as well as the greater.

2.

We'll drink till our cheeks are as starr'd as the *skies*,  
 Let the pale-colour'd *students* flowt us,  
 And our noses like Comets, set fire on our eyes,  
 Till we bear the whole heavens about us.

And if all  
 Make us fall,  
 Then our heels shall devise  
 What the stars are a doing without us.

Let *Lilly*  
 Go tell you  
 Of thunders  
 And wonders,  
 Let *Astrologers* all divine ;  
 And let *Booker*  
 Be a looker  
 Of our natures  
 In our features,  
 He'll find nothing but Claret in mine.

*Chorus.*

Then let full bowles, &c.

## S O N G XIII.

*Copernicus.*

I.

**L**et the bowl pass free  
 From him to thee  
 As it first came to me,  
 'Tis pity that we should confine it,  
 Having all either credit or coyn yet,

(L)

Let it e'n take its course,  
There's no stopping its force,  
He that shuffles must inter-line it.

2.

Lay aside your cares,  
Of Shops and Wares,  
And irrational fears;  
Let each breast be as thoughtless as his'n is,  
That from his bride newly ris'n is;  
We'l banish each soul,  
That comes here to condole,  
Or is troubled with love or business.

3.

The King we'l not name,  
Nor a Lady e' enflame  
With desire to the game,  
And into a dumpishness drive all,  
Or make us run mad, and go wive all;  
We'l have this whole night  
Set a part for delight,  
And our mirth shall have no corrival.

4.

Then see that the Glas  
Through its circuit do pass,  
Till it come where it was;  
And every nose has been within it,  
Till he end it that first did begin it;  
As Copernicus found,  
That the Earsh did turn round,  
We will prove so does every thing in it.

## SCENE XIV.

*The Painters Entertainment.*

**T**his is the time, and this is the day,  
 Design'd for mirth and sporting;  
 We'll turn *Offshoots* into *Mays*,  
 And make *St. Luke's* feast  
 As pleasant and long as the rest;  
 We'll in our own *fates* our *colours* display,  
 And hallow our yearly resorting.

Then let the bowles turn round round,  
 While in them our *colours* we mingle;  
 To raise our dull souls from the ground,  
 Our arts and our pains are thus crown'd;  
 And happy are we,  
 That in unity be;  
 'Tis a hell upon earth to be single.

*Chorus.*

'Twas love at first that brought us hither,  
 And love shall keep us here together.

First to the Master of the feast,  
 This health is consecrated;  
 Thence to each *sublimary* guest,  
 Whose soul doth desire,  
 This *Nectar* to raise and inspire;  
 Till he with *Apelles* himself doth contest,  
 And his fancy is elevated,

Then let, &c.

*Chorus.*

'Twas love, &c.

3. Lo

3.

Lo how the *air*, the *earth*, and th' *seas*,  
 Have all brought in their treasure,  
 To feast each sense with rarities,  
 Plump *Bacchus* brings wine,  
 And *Ceres* her dainties doth joyn;  
 The *air* with rare musick doth echo, and these  
 All club to create us pleasure.

Then let the bowles, &c.

Chorus.

'Twas love, &c.

4.

Now in our fancies we will suppose  
 The word in all its glory;  
 Imagine all delight that growes,  
 And pleasures that can  
 Fill up the vast soul of a man;  
 And glut the coy pallat, the eyes, ears and nose,  
 By the fancy presented before you.

Then let the bowles, &c.

Chorus.

'Twas love, &c.

5.

We'l use no pencil now but the bowl,  
 Let every artist know it,  
 In sack we will pourtray each soul;  
 Each health that is took,  
 Will give us the livelier look;  
 And who's he that dares our fancy controul,  
 When each Painter is turned a poet?

Then let the bowles, &c.

Chorus.

'Twas love, &c.

G 4

6. And

And though we cannot the day extend  
 Beyond its proper measure;  
 The night and it themselves shall blend,  
 We care not for night,  
 When our hearts and our heads are all light,  
 Nor the time, nor the company shall have an end,  
 Honest mirth of it self is a treasure.

Then let the bowles, &c.

*Chorus.*

'Twas love, &c.

# SONG XV.

*The Cure of Care.*

I.

**W**Hy should we not laugh and be jolly?  
 Since now all the world is mad;  
 All lull'd in a dull melancholly:  
 He that wallows in store,  
 Is still gaping for more;  
 And that makes him as poor,  
 As that wretch that never any thing had.  
 How mad is the damn'd money-monger,  
 That to purchase to him and his heirs,  
 Growes *striv'd* with thirst and hunger?  
 While we that are bonny,  
 Buy Sack for ready money,  
 And ne'r trouble *Scriv'ners* nor *Lawyers*.

*c. These*

2.

Those *Gulls* that by scraping and toying,  
 Have swell'd the *Revenues* so vast,  
 Get nothing by all their turmoyling,  
 But are *marks* for each tax,  
 While they load their own backs,  
 With the heavier packs,  
 And lie down gall'd and weary at last ;  
 While we that do traffick in *Tipple*,  
 Can baffle, the gown and the sword,  
 Whose jaws are so hungry and gripple ;  
 We ne'r trouble our heads,  
 With *indentures* or deeds,  
 But our *Wills* are compris'd in a word.

3.

Our *money* shall never *Indite* us,  
 Nor drag us to *Goldsmiths-hall* ;  
 Nor *Pira's*, nor *storms* can affright us :  
 We that have no estates,  
 Pay no taxes or rates,  
 But can sleep with open gates,  
 He that lies on the ground cannot fall :  
 We laugh at those fools, whose endeavours  
 Do but fit 'um for prisons or fines,  
 While we that spend all are the saviors ;  
 For if *theeves* do steal in,  
 They go out empty agin,  
 Nay the *Plunderers* lose their designs.

4.

Then let's not take care for to morrow,  
 But *tipple* and *laugh* while we may,  
 To wash from our hearts all sorrow ;  
 Those *Cormorants* which

Are

Are troubled with an itch,  
 To be mighty and rich,  
 Do but toyle for the wealth which they borrow;  
 The Mayor of the Town with his ruff on,  
 What a pox is he better than we?  
 He must vail to the men with the buff on;  
 He Custard may eat,  
 And such luberly meat,  
 But we drink; and are merrier than he.

## S O N G. XVI.

## Content.

## Out of Anacreon.

**I**F wealth could keep a man alive,  
 I'd only study how to thrive;  
 That having got a mighty mass,  
 I might bribe the fates to let me pass:  
 But since we can't prolong our years,  
 Why spend we time in needless sighs and tears?  
 For since *Destiny*  
 Has decreed us to die,  
 And all must pass o're the old ferry;  
 Hang riches and cares,  
 Since we ha'nt many years,  
 We'll have a short life and a merry,

Times keep their round, and destiny,  
 Observes not whe'r we laugh or cry,  
 And Fortune never does bestow,



A look on what we do below:  
 But men with equal swiftness run  
 To prey on others, or be prey'd upon;  
 Since we can take no course,  
 To be better or worse,  
 Let none be a melancholly thinker;  
 Let the *Times* the round go,  
 So the cups do so too,  
 Ne'r blush at the name of a *Drinker*.

## S O N G XVII.

Mirth.

Out of Anacreon.

**W**hen our brains well liquor'd are,  
 Then we charm asleep our care,  
 Then we accompt *Machiavil* a fool with his plots,  
 And cry there's no depth, but the bottom o'th' pots,  
 Then *Hector* compar'd with us, will be  
 But a coward, and *Cresus* beggarly:  
 Then with songs our voices we raise,  
 And circle our *Temples* with bayes;  
 Then *Honour* we account but a blast of Wind,  
 And trample all things in our mind.  
 The *valiant* at arms,  
 That are led by fond charms,  
 Get their honour with *harms*,  
 While he that takes up  
 A plentiful cup,  
 To no danger is brought,  
 But of paying his *groat*.

Then

Then quickly come Lad and fill our cups full,  
 For since down we must all be laid,  
 'Tis held a good rule  
 In *Bacchus* free-school  
 'Tis better lie drunk then dead.

## S O N O XVHI.

*The Independants Resolve.*

Written in 1648.

C OME *Draper* and fill us about some wine,  
 Let's merrily tipples the day's our own;  
 We'll have our delights, let the *countrey* go pine,  
 Let the *King* and his *Kingdom* groan.  
 The *Crown* is our own, and so shall continue;  
 We'll *Monarchy* baffle quite,  
 We'll drink off the *Kingdoms* revenue,  
 And sacrifice all to delight.  
 'Tis power that brings  
 Us all to be *Kings*,  
 And we'll be all crown'd by our might.

2.

A fig for *divinity* lectures and law,  
 And all that to *Loyalty* do pretend;  
 While we by the *sword* keep the *Kingdom* in awe,  
 Our power shall never have end.  
 The *Church* and the *State* we'll turn into liquor,  
 And spend a whole *Town* in a day;  
 We'll melt all their *bodkins* the quicker  
 Into *Sack*, and drink them away.

We'll keep the *demeans*,  
 And turn *Bishops* and *Deans*,  
 And over the *Presbyter* sway.

3. The

3.

The nimble *St. Patrick* is sunk in his boggs,  
 And his Countrey-men, sadly cry *O hone, O hone!*  
*St. Andrew* and's *Kirk-men* are lost in the foggs,  
 Now we are the *Saints* alone.  
 Thus on our *Superiours* and *Equals* we trample,  
 And *Fockie* our stirrup shall hold:  
 The *City's* our *Mule* for example,  
 That we may in plenty be roun'd.  
 Each delicate dish,  
 Shall but *Eccho* our wish  
 And our *drink* shall be cordial gold.

## S O N G XIX.

On Canary.

I.

O F all the rare juices,  
 That *Bacchus* or *Ceres* produces,  
 There's none that I can, nor dare I  
 Compare with the princely *Canary*;  
 For this is the thing  
 That a fancy infuses;  
 This first got a King,  
 And next the nine *Muses*  
 'Twas this made old *Poets* so sprightly to sing,  
 And fill all the world with the glory and fame on'r,  
 They *Helicon* call'd it, and the *Thespian*-spring,  
 But this was the *drink*, though they knew not  
 (the name on'r.

2. Our

2.

Our *Sider* and *Perry*,  
 May make a man mad but not merry;  
 It makes people windmill-pared,  
 And with *crackers* [sophisticated;  
 And your *hops*, *yeast*, and *malt*,  
 When they're mingled together,  
 Makes our fancies to halt,  
 Or reel anywhither:  
 It *stuffs* up our brains with *froth*, and with *yeast*,  
 That if one would write but a verse for a *Bel-man*  
 He must study till *Christmas* for an *eight shilling-jest*,  
 These liquors won't raise, but drown, and o're-  
 (whelm man.

3.

Our drousie *Metheglin*  
 Was only ordain'd to enveigle in;  
 The *Novice* that knows not to drink yet,  
 But is fuddled before he can think it;  
 And your *Claret* and *White*,  
 Have a *Gun-powder* fury,  
 They're of the *French* spright,  
 But they *wont* long endure you.  
 And your holiday *Muscadine*, *Allegant*, and *Tent*,  
 Have only this property and virtue that's fit in't:  
 They'l make a man sleep till a *preachment* be spent,  
 But we neither can warm our blood nor our wit  
 The *Bagrag* and *Rhenish*  
 You must with *ingredients* replenish;  
 'Tis a *wine* to please *Ladies* and *toyes* with,  
 But not for a man to rejoyce with:

But

But 'tis *Sack* makes the sport,  
 And who gains but that *flavour*,  
 Though an *Abbeſs* he court,  
 In his high ſhoes, he'll have her.  
 'Tis this that advances the drinker and drawer,  
 Though the *father* came to Town in his hob-nails  
 (and leather,  
 He turns it to *Velvet*, and brings up an Heir,  
 In the Town in his *chain*, in the field with his *feather*.

S O N G XX.

*The Leveller.*

I.

N Ay prethee don't fly me,  
 But ſit thee down by me,  
 I cannot endure  
 A man that's demure  
 Go hang up your *Worſhips* and *Sirs*;  
 Your *congies* and *trips*,  
 With your legs, and your lips;  
 Your *Madams* and *Lords*,  
 And ſuch finikin words,  
 With the complements you bring,  
 That do ſpell *NO-THING*;  
 You may keep for the *chains* and the *furs*:  
 For at the beginning, was no *Peaſant* or *Prince*,  
 And 'twas policy made the diſtinction ſince.

2.

Thoſe Titles of honours  
 Do remain in the *Donours*.

And

And not in that thing,  
 To which they do cling.  
 If his soul be too narrow to wear 'um,  
 No delight can I see  
 In that word call'd degree,  
 Honest *Dick* sounds as well  
 As a name of an *ell*,  
 That with titles doth swell,  
 And sounds like a *spell*,  
 To affright mortail ears that hear 'um.  
*He that wears a brave soul, and dares gallantly do,*  
*May be his own Herald and Godfather too.*

3.

Why then should we doat on,  
 One with a fools coat on?  
 Whose *Coffers* are cram'd,  
 But yet he'l be damn'd.  
 Ere he'l do a good act, or a wise one;  
 What *Reason* has he  
 To be ruler o'r me?  
 That's a Lord in his chest,  
 But in's *head* and his *breast*  
 Is empty and bare,  
 Or but puff'd up with air,  
 And can neither *assist* nor *advise* one.  
*Honour's but air, and proud flesh but dust is;*  
*'Tis we Commons make Lords, and the Clerk makes*  
*the Justice.*

4.

But since men must be  
 Of a different degree,  
 Because most do aspire,  
 To be greater and higher,

Then

Then the rest of their fellows and brothers,  
 He that has such a spirit,  
 Let him gain it by's merit ;  
 Spend his *brain, wealth, or blood*  
 For his *Countreys* good,  
 And make himself fit  
 By his *valour* or *wit*,  
 For *things* 'bove the *reach* of *all others* ;  
 For honour's a prize, and *who wins it may wear it*,  
 If not, 'tis a badge and a burthen to bear it.

5.

For my part let me  
 Be but quiet and free,  
 I'll drink Sack and obey,  
 And let great ones sway,  
 Who spend their whole time in thinking ;  
 I'll ne'r busie my pate  
 With secrets of State,  
 The *News-books* I'll burn all,  
 And with the *Diurnal*  
 Light *Tobacco*, and admit  
 That they're so far fit,  
 As they serve *good company* and *drinking*.  
*All the name I desire, is an honest Good-fellow ;*  
*And that man has no worth, that won't sometimes be*  
 (mellow.

makes  
 office.

H

S O N G

Then

## S O N G XXI.

*The Royallists Answer. .*

I.

**I** Have reason to fly thee,  
 And not sit down by thee ;  
 For I hate to behold,  
 One so sawcy and bold,  
 To *deride* and contemn his superiours :  
 Our *Madams* and *Lords*,  
 And such mannerly words,  
 With the *gestures* that be  
 Fit for every degree,  
 Are things that we and you  
 Both claim as our due,  
 From all those that are our inferiours.  
 For from the beginning there were *Princes*, we know  
 'Tis you *Levellers* hate 'um, 'cause you can't be

2.

All Titles of honours  
 Were at first in the *donours* ;  
 But being granted away,  
 With the Grantee stay,  
 Whe'r he wear a small soul or a bigger.  
 There's a necessity  
 That there should be degree ;  
 Whe'r 'tis due we'l afford  
 A *Sir John*, and my *Lord* ;  
 Though *Dick*, *Tom*, and *Jack*,  
 Will serve you and your pack ;  
 Honest *Dick*'s name enough for a Digger.



He that has a strong *purse*; can all things be or do,  
He is *valiant*, and *wise*, and *religious* too.

3.

We have cause to adore,  
That man that has store,  
Though a *Bore* or a *lot*,  
There's something to be got;  
Though he be neither *honest* nor *witty*;  
Make him high, let him rule;  
He'll be playing the fool,  
And *transgress*, then we'll squeeze  
Him for *finer* and for *fees*.  
And so we shall gain,  
By the wants of his brain;  
'Tis the *fools-cap* that maintains the *City*.  
If honour be *air*, 'tis in common, and as fit, (wit.)  
For the *fool* and the *clown*, as for the *champion* or the

4.

Then why may'nt we be  
Of different degree?  
And each man aspire  
To be greater and higher  
Then his *wiser* and *honest* brother;  
Since *Fortune* and *Nature*  
Their *favours* do scatter;  
This hath *valour*, that *wit*,  
T'other *wealth*, nor i't fit  
That one should have all;  
For then what would befall  
Him, that's *born* not to *one* nor to t'other?  
Though *honour* were a *prize* at first, now 'tis a *chattel*,  
And as *merchantable* grown as your wares, or your  
(cattel.)

5.

Yet in this we agree,  
 To live quiet and free,  
 To drink *Sack* and *submit*,  
 And not shew our wit  
 By our *prating*, but *silence*, and *thinking*,  
 Let the politick *Jews*  
 Read *Diurnals* and *News*,  
 And lard their discourse,  
 With a Comment that's worse;  
 That which pleaseth me best,  
 Is a song or a Jest,  
 And my obedience I'll shew by my *drinking*.  
 (*doth think well*)  
*He that drinks well, does sleep well; he that sleeps well*  
*He that thinks well, does do well, he that does well, must*  
 (*drink well*)

## S O N G XXII.

*The safe Estate.*

I.

**H**OW happy a man is he,  
 Whose soul is quiet and free,  
 And liveth content with his own!  
 That does not desire  
 To swell nor aspire,  
 To the *Coronet*, nor to the *Crown*,  
 He doth sit and devise,  
 Those *Mushrooms* that rise,  
 But disturbs not his sleep,  
 At the quail that they keep,

Both in *Countrey* and *Town* ;  
 In the *plain* he sits safe,  
 And doth privately laugh  
 At *high thoughts* that are *tumbling down*.

2.

His heart and his head are at rest,  
 And he sleeps with a *sorrowless* breast,  
 That aspires not to sit at the *helm* :  
 The desires of his mind,  
 To's his estate are confin'd ;  
 And he lets not his *brains* to o'r *whelm*.  
 He's for innocent sport,  
 And keeps off from the *Court* ;  
 And if sad thoughts arise,  
 He does only devise  
 With *Sack* to repel 'um.  
 Though the times do turn round,  
 He doth still keep his ground,  
 Both in a *Republique* and *Realme*.

3.

He wears his own head and ears,  
 And he *tipples* in safety with's peers,  
 And harmlesly passeth his time :  
 If he meet with a cross,  
 A full *bowle* he doth tofs,  
 Nor his *wealth*, nor his *wit*, are his crime.  
 He doth privately sit  
 With his friend clubbing wit ;  
 And disburd'ning their breasts  
 Of some innocent *jest*s,  
 And not higher doth clime.  
 He smiles at the fate  
 Of those *Courtiers* of State,  
 That fall down 'cause their thoughts are sublime.

H 3

4. But

4.

But *Princes* and *Nobles* are still,  
Not *tenants* for *life*, but at *will*,

And the giddy brain'd rout is their *Lord* :

He that's crown'd to day,

A *Scepter* to sway,

And by all is obey'd and ador'd ;

Both he and his *Crown*,

In a trice are thrown down ;

For an *Act* just and good,

If mis-understood ,

Or an ill-relish'd word ;

While he that scorns self,

And enjoys his own self,

Is secure from the *Vote* or the *Sword*.

## S O N G XXIII.

**T**h' *Astrologers*,

That trade in *Starrs*,

Tell me I have not long to live ;

Yet do I cry ;

Lo here am I,

Let *fortune* still

Do what she will,

I'll neither care nor grieve.

2.

*Fortune* I know,

Is still my foe,

And lets me not grow fat, nor thrive ;

But I, I vow,  
Will never bow,  
Nor ~~deat~~ and be  
As blind as she,  
But keep my self alive.

3.

This I do know,  
*We all must go ;*  
*Though some go sooner, others later ;*  
But why so fast ?  
There's no such hast ;  
Some post are gone,  
We'l but jog on,  
*Bait first, and then walk after.*

4.

The *clown* and's beast  
Make hast to rest,  
But *Lords* and *Courtiers* sit up longer ;  
Before we part,  
Fill t'other quart ;  
Wash t'other eye,  
And then we'l try  
Whe'r *death* or man be stronger.

5.

In th' interim,  
Fill to the brim ;  
*Travelling* will make us weary ;  
Since th' journey's great,  
And hurts our feet,  
*Bacchus* shall be  
A horse for me,  
He's strong enough to carry.

## S O N G XXIV.

*The Polititian.**written in 1649.*

**W**Hat *madness* is't for him that's wise,  
 To be so much self-hating?  
 Himself and his to sacrifice,  
 By *medling* still with things too high,  
 That don't *concern*, but *gratise*  
 His letchery of prating.  
 What is't to us who's in the ruling power?  
 While they *protect*, we're bound to obey,  
 But longer not an hour.

2.

Nature made all alike at first,  
 But men that *fram'd* this fiddle  
 Of government, made *best* and *worst*,  
 And high and low, like various strings,  
 Each man his several ditty sings,  
 To tune this state *down* diddle.  
 In this grand wheel the world, we're spokes made all,  
 But that it may still keep its round,  
 Some mount while others fall.

3.

The blinded Ruler that by night,  
 Sits with his host of *Bill-men*,  
 With their chalk'd weapons, that affright  
 The wondring clown that haps to view  
 His Worship, and his Gowned crew,  
 As if they sate to Kill men.  
 Speak him but fair, he'l let you freely go:  
 And those that on the high rope dance,  
 Will do the same trick too.

4. I'll

4.

I'll ne'r admire

That *fatuous* fire,

That is not what it seems,

For those, that now to us seem higher :

Like painted *bubbles* blown i'th air,

By boyes, seem glorious and fair,

'Tis but in boyes esteems.

*Rule of its self 's a toyl and none would bear it,*

*But that 'twixt pride and avarice,*

*And close revenge they'l share it.*

5.

Since all the world is but a *stage*,

And every man a player ;

They're *fools* that lives or states engage ;

Let's act and juggle as others do,

Keep what's our own, get others to ;

Play whiffler clown or Maior :

*For he that sticks to what his heart calls just,*

*Becomes a sacrifice and prey*

*To the prosperous whirllegigs lust.*

6.

Each wise man first best loves himself,

Lives close, thinks and obeys ;

Makes not his soul a slave to's self ;

Nor idly squanders it away,

To cram their mawes that taxes lay,

On what he does, or sayes ;

*For those grand cords that man to man do twist,*

*Now are not honesty and love*

*But self and interest.*

## S O N G XXV.

*The Prisoners.*

Written when O. C. attempted to be King.

(or nothing,  
**C**ome a *brimmer* (my bullies) drink whole ones  
 Now *healths* have been *voted* down,  
 'Tis *Sack* that can *heat* us, we care not for *cloathing*,  
 A *gallon's* as warm as a *gown*;  
 Cause the *Parliament* fees,  
 Nor the former nor these,  
 Could engage us to drink their *health*,  
 They *Voted* that we shall  
 Drink no *healths* at all,  
 Nor to *King*, nor to *Common-wealth*,  
 So that now we must venture to drink 'um by  
 (stealth.

2.

But we've found out a way that's beyond all their  
 To keep up *Good-fellowship* still; (thinking;  
 We'll drink their *destruction* that would destroy  
 Let 'um *Vote* that a *health* if they will. (drinking,  
 Those men that did fight,  
 And did *pray* day and night  
 For the *Parliament* and its attendant,  
 Did make all that *bussle*,  
 The *King* out to *juggle*,  
 And bring in the *Independent*,  
 But now we all clearly see what was the end on't.

3. Now



3.

(also,

Now their Idol's thrown down with their *footerkin*  
 About which they did make such a posher,  
 And though their *contrivance* made one K. to fall so  
 We have drunk our selves into another.

And now (my Lads) we  
 May still *Caveliers* be,  
 In spite of *Committees* frown :  
 We will drink, and we'l sing,  
 And each *health* to our King,  
 Shall be Royally drunk in the *Crown*,  
 Which shall be the *Standard* in every Town.

4.

Those *politick would-bees* do but shew themselves  
 That other mens calling invade, (asses,  
 We only converse with pots and with glasses ;  
 Let the *Rulers* alone with their trade.  
 The *Lyon* of the Tower,  
 Their estates does devour,  
 Without shewing law for't or reason ;  
 Into prison we get,  
 For the crime called *debt*,  
 Where our bodies and *brains* we do *season*,  
 And that is ne'r taken for *murther* or *treason*.

5.

(more drink boyes,

Where our ditties still be, give's more drink, give's  
 Let those that are frugal take care ;  
 Our *Goalers* and we will live by our chink boyes,  
 While our *Creditors* live by the air.  
 Here we lie at our ease,  
 And get *craft* ond *grease*,

Till

Till we've merrily spent all our store ;  
 Then as drink brought us in,  
 'Twill redeem us agen ;  
 We got in because we were poor,  
 And swear our selves out on the very same score.

## S O N G XXVI.

*Satisfaction.*

## I.

**I** Have often heard men say,  
 That the *Philosophers* of old,  
 Though they were good, and grave, and gray,  
 Did various opinions hold ;  
 And with idolatry adore  
 The *Gods* that themselves had made before ;  
 And we that are *fools* do do no more.

## 2.

Every man desires what's good ;  
 But wherein that good consists,  
 Is not by any understood.  
 This sets on work both pens and fit ;  
 For this condemns what that approves,  
 And this *man* doth hate, what that *man* loves ;  
 And that's the grand wheel that discord moves.

## 3.

This would *valiant* be, that *wise*,  
 That's for th' *sea*, and this for *land* ;  
 All do judge upon *surmise*,  
 None do rightly *understand* ;  
 These may be *like*, but are not *that*,  
*Something* there is that all drive at,  
 But only they differ about the **WHAT** :

4. And

4.

And from all these several *ends*.

Springs diversity of *actions*,  
For every man his *studies* bends,

As *opinion* builds his *faction*.

Each man's his own *God-smith* ; what he  
Thinks good, is good to him, and we  
First make, and then adore our deity.

5.

A *mind* that's *honest*, *pure*, and *just*,

A sociable life and free,

A *friend* that dares not break a *trust*,

Yet dares *die*, if occasion, be ;

A heart that dictates to the *tongue*,

A *soul* that's *innocent* and *strong*,

That can, yet will not do any *wrong* :

He that has such a *soul*, and a *mind*,

That is so blest, and so inclin'd,

What all these do *seek* for, he does *find*.

## S O N G XXVII.

*The Club.*

I.

**P**Rithee ben't so sad and serious,  
Nothing's got by grief or care ;

*Melancholy's* too imperious,

Where it comes 'twill *domineer* ;

If thou hast a cloudy breast,

In which thy *cares* would build a nest ;

Then drink good *Sack*, 'twill make the rest,

Where *sorrows* come not near.

2. Be

2.

Be it *business*, love, or sorrow,  
 That possesses thus thy mind,  
 Bid them come again to morrow;  
 We are now to *mirth* inclin'd,  
 Fill thy *cup* and drown them all,  
 Sorrows still do for *liquor* call,  
 We'll make this *Bacchus* festival,  
 And cast our cares behind.

3.

He that has a *heart* that's drowsie,  
 Shall be surely banished hence;  
 We'll shun him as a man that's lowlie,  
 He's of *dangerous* consequence:  
 And he that's silent like a *block*,  
 Deserves to be made a laughingstock,  
 Let all *good fellows* shun that rock,  
 For fear they forfeit *sense*.

4.

Still those *clocks*, let time attend us,  
 We'll not be to hours confin'd;  
 We'll banish all that may offend us,  
 Or disturb our *mirth* design'd;  
 Let the glass still run its round,  
 And each *good-fellow* keep his ground,  
 And if there be any *flincher* found,  
 We'll have his soul *new-coyn'd*.

S O N G

## S O N G XXVIII.

*The Prodigal.*

## I.

**N** Ay perswade not, I've sworn  
 We'll have one *pottle* more;  
 Though we run on the score,  
 And our *credits* do stretch for't;  
 To what end does a *father*  
 Pine his *body*, or rather  
 Damn his *soul*, for to gather  
 Such *store*, but that he has this *fetch* for't;  
 That we sons should be *high* boyes,  
 And make it all fly boyes,  
 And when he does die boyes,  
 Instead of a *Sermon* we'll sing him a *catch* for't.

## 2.

Then hang the Dull wit  
 Of that *white-liver'd* cit,  
 That *good-fellows* does hit  
 In teeth with a *red-nose*;  
 May his nose look blew,  
 Or any dreadfuller hew,  
 That may speak him *untrue*,  
 And disloyal unto the headnose;  
 'Tis the scarlet that graces,  
 And sets out our faces,  
 And that nature base is, (nose.  
 That esteems not a *Copper-nose*, more than a *Lead-*

## 3.

All the *world* keeps a *round*,  
 First our *Fathers* abound

In

In *wealth* and buy ground,  
 And then leave it behind 'um :  
 We're straight put in *black*,  
 Where we *mourn* and drink *Sack*,  
 And do t'other knack,  
 While they sleep in their *graves* we ne'r mind  
 Thus we scatter the *store*, (um :  
 As they *rak'd* it before ;  
 And as for the *poor*,  
 We enrich them as fast as our fathers did grind 'um,

## S O N G XXIX.

*The Antipolititian.*

## I.

C Ome leave thy *care*, and love thy friend ;  
 Live freely, don't despair,  
 Of *getting* money there's no end,  
 And *keeping* it breeds care.  
 If thou hast money at thy need,  
 Good *company*, and good *Wine*,  
 His *life*, whose *joyes* on *wealth* do feed,  
 's not half so sweet as thine.

## 2.

I can enjoy my *self* and *friends*,  
 W'thout *design* or *fear*,  
 Below their *envie*, or *bale* ends,  
 That *Polititians* are.  
 I neither *toyle*, nor *care*, nor *grieve*,  
 To *gather*, *keep*, or *loose* ;  
 With *freedom* and *content* I *live*,  
 And what's my *own* I *use*.

3. While

3.

While men blown on with strong desires  
 Of riches or renown,  
 Though ne'r so high, would still be higher,  
 So tumble headlong down :  
 For Princes smiles turn oft to frowns,  
 And favours fade each hour ;  
 He that to day heaps Towns on Towns,  
 To morrow's clap't i'th Tower.

4.

All that we get by all our store,  
 's but honour or dominion ;  
 The one's but trouble varnish'd o're,  
 And t'others but opinion.  
 Fate rules the roast, Times alwaies change ;  
 'Tis fancy builds all things ;  
 How madly then our minds do range,  
 Since all we grasp hath wings.

5.

Those empty terms of rich and poor,  
 Comparison hath fram'd ;  
 He hath not much that covers more,  
 Want is but will, nick-nam'd.  
 If I can safely think and live,  
 And freely laugh or sing,  
 My wealth I'll not for Crasus's give,  
 Nor change lives with a King.

I

S O N G

## S O N G XXX.

*The New Gentry.*

I.

**E** Nough for shame ! leave off this fooling ;  
 Prithee cringe no more,  
 Nor admire the ill-gotten store  
 Of the upstart *Mushrooms* of our Nation,  
 With blind and *groundless* adoration ;  
 If thy nature still wants schooling,  
 As thou dost grow old, grow wise,  
 For age can easily advise,  
 And make thee know,  
 'Tis only such as thou  
 That bring and keep both *fools* and *knaves* in fashion.

2.

We make each other *proud* and *knavish*,  
 For where ever we  
 Great *abundance* chance to see,  
 There we fling both *power* and *honour*,  
 As if *wealth* were the only donour ;  
 And our natures are so *slavish*,  
 That we tamely will submit,  
 All our *reason*, *strength*, and *wit* ;  
 And *pay*, and *pray*  
 Great men in power, that they  
 Will take our *Liberty* and *trample* on her.

3.

What is't makes all men so much covet,  
 Toying more and more,  
 To increase a needless store ;  
 So violently rugg and *hall* for't,



Venturing body and soul and *all* for't?  
 The rich are flatter'd, and they *love* it;  
 We obey their *skalls* and *musts*;  
 And to gratifie their lusts,  
 We madly strive  
 Who first our selves shall give,  
 And all that is *ours* to them, if they'l but *call* for't:

4.

If we did take no notice of them,  
 Like not, nor applaud  
 Their *spoils* obtain'd by force and fraud;  
 But would live content and jolly,  
 Laughing at their painful folly,  
 And would neither fear nor love them:  
 Underneath their *loads*, they'ld groan,  
 Or with *shame* would throw them down;  
 And live as free  
 From needless *cares* as we:  
 Slight *pomp* and *wealth*, that makes men *melancholly*.

5.

Pray what are all these gaudy bubbles  
 That so boast and rant,  
 Of what they think they *have*, but *ha'nt*?  
 But men that had the luck of living,  
 And made others fall their *thriving*;  
*Hail-stones* got in storms of troubles:  
 That for *valour* are as fit  
 For *Knights*, as to be *Squires* for wit,  
 Inspir'd with pride,  
 Did what good men desi'd,  
 Grown great by *Protean* turning and conniving.

6.

That man that would have me adore him,  
 With my heart, he must

Be *noble, pow'rful, wise, and just,*  
 And improve his parts and power  
 To *support, not to devour,*  
 Nor *pride; nor lust,* must e'r rule o'r him.  
 Th' *bug-bear* greatness without this,  
 An idle, empty *pageant* is :  
 He that doth rise,  
 And is not good and wise,  
 I honour not, but *pity and deplore* him.

## S O N G XXXI.

*The Cheerful Heart.*

I.

**W**Hat though these ill *times* do go cros to our  
 And *fortune* still frowns upon us? (will?  
 Our *hearts* are our own, and they shall be so still;  
 A pin for the *plagues* they lay on us.  
 Let us take t'other *cup,*  
 To keep our hearts up,  
 And let it be purest *Canary;*  
 We'l ne'r shrink or care,  
 For the *crosses* we bear,  
 Let 'um plague us until they be weary.

2.

What though we are made, both *beggars* and *slaves,*  
 Let us stoutly endure it, and drink on :  
 'Tis our *comfort* we *suffer,* 'cause we will not be *knave,*  
 Our *redemption* will come e're we think on't.  
 We must flatter and fear  
 Those that over us are,  
 And make 'um *believe* that we *love* 'um,

Whe

When their *tyranny's* past,  
 We will serve them at last,  
 As they serv'd those that *have* been above 'um.

## 3.

The *Levites* do preach, for the Goose and the Pig,  
 To drink wine but at *Christmas* and *Easter*;  
 The *Doctor* doth labour our lives to new-trig,  
 And makes nature to fast, but we feast her;  
 The *Lawyer* doth bawl,  
 Out his lungs and his gall,  
 For the Plaintiff and for the *Defendant*;  
 At books the Scholar lies,  
 Till by *Flatus* he dies,  
 With the *ugly hard word* at the end on't

## 4.

But here's to the man that delights in *Sol fa*,  
 'Tis *Sack* is his only *Rosin*;  
 A load of *beigh-ho's* are not worth a *ha, ha*;  
 He's the man for my money that *draws* in.  
 Come a pin for this *Muck*  
 And a fig for ill Luck;  
 'Tis better be *blyth* and *frollick*,  
 Then to sigh out our breath,  
 And invite our own death  
 By the *Gout* or the *stone*, and the *cholick*.

## S O N G XXXII.

*Made and Set Extempore.*

1.  
**W**hen our *glasses* flow with *Wine*,  
 And our souls with *Sack* are rais'd;  
 When we're *jeer'd* we do not repine;  
 Nor are *proud* when we are prais'd:  
 'Tis *Sack* alone can raise our souls,  
 A pin for *Christning* drinking-bowles.

2.  
 Let the *Drawer* raise our fancies,  
 With his *wit-refining* drink;  
 Hang your *stories* and *Romances*;  
 Those are fit for them that *think*:  
 Let him *love* that has a mind,  
 We to *drinking* are inclin'd.

3.  
*Wit* and *love*, are th'only things  
 Which fill the thoughts of *Kings* and us;  
*Imagination* makes us *Kings*,  
 And that's rais'd by doing thus.  
 Drink your *Sack*, let *wit* alone,  
*Wit* by *drinking* best is shown.

## S O N G XXXIII.

*The Answer to the Curse against Ale.*

1.

O Gag for shame that strumpet muse !  
Let not her *Spanish* tongue abuse  
Our wholesome and *Heroick English* juice.

2.

'Twas not this loyal liquor shut  
Our Gates against our *Sovereign*, but  
Strange *drinks* into one tub together put.

3.

When *Ale* was drink Canonical,  
There were no *theeves*, nor *watch*, nor *wall*,  
Men neither *stole*, nor *lack'd*, for *Ale* was all.

4.

That *Poet* ought be dry or dumb,  
And to our *brown-bowls* never come,  
Who drinking *Ale*, vents only dregs and scum.

5.

Nor had that *Souldier* drunk enough,  
For *Ale* both valour gives and buffe,  
Makes men *unkickable*, and *cudgel-proof*.

6.

'Twas the *meal*, not *meal-man*, was the cause  
The mill fell down ; for one small clause  
In one *meal-act*, hath overthrown our lawes.

7.

The worth of *Ale* none can proclaim,  
But by th' assistance of the same,  
From it our *Land* derives its noblest name.

8.

With this men were inspir'd, but not  
 As kick-sham-brains are now (God wot)  
 Inspir'd, that is, run mad, none knows with what.

9.

How did our stout fore-fathers make,  
 All Antichristian Nations quake,  
 When they their Nut-brown bowles and bills did take!

10.

What noble sparks old Ale did kindle!  
 But now strange drinks do make men dwindle,  
 And Pigmies get, scarce fit to sway a spindle.

11.

This liquor makes the drinkers fight  
 Stoutly, while others stoutly write:  
 This both creates the Poet, and the Knight.

12.

This makes the drawer in his Gown  
 And chain, to ride and rule the Town,  
 Whose orient Nose exemplifies his frown.

13.

How reverently the burly Host,  
 With basket-lifted pot and toft,  
 Commands the bak'd-meats, and then rules the roft;

14.

But oh the Brewer bears the bell!  
 This makes him to such highness swell,  
 As none but Ale-inspir'd, can think or tell.

15.

Divert that curse then, or give o're,  
 Dan Philip can hurt Ale no more,  
 Then his Armado, England heretofore.

## S O N G XXXIV.

*The Reformation.*

## I.

**T**ELL not me of Lords or Lawes,  
*Rules or Reformation;*  
 All that's done's not worth two strawes,  
 To the welfare of the Nation.  
 Men in power do rant it still,  
 And give no *reason* but their will,  
 For all their domination.  
 Or if they do an act that's just,  
 'Tis not because they *would*, but *must*,  
 To *Gratifie* some parties lust,  
 Or meerly for a fashion.

## 2.

Our expence of *bloud* and *purse*.  
 Has produc'd no profit.  
 Men are still as bad or worse,  
 And will be what e'r comes of it,  
 We've *shuffled* out, and *shuffled* in,  
 The *persons*, but retain the *sin*,  
 To make our *game* the surer:  
 Yet spite of all our pains and skill,  
 The *knaves* all in the pack are still,  
 And ever were, and ever will,  
 Though something now *demurer*:

## 3.

And it cannot but be so,  
 Since those *toyes* in *fashion*;  
 And of souls so base and low,  
 And meer *Bigots* of the *Nation*,

Whose

Whose delings are power and wealth,  
 At which by *rapines, fraud, and stealth,*  
 Audaciously they vent'r ye;  
 They lay their consciences aside,  
 And turn with every *wind and tide,*  
 Puff'd on by *Ignorance and pride,*  
 And all to look like *Gentry.*

## 4.

*Crimes* are not punish'd cause they'r *crimes,*  
 But 'cause they're low and little;  
*Mean men* for *mean* faults, in these times,  
 Make satisfaction to a tittle;  
 While those in *office* and in *power,*  
 Boldly the *nderlings* devour.

Our Cobweb-laws can't hold 'um.  
 They sell for many a *Thousand crown,*  
 Things which were never yet their own,  
 And this is *law* and *custome* grown,  
 Cause those do *judge* that sold 'um.

## 5.

*Brothers* still with *Brothers* brawl,  
 And for trifles sue 'um;  
 For two *pronouns* that spoil all,  
 Those contentious *Meum, Tuum:*  
 The wary *lawyer* buyes and builds,  
 While the *Client* sells his fields,  
 To sacrifice to's fury;  
 And when he thinks to obtain his right,  
 He's baffled off, or beaten quite,  
 By th' *Judges* will, or *Lawyers* slight,  
 Or ignorance of the *Jury.*

## 6.

See the *trades-man* how he thrives  
 With perpetual trouble,



How he *cheats*, and how he *strives*  
 His Estate t'enlarge and double ;  
 Extort, oppress, grind, and encroach,  
 To be a *Squire* and keep a *coach*,  
 And to be one o'th *Quorum*,  
 Who may with's *brother worships* sit,  
 And judge without *law, fear, or wit*,  
 Poor petty *thieves* that nothing get,  
 And yet are brought before 'um.

7.

And his way to get all this  
 Is meer *dissimulation* ;  
 No factious lecture does he miss,  
 And *scapes no schism that's in faskion* ;  
 But with short hair and shining shooes,  
 He with two pens, and's note-book goes,  
 And winks and writes at randome ;  
 Thence with *short meal*, and *tedious Grace*,  
 In a loud tone and publick place,  
 Sings *Wisdoms hymns*, that trot and pace,  
 As if *Goliath* scand 'um.

8.

But when death begins his threats,  
 And his *Conscience* struggles,  
 To call to mind his former *cheats* ;  
 Then at heav'n he turns his juggles,  
 And out of all's ill-gotten store,  
 He gives a dribbling to the poor,  
 In a *Hospital*, or a *School-house* ;  
 And the suborned *Priest* for's hire,  
 Quite frees him from th' *infernal fire*,  
 And places him i'th *Angels quire* ;  
 Thus these *Jack-puddings* fool us.

9.

All he gets by's pains i'th close,  
 Is that he died worth so much,  
 Which he on's doubtful seed bestows,  
 That neither *care* nor *know* much;  
 Then *fortunes* favourite, his heir,  
 Bred base, and ignorant, and bare,  
 Is blown up like a bubble;  
 Who *wondring* at's own sudden rise,  
 By pride simplicity and vice,  
 Falls to three sports, *drink*, *drab*, and *dice*;  
 And makes all fly like stubble.

10.

And the *Church* the other twin,  
 Whose *mad* zeal enrag'd us,  
 Is not purifi'd a pin,  
 By all those *broyls* in which she engag'd us,  
 We our wives turn'd out of doors,  
 And took in *Concubines* and *Whores*,  
 To make an alteration:  
 Our *Pulpiteers* are proud and bold,  
 They their own *Wills* and *factions* hold,  
 And sell *salvation* still for *Gold*,  
 And here's our *Reformation*.

11.

'Tis a madness then to make  
 Thriving our employment,  
 And *lucre* love, for *Lucre's* sake,  
 Since we've possession, not enjoyment;  
 Let the times run on their course,  
 For opposition makes them worse,  
 We ne'r shall better find 'um;  
 Let *Grandees* wealth and power engross,

And

And honour too, while we sit close,  
 And laugh and take our plenteous dose  
 Of Sack, and never mind 'um.

## S O N G XXXV.

*For the General's Entertainment.*

I.

**F**arewell all *cares* and *fears*, let *Gladness* come,  
 Let's all strive which shall most rejoyce;  
 No more the *Trumpet*, or the *Thundring Drum*,  
 Shall interrupt our peace with *noise*;  
 But all their *Offices* shall be  
*Inherited* by sprightly melody.  
 Th'enchanted *Lute* and the melodious *Lyre*,  
 With well run'd souls does make  
 A full harmonious *Quire*.

2.

In vain do we our selves, our selves destroy;  
 In vain do *English*, *English* beat:  
 Contests are cruel, we must now wear joy,  
 And all in love, each other greet.  
 Our civil *discords* now shall cease,  
 And lose *themselves* in a desired *peace*.  
 All things by war are in a *Chaos* hurl'd,  
 But love alone first made,  
 And still preserves the World.

3.

The *Trophies* of the *Conquerours* of old,  
 And all the *spoils* with which they'r crown'd,  
 Were all but *types* of what we do behold,  
 What they did seek for, we have found.

Here

Here peace and plenty sweetly kist,  
 And both *loyalty* and *virtue*, twist;  
 Then let our joy rise high, that all may share it;  
 Let wealth and honour meet desert;  
 He that wins Gold may wear it.

## S O N G XXXVI.

On Sir G. B. his Defeat.

1.

**P**Ray why should any man complain,  
 Or why *disturb* his breast or brain,  
 At this new *alteration*?  
 Since that which has been done's no more  
 Than what has been done before;  
 And that which will be done agen,  
 As long's there are *ambitious* men,  
 That strive for *domination*.

2.

In this *mad* age there's nothing firm;  
 All things have periods and their *term*,  
 Their *Rise* and *Declinations*.  
 Those gaudy *Nothings* we admire,  
 Which get above, and shine like fire,  
 Are empty *vapours*, rais'd from th'ground;  
 Whose mock-shine past, they quickly down  
 Must fall like *Exhalations*.

3.

But still we *Commons* must be made  
 A gall'd, a lame, thin, hackney jade,  
 And all by turns will ride us;  
 This *side*, and that, no matter which,

For

For both do ride with *spur* and *switch*,  
Till we are tyr'd; and then at last,  
We stumble, and our riders cast,  
'Cause they'd not feed, nor guide us.

## 4.

The insulting *Clergy* quite mistook,  
In thinking *Kingdoms* past by book,  
Or *Crowns* were got by prating;  
'Tis not the *black-coat*, but the *red*,  
Has power to make, or be the *head*;  
Nor is it words, or oaths, or tears,  
But *Muskets*, or full *Bandeliers*,  
Have power of *Legislating*.

## 5.

The Lawyers must lay by their book,  
And study *Lambert* more than *Cook*,  
The sword's the learned'st pleader;  
*Reports* and *judgements* will not do't,  
But 'tis *Dragoons*, and *Horse*, and *foot* :  
*Words* are but *wind*, but *blows* come home ;  
A stout tongu'd *Lawyer's* but a *Mome*,  
Compar'd to a stout *File-leader*.

## 6.

*Luck*, *wit*, or *valour*, rule all things,  
They pull down, and they set up *Kings* ;  
All *lawes* are in their bosome :  
That side is alwaies *right* that's *strong*,  
And that that's beaten must be *wrong* ;  
And he that thinks it is not so,  
Unless he's sure to beat 'um too,  
Is but a *fool* t' oppose 'um.

## 7.

Let them impose taxes or rates,  
'Tis but on those that have *estates*,

Not

Not such as I and thou are,  
 But it concerns those *worldlings*, which  
 Are left, or made, or else grow *rich*;  
 Such as have studied all their daies,  
 The *saving* and the *thriving* waies,  
 To be the *mules* of power.

8.

If they reform the *Church* or *State*,  
 We'l ne'r be troubled much thereat,  
 Let each man take's opinion;  
 If we don't like the *Church* you know,  
*Taverns* are free and there we go;  
 And if every one would be  
 As clearly unconcern'd as we,  
 They'd ne'r fight for *Dominion*.

## S O N G XXXVII.

*Against Corrupted Sack,*

I.

**S**ACK! once my comfort and my dear delight,  
 Dull mortals quickning spirit;  
 Thou didst once give *affections*, wit, and *might*;  
 Thou mad'st the *Lover*, and the *Wight*;  
 Thou mad'st one *dye*, and t'other *fight*;  
 Thou mad'st the *Poet*, who made both; and thou  
 Inspir'dst our brains with *genial* fire till now,  
 Th' hast justly lost thy *honour*,  
 'Cause th'hast lost thy *power* and *merit*.

2. Now

2.

Now we *depose* thee from th'usurped throne;  
 Since thou'rt *degenerate* and *disloyal*;  
 Thou hast no proper father of thine own;  
 But art a bastard got by th' Town;  
 By *Aequivike* generation,  
 Thy *Bawds*, the *Vintners* do compound thee more,  
 Then *Flavel* or *Besse Beer* ere drugg'd a whore;  
 Nor canst thou now *inspire*, nor feed,  
 Nor cherish; but destroy all:

3.

Oh where's that sprightly Poetry and Wit;  
 That should endure for ever?

Had *Homer* drank thy mixture, he had writ  
*Lines* that would make the Reader spit;  
 Nor beyond *puns* would *Pindar* get;  
*Virgil* and *Horace*, if inspir'd by thee;  
 Had writ but *lewd* and *pagan* poetry;  
 Dull dropsi'd *limbs*, or else as dry  
 and *raging* as a Feaver.

4.

*Treasons* committed and contriv'd by thee,  
*Kingdoms* and *Kings* subverted;  
 'Tis thou makest Rulers fools and cowards bee,  
 And such as ought to bend the *Knee*,  
 Madly *invade* the *Sovereignty*;  
 Thou *thron'st* us on all *actions*, vile and fell,  
 First mak'st us do, and then thou mak'st us tell;  
 And whom we swore to *serve*,  
 By thee we *basely* have deserted.

5.

Thou *plague* of bodies and th'unnatural Nurse,  
 Of *Sickness* and *Physitians*;  
 Ruine of wit, and strength, and fame, and purse,  
 K That

That nait destroy'd poor mortals worfe  
 Then the great plague, or *Mersch* curse.  
 In *fifty nine* th' hait spilt more *English* bloud  
 Then e'r in *eighty eight* the Spaniard could  
 By his *Armado*, or can since destroy  
 By's *Inquisitions*.

6.

Hence from my *veins*, from my *desires* be gone ;  
 I loath thee and desie thee ;  
 I'll now find out a purer *Helison*,  
 Wh'ch wits may safely feast upon,  
 And baffle thy hobgoblin *Don* ;  
 And live to see thee and thy *mongrel* race,  
 Contemn'd and rooted out of every place ;  
 And those thou'it fool'd and *wrong'd* like me,  
 For ever ever fly thee.

## S O N G XXXVIII.

*The Lamentation.*

Written in 1648.

**M**ourn *London*, mourn ;  
 Bathe thy polluted soul in tears :  
 Return, return ;  
 Thou hast more cause of grief, then th' hadst for  
 For the whole *Kingdom* now begins (tears)  
 To feel thy sorrows, as they saw thy sins,  
 And now do no  
 Compassion show  
 Unto thy misery and wo,  
 But slight thy sufferings as thou didst theirs.

2. Pri



2.

*Pride*, towering *pride*,  
 And boiling *lust*, those fatal twins  
 Sit side by side,  
 And are become *plantations* of sins.  
 Hence thy *Rebellions* first did flow,  
 Both to the *King* above, and him below;  
 And sordid *florh*,  
 The Nurse of both,  
 Have rais'd thy crimes to such a growth;  
 That sorrow must conclude as sin begins.

3.

Fire raging fire,  
 Shall burn thy *stately towers* down,  
 Yet not expire;  
*Tygres* and *Wolves*, or men more savage grown;  
 Thy childrens brains, and thine shall dash;  
 And in your *bloud* their guilty *tallons* wash;  
 Thy *Daughters* must  
 Allay their lust;  
 Mischiefs will be on mischief thrust,  
 Till thy *Cap* tumble, as thou mad'st the *Crown*:

4.

Cry *London* cry!  
 Now now petition for redress;  
 Where canst thou fly?  
 Thy emptied *chests* augment thy heaviness,  
 The *Gentry* and the *Commons* loath,  
 Th' adored *Houses* flight thee worse then both;  
 The King poor Saint,  
 Would help but can't:  
 To heav'n alone unfold thy *want*,  
 Thence came thy *plagues*, thence only pity flow'th.

## S O N G XXXIX.

*The Riddle.**Written in 1644.*

1.  
**N**o more, no more,  
 We are already pin'd ;  
 And sore, and poor,  
 In *body* and in *mind* :  
 And yet our *sufferings* have been  
 Less than our *sin*.  
 Come long-desired *peace* we thee implore,  
 And let our pains be less, or *power* more.

2.  
 Lament, Lament,  
 And let thy *tears*, run down,  
 To see the rent  
 Between the *Robe* and *Crown* ;  
 Yet both do strive to make it more  
 Then 'twas before :  
*War* like a serpent has its *head* got in,  
 And will not end so soon as't did begin.

3.  
 One *body* Jars,  
 And with its self does fight ;  
*War* meets with *Wars*,  
 And *might* resisteth *might* ;  
 And both sides say they love the *King*,  
 And peace will bring :  
 Yet since these fatal civil broyles begun,  
 Strange Riddle ! both have *conquer'd*, neither *won*.

4.

One *God*, one *King*,  
 One true *Religion* still ;  
 In every thing  
 One *Law* both should fulfil ;  
 All these both sides does still pretend  
 That they defend :

Yet to encrease the *King* and *Kingdoms* woes,  
 Which side soever wins, good subjects lose.

5.

The *King* doth swear,  
 That he doth fight for them ;  
 And they declare,  
 They do the like for him :  
 Both say they wish and fight for peace,  
 Yet wars increase :

So between both, before our wars be gone,  
 Our lives and goods are lost, and we're undone.

6.

Since 'tis our curse,  
 To fight we know not why ;  
 'Tis worse and worse  
 The longer thus we lye:  
 For war it self is but a *Nurse*  
 To make us worse.

Come blessed *peace*, we once again implore,  
 And let our *pains* be less, or *pouer* more.

## S O N G XL.

*On the Kings Return.*

I.

**L**ong have we waited for a happy End  
 Of all our miseries and strif;  
 But still in vain; the *Sword-men* did intend,  
 To make them hold for term of Life;  
 That our distempers might be made,  
 Their *everlasting* livelihood and trade.

2.

They entayle their *Swords* and *Guns*,  
 And *pay*, which wounded more,  
 Upon their *Daughters* and their *Sons*,  
 Thereby to keep us ever poor.

3.

And when the *Civil* wars were past,  
 They civil *Government* invade,  
 To make our taxes, and our slavery last,  
 Both to their *titles*, and their *trade*.

4.

But now we are redeem'd from all,  
 By our Indulgent *King*;  
 Whose coming does prevent our fall;  
 With loyal and with joyful hearts we'll sing.

*Chorus.*

*Welcome, welcome royal May,  
 Welcome long desired Spring,  
 Many Springs and Mays we've seen,  
 Have brought forth what's gay and green;  
 But none is like this glorious day,  
 Which brings forth our Gracious King.*

S O N G

## S O N G XLII.

*A Catch.*

**L** Et's leave off our labour, and now let's go play;  
 For this is our time to be jolly;  
 Our *plagues* and our *plaguers* are both fled away;  
 To nourish our griefs is but folly.  
 He that won't drink and sing,  
 Is a Traytor to's King;  
 And so's he that does not look twenty years younger,  
 We'll look blithe and trim,  
 With rejoycing at him  
 That is the restorer, and will be the *Prolonger*,  
 Of all our felicity and health,  
 The joy of our hearts, and increase of our *wealth*;  
 'Tis he brings our *trading*, our trading brings *riches*,  
 Our riches brings *honours*, at which every *mind itches*,  
 And our riches bring *Sack*, & our Sack brings us joy,  
 And our joy makes us leap, and sing *Vive le Roy*.

## S O N G XLII.

For General Monk his entertainment at  
 Cloath-workers-Hall.

I.

**R** Ing *Bells*! and let *bone-fires* out-blaze the Sun!  
 Let *ecchoes* contribute their voice!  
 Since now a happy settlement's begun,  
 Let all things tell how all good men rejoyce.

If these sad Lands by this,  
 Can but obtain the bliss  
 Of their desired, though abused peace ;  
 We'l never never more  
 Run mad, as we have heretofore,  
 To buy our ruine ; but all strife shall cease.

## 2.

The *Cobler* shall edifie us no more,  
 Nor shall in *divinity* set any stitches.  
 The *women* we will no more hear and adore,  
 That preach with their husbands for the *treeches*.  
 The *Phanatical* tribe,  
 That will not subscribe  
 To the orders of *Church* and of *State*,  
 Shall be smother'd with the zeal  
 Of their new common-weal,  
 And no man will mind what *they* prate.

*Chorus.*

We'l eat, and we'l drink, we'l dance, and we'l sing,  
 The *Roundheads* & *Caveys* no more shall be nam'd;  
 But all joyn together to make up the ring ;  
 And rejoyce that the *many-headed dragon* is tam'd.  
 'Tis *friendship* and *love*, that can *save us*, and *arm us*;  
 And while we all agree, there is nothing can harm

( M.

SONG

## S O N G XLIII.

*The Advice.*

I.

**H**E that a *happy* life would lead,  
In these dayes of *distractien*,  
Let him listen to me, and I will read  
A *lecture* without *faction* ;  
Let him want *three* things,  
Whence misery springs,  
All which do begin with a *letter* ;  
Let him bound his desires,  
With what *nature* requires,  
And with *reason* his humours fetter.

2.

Let not his *Wealth* prodigious grow,  
For that breeds cares and dangers;  
Makes him hated above and envied below,  
And a constant slave to strangers.  
He is happiest of all,  
Whose *estate* is but small,  
Yet enough to delight and maintain him:  
He may *do*, he may *say*,  
Having nothing to pay,  
It will not quit costs to *arraign* him.

3. Nor

3.

Nor must he be clogg'd with a *Wife* ;  
 For household cares incumber ;  
 And do to one place confine a mans life,  
 'Cause he can't remove his lumber.  
 They're happiest by far,  
 Who unwedded are,  
 And forrage on all in common ;  
 From all storms they can fly,  
 And if they should dy,  
 They ruine nor child nor woman.

4.

Nor let his brains o'rflow with *wit*,  
 That capers o'r's discretion ;  
 'Tis costly to keep, and 'tis hard to get,  
 And 'tis dangerous in the possession.  
 They are happiest men  
 Who can scarce tell ten,  
 And beat not their brains about reason ;  
 They may speak what will serve,  
 Themselves to preserve,  
 And their words are ne'r taken for *treason*.

5.

But of all fools there is none like the *Wit*,  
 For he takes pains to shew it ;  
 When his *pride*, or his *drink*, work him into a fit ;  
 Then straight he must be a Poet :  
 Then his *Jests* he flings,  
 Both at *States* and at *Kings*,  
 For *Applause*, and for *Bayes* and *Shadows* :  
 Thinks a verse saves as well  
 As a circle or a spell,  
 'Till he rithmes himself to the *Barbadoes*.



6.

He that within these bounds can live,  
May baffle all disasters;  
To *Fortune* and *Fates* commands he may give,  
Which worldlings make their masters.  
He may sing, he may laugh,  
He may dance, he may quaff;  
May be mad, may be sad, may be jolly;  
He may sleep without care,  
And wake without fear,  
And laugh at the whole world, and its folly.

---

BALLADS.

BALIADE



# BALLADS.

## I.

### *The Satyr of Money.*

## I.

**I**T is not the *Silver* or *Gold* of its self;  
 That makes men adore it; but 'tis for its power:  
 For no man does dote upon pelf, because pelf;  
 But all court the Lady in hopes of her *Dower*.  
 The wonders that now in our daies we behold,  
 Done by th' irresistible power of *Gold*,  
 Our *Love*, and our *Zeal*, and *Allegiance* do mould.

## 5.

This purchaseth *Kingdoms*, *Kings*, *Scepters*, & *Crowns*;  
 Wins *Battels*, and conquers the *Conquerors* bold;  
 Takes *Bulwarks*, and *Castles*, and *Armies*, and *Towns*,  
 Our prime *Laws*, are written in letters of *Gold*:  
 'Tis this that our *Parliaments* calls, and creates;  
 Turns *Kings* into *Keepers*, and *Kingdoms* to *States*,  
 And *Peopledoms* this into *High-doms* translates.

3.

This *plots* doth devise, then discovers what th' are;  
 This makes the great *felons* the lesser condemn:  
 Sets those on the *bench* that should stand at the bar;  
 Who judge such as by right, ought to execute them.  
 Gives the *boystrous Clown* his unsufferable pride;  
 Makes *Beggars*, and *Fools*, and *usurpers* to ride,  
 While ruin'd *properties* run by their side.

4.

Stamp either the arms of the *State*, or the *King*,  
 — *St. George* or the *breeches*, *C. R.* or *O. P.*  
 The *Cross* and the *fiddle*, 'tis all the same thing.  
 This still is the *Queen*, who e're the *King* be.  
 This lines mens *Religion*, builds doctrines and truth,  
 With zeal, and the spirit; the *factions* endu'th,  
 To club with *St. Katherine*, or sweet sister *Ruth*.

5.

This made our black *Senate* to sit still so long;  
 To make themselves rich by making us poor;  
 This made our bold *Army* so daring, and strong;  
 And that made them drive 'um like *Geese* out of  
 (door.

'Twas this made the *Covenant-makers* to make it;  
 And this made our *Levites* to make us to take it;  
 And this made both *makers* and *takers* forsake it.

6.

(Strators,

This spawn'd the dunghil crew of *Committees* and  
 Who lived by picking their *Parliament's* Gums;  
 This made, and then prospered *Rebels* and *Traytors*,  
 And made *Gentry* of those that were the *Nations*

(scum.

This

This *Herald* gives *arms*, not for merit but store;  
 Gives *Coats* unto such, as did sell coats before;  
 If their *pockets* be lin'd but with *Argent* and *Or*.

7.

'Tis this makes the *Lawyer* give judgment and plead,  
 On this side, or that side, on both sides or neither,  
 (read,

This makes *Yeomen Clerks*, that can scarce write or  
 And spawns arbitrary orders as various as the  
 (weather :

This makes the *blew-lecturer* pray, preach and prate,  
 Without reason or truth against *K. Church*, or *State*,  
 To shew the thin lynyng of his twice-cover'd pate.

8.

'Tis this that makes *Earls*, *Lords*, *Knights*, & *Esquires*,  
 Without breeding, discent, wit, learning, or merit;  
 Makes *Ropers* and *Ale-drappers* *Sheriffs* of *Shires*,

Whose trade's not so low, nor so base as their spirit  
 This *Justice* makes, and wise ones we know;

Furr'd *Aldermen* likewise, and *Mayors* also,

Makes the old wife to trot, and makes the *Mare* go.

9.

This makes the *blew aprons* write themselves wor-  
 And for this we stand *bare*, and before 'um do *fall*;

(wool,

They leave their young *Hairs* well fleeced with  
 whom we're to call *Squires*, and they're to pay all;

(gawdy,

Who with beggarly souls, though their bodies are  
 (Lady;

Court the pale *Chamber-maid*, and nick-name her a  
 And for want of discourse they do swear and talk

(baudy.

10. For

10.

For money mens lives may be purchas'd and sold,  
'Tis money breaks laws, and that mends 'um again;  
Men venture their quiet and safety for gold,  
When they won't stir a foot their rightsto maintain.  
This Doctors createth of Dunces, and those,  
*Commanders* that use to pollute their hose;  
This buyes the *spruce gallant* his *verse* and his *prose*.

## II.

This marriages makes, 'tis the centre of love ;  
It draws on the man, and it pricks up the woman ;  
*Birth, vertue, and parts*, no affection can move,  
While this makes *Lords* bow to the brat of a  
(*Broom-man*.  
Gives vertue, and beauty to the lasfs that you woe,  
Makes women of all *sorts* and *ages* to do ;  
'Tis the *soul* of the world, and the worldling too.

**12.**

This *horses* procures you, and *hawks, hounds, and hares*;  
 'Tis this keeps your *Groom*, and your *Groom* keeps  
 your *Geldings*;  
 It buys *Citizens wives* as well as their wares,  
 And makes your coy *Ladies* so coming and yielding;  
 This buys us good *Sack*, which revives like the  
 (spring;  
 This gives the *poetical* fancies their wing;  
 This makes you as merry as we that do sing.

## II. Злов

## II.

*Upon a Sign-post, set up at Skoale in Norfolk.*

## I.

**D**Id none of you hear,  
Of a wonder last year;  
That through all *Norfolk* did ring;  
Of an *Inn* and an *Host*,  
With a *Sign* and a *post*,  
That might hold (*God bless us*) the *King*.

## 2.

The building is great,  
And very compleat,  
But can't be compar'd to the *sign*;  
But within doors, I think  
's scarce a drop of good drink,  
For *Bacchus* drinks all the best *wine*.

## 3.

But here's the design,  
What's amiss in the *Wine*,  
By *wenches* shall be supply'd;  
There's three on a row  
Stands out for a show,  
To draw in the *Gallants* that ride.

## 4.

The first of the three,  
*Diana* should be,  
But she cuckolded poor *Acteon*,  
And his head she adorns  
With such visible horns,  
That he's fit for his hounds for to prey on.

5.

'Tis unsafe we do find  
 To trust Women kind,  
 Since horning's a part of their trade ;  
*Diana* is plac't  
 As a *Goddeſs* that's chaste,  
 Yet *Actaon* a *Monster* she made.

6.

The next wench doth stand,  
 With the *scales* in her hand,  
 And is ready to come at your beck ;  
 A new trick they've found,  
 To sell Sack by the pound,  
 But 'twere better they'd sell't by the peck.

7.

The last of the three  
 They say *prudence* must be,  
 With the *serpent* and *horn* of plenty ;  
 But *plenty* and *wit*  
 So seldom doth hit,  
 That they fall not to *one* in *twenty*.

8.

But above these things all,  
 Stands a fellow that's small,  
 With a *Quadrant* discerning the wind,  
 And says hee's a fool  
 That travels from *Skoale*,  
 And leaves his good liquor behind.

9.

Near the top of the sign,  
 Stand three on a line,  
 One is *Temperance*, still powring out ;  
 And *Fortitude* will  
 Drink what *Temperance* fill,  
 And fears not the stone or the gout.



10.

The next to these three,  
 You'l an *Usurer* see,  
 With a *prodigal* child in his mouth ;  
 'Tis *Time* (as some say)  
 And well so it may,  
 For they be devourers both.

11.

The last that you stare on,  
 Is old father *Charon*,  
 Who's wafting a wench o'r the ferry ;  
 Where *Cerberus* do's stand,  
 To watch where they land,  
 And together they go to be merry.

12.

Now to see such a change,  
 Is a thing that is strange,  
 That one, who as stories do tell us,  
 His money has lent  
 At fifty *per cent*,  
 A Colledge should build for *good fellows*.

13.

But under this work,  
 Does a mystery lurk,  
 That shews us the founders design ;  
 He has chalk'd out the way  
 For *Gallants* to stray,  
 That their lands may be his in fine.

14.

That's first an *Ale-bench*,  
 Next *hounds*, then a *wench*,  
 With these three to *roar* and to *revel* ;

Brings the prodigals lands,  
To the *Usurers* hands,  
And his body and soul to the *Devil*.

15.

Now if you would know,  
After all this adoe,  
By what name this *sign* should be known;  
Some call't this, and some that,  
And some I know not what;  
But 'tis many signs in one.

16.

'Tis a sign that who built it,  
Had more money then wit,  
And more *wealth* then he got or can use;  
'Tis a sign that all we  
Have less wit then he,  
That come thither to drink, and may chuse.

## III.

*A new Diurnal of passages, more  
Exactly drawn up then heretofore.  
Printed and published, 'tis order'd to be  
By Henry Elling the Clerk of the P.*

June 1. 1643.

**S**ince many *Diurnals* (for which we are griev'd  
Are come from both Houses, & are not believ'd  
The better to help them for running and flying,  
We have put them in *Verse*, to Authorise their lying  
For it has been debated, and found to be true,  
That lyings a *Parliament* Priviledge too :

And that they may the sooner our conquests rehearse  
 We are minded to put them in *Gallop*ing verse :  
 But so many maim'd Souldiers from *Reading* there  
 (came,  
 That in spite of the *Surgeons*, make our verses go  
 (lame.  
 We have ever us'd Fictions, and now it is known,  
 Our *Poverty* has made us *Poetical* grown.

*Munday.*

On *Munday* both *Houses* fell into debate,  
 And were likely to fall by the ears as they sate ;  
 Yet would they not have the business decided,  
 That they (as the Kingdom is) might be divided.  
 They had an intention to Prayers to go,  
 But *Extempore* Prayers are now Common too.  
 To *Voting* they fall ; and the key of the work,  
 Was the raising of money for the *State* and the *Kirk*.  
 'Tis only-Free-loan ; yet this order they make,  
 That what men would not lend, the should Plunder  
 (and take.

Upon this, the word *Plunder* came into their mind,  
 And they all did labour a new one to find :  
 They call'd it *disfraining*, yet thought it no shame,  
 To persist in the *Act*, which they blush't for to name.  
 They Voted all persons from *Oxford* that came,  
 Should be apprehended : and after the same,  
 With an *Humble* Petition, the *King* they request,  
 Hee'd be pleas'd to return, and be serv'd like the  
 A message from *Oxford* conducing to peace, (rest.  
 Came next to their hands, that *Armes* might cease.  
 They Voted, and Voted, and still they did vary,  
 Till at last the whole *sense* of the House was con-

(trary  
 To

To *reason*; they knew by their *Arms* they might gain,  
 What neither true *reason*, nor *Law* can maintain,  
*Cessation* was voted a dangerous plot ; (not  
 Because the *King* would have it, both *Houses* would  
 But when they resolv'd it, abroad must be blown,  
 (To baffle the *world*) that the *King* would have none.  
 And carefully *muzzled* the mouth of the *press*,  
 Left the truth should peep through their juggling  
 (drefs,  
 For they knew a *cessation* would work them more  
 (harms,  
 Then *Essex* could do the *Cavaliers* with his *arms*.  
 While they keep the *Ships* and the *Forts* in their  
 (hand,  
 They may be *Traytors* by *Sea*, as well as by *Land*.  
 The *Forts* will preserve them as long as they stay,  
 And the *Ships* carry them and their *plunder* away.  
 They have therefore good *reason* to account *war* the  
 (better,  
 For the *Law* will prove to them but a *killing* letter.

*Tuesday.*

A *Post* from his *Excellence* came blowing his *Horn*,  
 For *Money* to *advance*, and this spun out the *Morn*;  
 And strait to the *City* some went for relief,  
 The rest made an *Ordinance* to carry *Powder-Beef*.  
 Thus go up the *Round-heads*, and *Essex* advances,  
 But only to lead his *Souldiers* new dances.  
 To *Reading* he goes, for at *Oxford* (they say)  
 His wife has made *Bull-works* to keep him away.  
 Prince *Rupert*, for fear that the name be confounded,  
 Will *saw* off his *horns*, and make him a *Round-head*,

The newes was returned with General fame,  
 That *Reading* was taken ere ever he came:  
 Then away Rode our *Captains*, and *Souldiers* did run,  
 To shew themselves *valiant*, when the *Battail* was  
 (done,

Preparing to *plunder*, but as soon as they came,  
 They quickly perceived it was but a *flam* :  
 An *Ordinance* of *Parliament Essex* brought down ;  
 But that would not serve him to *batter* the *Town*.  
 More money was rais'd, more *Men* and *Ammunition*,  
 Carts loaded with *Turnips*, and other *provision*.  
 His Excellence had *Chines* and *Rams-heads* for a  
 (present,

And his *Council* of War had *Wood-cock* and *Pheasant* :  
 But *Ven* had 5000. Calves heads all in carts,  
 To nourish his *Men* and to chear up their *hearts* :  
 This made them so *valiant*, that that very day,  
 They had taken the *Town* but for *running* away.  
 'Twas Ordered this *day*, that *thanksgiving* be made,  
 To the *Round-heads* in *Sermons*, for their *beef*, and  
 (their *bread*,

*Wednesday.*

Two *Members* this day at a *Conference* sate,  
 And one gives the other a *knock* on the pate.  
 This set them a *voting*, and the *upper House* swore,  
 'Twas a breach of *priviledge* he gave him no more.  
 The *lower* the breaking their *Members* head voted  
 A breach of their *priviledge* ; for it is to be noted,  
 That *Treason* and *Priviledge* in it did grow ;  
 'Twas a breach of his *Crown* and dignity too.  
 Then came in the *Women* with a long long *petition*,  
 To settle *Militia* and damn the *Commission*.

For if *fighting* continue, they say they did fear,  
 That *Men* would be scarce, and *Husbands* be dear;  
 So plainly the *Speaker* the business unties,  
 That presently all the *Members* did rise:  
 They had hardly the leisure all things to lay ope,  
 But some felt in their *Bellies* if they had not a *Pope*;  
 Some strictly stood to them, and others did fear,  
 Each carried about them a fierce *Cavalier*:  
 This business was handled by the *Close-Committee*,  
 That privately met at a place in the City:  
 So closely to voting the *Members* did fall,  
 That the humble *Sisters* were overthrown all:  
 But they and their helpers came short at the last,  
 Till at length the whole work on Prince *Griffith*  
 (was cast;  
 And he with his troupe did handle the matter,  
 He pleased every Woman, as soon as he came at her.  
 The business had like to have gone on their side,  
 Had not *Pym* perswaded them not to confide.  
 For rather than peace, to fill the Common-wealth,  
 He said hee'd do *ten* every night himself.

*Thursday.*

This day a great *fart* in the house they did hear,  
 Which made all the *Members* make *buttons* for fear;  
 And one makes nine *speeches* while the business was,  
 And spake through the *nose* that he smelt out the  
 (hot,  
 He takes it to task, and the *Articles* draws,  
 As a breach of their own *Fundamental* laws.  
 Now *Letters* were read which did fully relate  
 A victory at a nit *New-Castle* of late;

That

That *hundreds* were slain, and *hundreds* did run,  
 And all this was got ere the battel begun:  
 This then they resolved to make the best on;  
 And next they resolved upon the *Question*,  
 That *Bonfires* and *praises*, the Pulpit and Steeple,  
 Must all be *suborned* to couzen the People:  
 But the policy was more money to get,  
 For the conquest's dear bought, and far enough set;  
 Such victories in *Ireland*, although it be known,  
 They strive to make that Land as bad as our own:  
 No sooner the money for this was brought higher,  
 But a croud of *true* Letters came flocking together,  
 How *Hotham* and's army, and others were beaten.  
 This made the blew *Members* to startle and threaten:  
 And these by all means must be kept from the City,  
 And only referred to the *Privy-Committee*:  
 And they presently with an *Extempore* Vote,  
 (which they have used so long, that they learned by  
 rote,)  
 They stil'd them *malignant*, and to lies they did turn  
 (them,  
 Then *Corbet* in stead of the Hangman, must burn  
 (them:  
 And he after that an *Ordinance* draws,  
 That none should tell truth that disparag'd the  
 (cause.  
 Then *P.* like a *Pegasus* trots up and down,  
 And takes up an angel to throw down a Crown:  
 He stands like a Centaure and makes a long speech,  
 That came from his mouth, and part from his breech:  
 He moves for more Horse, that the Army may be  
 Part *Mans-flesh* and *Horse-flesh*, as well as he;  
 And hee'l be a *Colonel* as well as another, (ther.  
 But durst not ride a *horse*, 'cause a *horse* rode his Mo-  
 Friday.

Friday.

Sir *Hugh Cholmley* for being no longer a *Traytor*,  
Was accus'd of *treason* in the highest Nature ;  
'Cause he (as they bad him) his *Souldiers* did bring;  
To turn from *Rebellion*, and fight for the *King* :  
They voted him out, but, nor they nor their men  
Could vote him into the *house* agen.

Sir *David's* Remonstrance next to them was read,  
From the *Cities* round body, and *Isaac's* the head :  
'Twas approv'd ; but one cause produc'd a dequal,  
That all *Traytors* be brought to a *Legal* trial:

For 'tis against *reason* to vote or to do  
Against *Traytors* when they are no other but so ;  
Because about nothing so long they sit still,  
They hold it convenient *Diurnals* to fill :  
And therefore they gave their *Chronographer* charge  
To stuffe it with *Orders* and *Letters* at large.  
The *King* by's *Prerogative*, nor by the *Law*,  
Can speak, nor print nothing his people to draw:  
Yet *Penny-les Pamphlets* they do maintain,  
Whose only Religion is *Stipendary* gain.

Who *Cum Privilegio*, against *King* and the *State*,  
The *treason* that's taught them (like *Parrats*) they  
(prate.

These *Hackneys* are licenc't what ever they do,  
As if they had *Parliament privilege* too.  
Thus then they consult ; so zealous they are,  
To settle the *peace* of the *Kingdom* by *war* :  
But against *Civil war* their hatred is such,  
To prevent it they'l bring in the *Scots* and the *Dutch*.  
They had rather the *Land* be destroy'd in a minute,  
Then abide any thing that has *loyalty* in it ;

And



And yet their *rebellion* so neatly they trim,  
 They fight for the *King*, but they mean for King  
 These all to fight for, and maintain are sent (*Pym*  
 The *Lawes* of *England*: but *New-England* is meant;  
 And though such disorders are broke in of late,  
 They keep it the *Anagram* still of a State:  
 For still they are plotting more *riches* to bring,  
 To make *Charles* a rich and glorious *King*;  
 And by this *rebellion* this good they will do him,  
 They'll forfeit all their *Estates* unto him.  
 No *Clergy* must meddle in *Spiritual* affairs,  
 But *Layton* ne'r heard of it, losing his ears,  
 For that he might be deaf to the prisoners cries,  
 To a spiritual *Goalers* place he must rise.  
 The rest have good reason for what they shall do,  
 For they are both *Clergy* and *Laity* too:  
 Or else at the best, when the question is stated,  
 They are but *Mechannicks* newly translated.  
 They may be *Committees* to practise their bawling,  
 For stealing of horses is a spiritual calling.  
 The reason why people our *Martyrs* adore,  
 'Cause their ears being cut off, their fame sounds  
 (the more  
 'Twas ordered the Goods of *Malignants* and Lands,  
 Shall be shar'd among them, and took into their  
 (hands.  
 They send *spirits* for more *malignants* to come,  
 That every one in the house may have some.  
 Then down to *Guild-hall* they return with their  
 (thanks,  
 To the *fools* whom the *Lottery* has cheated with  
 (blanks.

Saturday.

## Saturday.

This day there came *news* of the taking a *Ship*,  
(To see what *strange wonders* are wrought in the  
deep)

That a *troop* of their *Horse* ran into the Sea,  
And pull'd out a *Ship* alive to the *key*;  
And after much *prating* and *fighting* they say,  
The *ropes* serv'd for *traces* to draw her away:  
Sure these were *Sea-horses*, or else by their lying  
They'd make them as famous for *swimming* as *flying*.  
The rest of the *day* they spent to bemoan (gone,  
Their Brother the *Round-head* that to *Tyburn* was  
And could not but think it a barbarous thing,  
To hang him for killing a friend to the *King*:  
He was newly *baptized*, and held it was good  
To be washed, yet not in *water*, but *blood*.  
They ordered for his honour to cut off his *ears*,  
And make him a *Martyr*; but a *Zelot* appears,  
And affirm'd him a *Martyr*, for though 'twas his fate  
To be *hang'd*, yet he dy'd for the good of the *State*.  
Then all fell to *plotting* of matters so deep,  
That the silent *Speaker* fell down fast asleep:  
He recovers himself and rubs up his eyes,  
Then *motions* his house that 'twas time to rise.  
So home they went all, and their business referr'd  
To the *Close-Committee* by them to be heard;  
They took it upon them, but what they did do,  
Take notice that none but *themselves* must know.

*Postscript.*

*Postscript.*

Thus far we have gone in *Rhithm* to disclose,  
 What never was utter'd by any in *prose* ;  
 If any be *wanting*, 'twas but a mishap,  
 Because we forgot to weigh't by the *map* ;  
 For over the *Kingdom* their *orders* were spread,  
 They have made the whole *body* as bad as the *head* ;  
 And now made such work, that all they can do,  
 Is but to read *Letters* and *answer* them too.  
 We thought to make *Finis* the end of the story,  
 But that we shall have more business for you.  
 For (as their proceedings do) so shall our *Pen*,  
 Run roundly from *Munday* to *Munday* agen.  
 And since we have begun, our *Muse* doth intend,  
 To have (like their *votes*) no *beginning* nor *end*.

## I V.

*On the demolishing the Forts.*

**I**S this the end of all the toil,  
 And labour of the *Town* ?  
 And did our *Bulwarks* rise so high,  
 Thus low to *tumble* down ?

All things go by *contraries* now,  
 We *fight* to *still* the Nation,  
 Build *Forts* to pull down *popery*,  
 Pull down for *Edification*.

These

These *Independents* tenets, and  
Their waies so pleasing be;  
Our *City* won't be bound about,  
But stands for *liberty*.

The *Popish* doctrine shall no more  
Prevail within our Nation ;  
For now we see that by our *works*,  
There's no *Justification*.

What an *Almighty* army's this,  
How worthy of our praising,  
That with one vote can *blow* down that;  
All we so long were raising !

Yet let's not wonder at this change,  
For thus 'twill be withall :  
These *works* did lift themselves too high,  
And *pride* must have a fall.

And when both *Houses* vote agen,  
The *Cavies* to be gone ;  
Nor dare to come within the lines,  
Of *Communication* :

They must reserve the *sense*, or else  
Refer't to the *Divines*,  
And they had need sit *seven* years more,  
Ere they can read those *lines*.

They went to make a *Gotham* on't,  
For now they did begin  
To build these mighty banks about,  
To keep the *Cuckoes* in.

Alas what need they take such pains !

For why a *Cucko* here,  
Might find so many of his *mates*,  
Hee'l sing here all the year.

Has *Isaac* our *L. Mayor, L. Mayor*,  
With *Tradesmen* and with *wenches*,  
Spent so much time, and cakes and beer,  
To edifie these *trenches* !

All *trades* did shew their skill in this,  
Each wife an *Engineer* :  
The *Mayores* took the tool in hand,  
The *maids* the stones did bear.

These *Bulmarks* stood for *Popery*,  
And yet we never fear'd 'um.  
And now they worship and fall down,  
Before those *calves* that rear'd 'um.

But though for *superstition*,  
The *crosses* have been down'd,  
Who'd think these works would *Popish* turn,  
That ever have been round ?

This spoils our *Palmistry* ; for when  
Wee'l read the *Cities* fate,  
We find nor *lines* nor *crosses* now,  
As it hath had of late.

No wonder that the *Aldermen*,  
Will no more money lend,  
When they that in this seven years,  
Such learned *works* have penn'd.

Now

Now to debase their lofty *lines*,  
 In which the *wits* delighted,  
 'Tis thought they'l ne'r turn *Poets* more,  
 Because their *works* are slighted.

These to a doleful *tune* are set,  
 For they that in the town,  
 Did every where cry *Up go we*,  
 Now they must sing *down down*.

But if that *Tyburn* do remain,  
 When t'other *slighted* be,  
 The *City* will thither flock and sing,  
*Hay, hay, then up go we*.

## V.

*The Clown.*

## 1.

AH furra, is't a come to this?  
 That all our *Weez-men* do zo mis?  
 Esdid think zo much avore,  
 Have we kept veighting here zo long.  
 To zell our *Kingdom* vor a zong,  
 O that ever chwor a bore!

## 2.

Echave a be a *Cavaliero*,  
 Like most *weeze-men* that esgood hear, o.  
 And shoor sdid wifh 'um well,  
 But within sdid zee how the did go  
 To cheat the *King* and *Counstre* too,  
 Esbid 'um all vorwell.

3. Thou

Thoo whun the *club-men* wor so thick,  
Esput my zive upon a stick.

And about eswent among 'um;  
And by my troth esdid suppose  
That they were honeste then those

That now do zwear they'l hang 'um.

Was't not enow to make men vite,  
When villains come by de and night,

To plunder and undoe 'um;  
And *Garizons* did vet all in,  
And steep the *Countrie* to the skin,

And we zed nothing to 'um.

But we had zoon a *scurvy* pluck,  
The better *Men*, the worser luck;

We had *knaves* and *vools* among us;  
Zome turn'd, zome *comards* run away;  
And left a vew behind to try,

And bloody *rogues* to bang us!

But now 'tis a come to a *scurvy* matter;  
Cham in the house of the *Surgan-strater*,

That have no *grace*, nor *pitty*;  
But here they peel, and pole, and squeeze;  
And when cha' paid them all their fees,

They turn me to the *mitter*.

Like *furies* they zit three and three,  
And all their plots to begger we,

Like *Pilate* and the *Jews*;

And zome do ze that both do know,  
Of thick above, and those below,

*'Tis not a tird to chose.*

8.

But tho Echood redeem my grown,  
Es went to *London* to compoun,  
And ride through ween and weather ;  
Estaid there eight and twonty week,  
And chowor at last zo much to zee,  
As when Es vur't come thither.

9.

There whun's zeed voke to Church repair,  
Espid about vor *Common-Prayer* ;  
But no zuch thing scould zee.  
The zed the *Common'st* that was there,  
Was vrom a *tub*, or a *wicker* chair ;  
They call'd it *stumpere*.

10.

Es hur'd 'um pray, and every word,  
As the wor sick, they cri'd *O Lord* :  
And thoo ston still agen,  
And vor my life escould not know,  
Whun they begun or had *ado*,  
But when they zed *amen*,

11.

They have a new word, 'tis not *preach*,  
Zdo think zome o'me did call it *teach* ;  
A *trick* of their devizing :  
And there zo good a *nap* sdid vet,  
Till 'twas adoo, that's past zun-zet,  
As if 'rwor but zun-rising.

12.

At night zo zoon's chwar into bed,  
Sdid all my prayers without book read ;



My Creed and *Pater noster* :  
 Me think zet all their *prayers* to thick,  
 And they do goo no more a leek,  
 Then an *Apple's* like an *Oyster*.

13.

Chad need to *watch*, zo well as *pray*,  
 Whun chave to-do with zuch as they,  
 Or else Es may go zeek ;  
 They need not bid a monthy vast ;  
 Vor if zoo be these times do last,  
 Twoof come to zeav'n a weak.

14.

Es waited there a *huges* time,  
 And *lrib'd* thick men to know my crime,  
 That esmed make my *peace*,  
 At last esvown my *purse* was vat,  
 And if chwould be *reform'd* of that,  
 They wood give me a *release*.

15.

Esgid 'um *bond* voor neenscore pown,  
 Besides what chad a *paid* 'um down,  
 And thoo they made me *swear*,  
 Whun chad a reckon'd what my cost are ;  
 Es *swear'd* chood ene zit down aloster,  
 Vor by my troth chawr *weary*.

16.

Thoo when scome home esbore some *beasts* ;  
 And chowr in hope we should ha' *peace*,  
 Case here's no *Cavaliers* ;  
 But now they zed's a new quandary,  
 Tween *Pendents* and *Presbytery*,  
 Cham *agast* they'l go by the ears.

17.

Esboire in hon 'twould never last,  
 The *mittees* did get wealth zo vast,  
     And *Gentlemen* undoo ;  
*Uds wonderkins* toold make one mad,  
 That three or four livings had,  
     Now can't tell whare to goo.

18.

Chazeed the time when escood gee  
 My *daters* more then zix of the :  
     But now by bribes and *stortions* ;  
 Zome at our wedden ha bestow'd  
 In *Gloves* more then avore this wood  
     A made three *daters* *portions*.

19.

One om ow'd me *three hundred* pown,  
 Es zend vor zome, he paid it down ;  
     But within *three daies* ater,  
 Ech had a *ticket* to restore  
 The same agen, and *six* times more ;  
     Is'nt this a *couzning* matter !

20.

Whun chood not do't smot to *black-rod*,  
 A place was ne'r a made by *God*,  
     And there chowr vain to lye,  
 Till chad a gidd'n up his *bon*,  
 And paid a *hundred* more in hon,  
     Andthoo smed come awy.

21.

Nay now they have a good hon made ;  
 What if the *Scots* should play the jade,  
     And keep awy our *King* ?  
 War they not mad in all these dangers,  
 To go and trust the *King* with strangers ?  
     Was ever such a thing ?

22.

We ha' nor *scrip* nor *scrole* to show,  
Whether it be our *King* or no;

And if they should deny an,  
They'l make us *vight* vor 'n once more,  
As well's agenst'n heretovore,  
How can we else come by'n.

23.

We had been better paid 'um down  
Their *vorty hundred thousand* pown,  
And zo a zet 'um gwine,  
Vor cham agast avore the goo,  
The'l hav' our *grown* and *mony* too,  
Cham fore asfeard of mine.

24.

Another trick they do devize,  
The *vive* and *twonty* part and *size*;  
And there at every meeting,  
We pay vor *wives* and *childrens* pole,  
More then they'l ever yield us whole,  
'Tis abomination *cheating*.

25.

We can nor eat, nor drink; nor lye;  
We our own *wives* by and by;  
We pay to *knaves* that couzen;  
My dame and I ten children made,  
But now we do gee off the trade,  
Vor fear should be a douzen.

26.

Then lets to *clubs* agen and vight,  
Or let's take it all out right;  
Vor thus they mean to fare,

All thick be right, they'l strip and use,  
And deal with them as bad as *Jews* ;  
All custen yoke beware.

## VI.

*On a Butchers Dog that bit a Commanders Mare,  
that stood to be Knight of a Shire.*

1.

**A**LL you that for Parliament *Members* do stand,  
For County, *Burrough*, or City ;  
Listen now to my song, which is doleful for, and  
A lamentable ditty.

2.

For you must take notice that there was a Dog,  
Nay a Mastiff-dog (d'you see)  
And if this great Dog were ty'd to a great clog,  
It had been full *happy* for we.

3.

And eke there was a great Colonel stout,  
That had been in many a slaughter ;  
But this *Mastiff* to eat him was going about,  
As you shall hear hereafter.

4.

You bloudy *Malignants*, why will you still plot ?  
'Twill bring you to hanging you know.  
For if this Dog had done what he did not,  
How had he been us'd I trow !

5.

But happy was it for sweet *Westminster*,  
When they went to make their choice ;

That this plot was found out, for why should this  
In *Elections* have any voyce ?

(*Cur*)

6.

For surely this *Mastiff*, though he was big,  
And had been lucky at fighting ;  
Yet he was not *qualifi'd* worth a fig,  
And therefore he fell a biting !

7.

But whom do you think ? A thing of great note,  
And a worthy *Commanders Mare* ;  
O what a strange battel had there been fought,  
Had they gone to *fight dog, fight bear* !

8.

This Dog was a *Leveller* in his heart,  
Or some *Tub-preaching Cur* ;  
For honour or greatness he car'd not a fart,  
And lov'd neither *Lord* nor *Sir* :

9.

For when the *Commander* was mounted on high,  
And got above many a brother,  
It angred this dog at the guts *verily*,  
To see one man above another ;

10.

And therefore he run at him with open mouth,  
But it seems the *Dog* was but dull,  
He had as good *took a bear by the tooth*,  
As mistook a horse for a *bull* :

11.

But this plot was discover'd in very good time,  
And strangely, as you may perceive,  
For the *people* saw him committing this crime ;  
And made him his biting leave.

12.

And so they were parted without any harm,  
That now any body seeth,  
For it seems this *Dog* that made all this *alarm*,  
Did but only shew his teeth.

13.

So this *Cavalier* cur was beaten full sore,  
And had many a *knock* on the pate,  
But they serv'd him aright if they had beat him  
For meddling with matters of State. (more,

14.

Now heaven look down on our noble *Protector*,  
His *Commanders* and *Members* eke,  
And keep him from the teeth of every *Elect*or,  
That is not able to speak.

15.

And hang all such *dogs* as their honours do hate,  
Let them clear themselves if they can,  
For if they be suffered to be in the State,  
They'll conspire against *horse* and *man*.

## VII.

*The new Knight Errant.*

I.

OF *Gyants* and *Knights*, & their wonderful fights,  
We have stories enough in *Romances*;  
But I'll tell you one new, that is *strange* and yet *true*,  
Thought other are nothing but *fancies*.

2.

A *Knight* lately made of the *Governing* trade,  
Whose name he'll not have to be known;

Has

Has been trucking with *fame*, to purchase a *name* ;  
For 'tis said he had none of his own.

3.

He by *Fortunes* design, should have been a *Divine*,  
And a pillar no doubt of the Church ;  
Whom a *Sexton* (God wor) in the *belfry* begot,  
And his Mother did pig in the porch,

4.

And next for his breeding, 'twas learned *hog-feeding*,  
With which he so long did converse,  
That his *manners* and *feature*, was so like their *nature*,  
You'd scarce know his *sweetness* from theirs.

5.

But observe the device of this *Nobleman's* rise,  
How he hurried from trade to trade ;  
For the *grains* he'd aspire to the *jest* ; & then *higher*,  
Till at length he a *Dray-man* was made.

6.

Then his *dray-horse* and *he*, in the streets we did see,  
With his *hanger*, his *sling*, and his *jacket* ;  
Long time he did *watch*, to meet with his *match* ;  
For he'd ever a mind to the *placket*.

7.

At length he did find, out a *Trull* to his mind,  
And *Ursula* was her name ;  
O *Ursly* quoth he, and O *Tom* then quoth she,  
And so they began their game.

8.

But as soon as they met, O such *babes* they did get,  
And bloud-royal in 'um did place : (Dam;  
From a *swine-herd* they came, a *she-bear* was their  
They were suckled as *Romulus* was.

9. At

9.

At last when the rout, with their head did fall out,  
And the wars thereupon did fall in,  
He went to the *field*, with a sword, but no shield,  
Strong drink was his *buckler* within :

10.

But when he did spy, how they dropt down and die,  
And did hear the *bullets* to sing ;  
His *arms* he flung down, and run fairly to town,  
And exchang'd his *sword* for his *sling* :

11.

Yet he claimed his share, in such *honours* as were  
Belonging to nobler *spirits* ;  
That ventur'd their *lives*, while this *Buffon* survives,  
To receive the reward of their merits.

12.

When the wars were all done, he his *fighting* begun,  
And would needs shew his valour in peace ;  
Then his fury he flings, at poor conquer'd things,  
And frets like a *hog* in his *grease* ;

13.

For his first feat of all, on a *Wit* he did fall,  
A *wit* as some say, and some not ;  
Because he'd an art, to rhithm on the quart,  
But never did care for the pot ;

14.

And next on the *cocks*, he fell like an *Ox*,  
And took them and their *Masters* together ;  
But the *combs* and the *spurs*, kept himself & his *Sirs*,  
Who are to have *both* or neither.

15.

The cause of his spite, was because they would *fight*,  
And, because he durst not, he did take-on ;

And



And said they were *fit*, for the *pot*, not the *pit*,  
And would serve to be eaten with *bacon*.

16.

But *flesh'd* with these *spoiles*, the next of his *toyles*,  
Was to fall with *wild-beasts* by the ears,  
To the *Bear-ward* he goeth, & then opened his *mouth*;  
And said, *oh! are you there with your bears*.

17.

Our stories are dull, of a *cock* and a *bull*,  
But such was his *valour* and *care* :  
Since he bears the *bell*, the tales that we tell,  
Must be of a *cock* and a *bare*.

18.

The crime of the *bares* was, they were *Caveliers*,  
And had formerly fought for the *King* ;  
And pull'd by the *Burrs*, the round-headed *Currs*,  
That they made both their ears to ring.

19.

Our successour of *Kings*, like blind fortune, *flings*  
Upon him both *honour* and *store* :  
Who has as much right, to make *Tom* a *Knight*,  
As *Tom* has desert, and no *more*.

20.

But *Fortune* that whore, still attended this *Brewer*,  
And did all his *atchievements* reward ;  
And blindly did *fling*, on this lubberly *thing*,  
More *honour*, and made him a *Lord*.

21.

Now he walks with his *spurs*, and a couple of *currs*  
At his heels, which he calls *Squires* :  
So when *honour* is thrown on the head of a *clown* ;  
'Tis by *Parasites* held up, and *Lyars*.

22.

The rest of his *pranks*, will merit new *thanks*,  
 With his *death*, if we did but know it ;  
 But we'll leave him and it, to a time and place fit,  
 And *Greg.* shall be *funeral Poet.*

## VIII.

*The New Mountebank.**Written in 1643.*

**I**F any body politick,  
 Of plenty or ease be very sick,  
 There's a Physician come to Town,  
 Of far fetcht fame and high renown ;  
 Though call'd a *Mountebank*, 'tis meant,  
 Both words being French, a *Parliament* ;  
 Who from *Geneva* and *Amsterdam*,  
 From *Germany* and *Scotland* came ;  
 Now lies in *London* ; but the place,  
 If men say true, is in his face.  
 His Scaffold stands on *Tower-hill*,  
 When he on *Strafford* try'd his skill ;  
 Off went his head, you'll think him slain ;  
 But straight 'twas voted on again.  
*Diurnals* are his *weekly-bills*,  
 Which speak how many he cures or kills :  
 But of the *Errata* we'll advise,  
 For cure read *kill*, for truth read *lies*.  
 If any Traytor be diseased  
 with a sore-neck, and would be eased ;  
 There is a *pill*, they call a *Vote*,  
 Take it *ex tempore* it shall do'r.

If any conscience be to strict,  
Here's several *pins* from *Lectures* pickt,  
Which swallowed down will stretch it full,  
As far as 'tis from this to *Hull*.  
Is any by *Religion* bound,  
Or *Law*, and would be looser found;  
Here's a *Glisten* which we call  
His *priviledge* o'r-topping all.  
Is any *money* left, or *plate*,  
Or goods? bring't in at any rate:  
He'l melt three *shillings* into one,  
And in a minute leave you *none*.  
Here's *powder* to inspire the lungs,  
Here's *water* that unties your tongues;  
Spight of the *Law*, 'twill set you free,  
To speak treason only lispingly.  
Here's *Leeches*, which if well apply'd,  
And fed, will stick close to your side,  
Till your superfluous *bloud* decay,  
Then they'l break and drop away.  
But here's a sovereign *Antidote*,  
Be sure our Sovereign never know't;  
Apply it as the *Doctour* pleases,  
'Twill cure all wounds and all diseases.  
A drug none but himself e're saw,  
'Tis call'd a *Fundamental Law*:  
Here's *Glasses* to delude your sight,  
Dark *Lanthorns* here, here *bastard* light.  
This if you conquer *trebbles* the men,  
If loose a hundred, seems but ten.  
Here's *Opium* to lull asleep,  
And here lie dangerous *plots* in steep.  
Here stands the safety of the City,  
There hangs the invisible *Committee*.

P.L.M.

*Plundring's* the new Philosophers stone,  
 Turns war to Gold, and Gold to Stone:  
 And here's an *Ordinance* that shall,  
 At one full shot enrich you all.  
 He's skilled in the *Mathematicks*,  
 And in his circle can do tricks,  
 By raising *spirits*, that can smell  
 Plots that are hatcht as deep as hell :  
 Which ever to themselves are known,  
 The Devil's ever kind to his own.  
 All this he *gratis* doth, and saith,  
 He'll only take the *Publick Faith*,  
 Flock to him then make no delay,  
 The next fair wind he must away,

## IX.

*The Saints Encouragement.*

written in 1643.

**F**ight on brave Souldiers for the cause,  
 Fear not the *Caveliers*;  
 Their threatnings are as senseless, as  
 Our *Jealousies* and fears.  
 'Tis you must perfect this great work,  
 And all *Malignants* slay,  
 You must bring back the King again  
 The clean contrary way.  
 'Tis for *Religion* that you fight,  
 And for the *Kingdoms* good,  
 By robbing Churches, *plundring men*,  
 And shedding *guiltless* blood.

Down with the *Orthodoxal train*,  
All Loyal Subjects slay ;  
When these are *gone*, we shall be blest,  
*The clean contrary way.*

When *Charles* we've *bankrupt* made like us,  
Of *Crown* and *power* bereft him ;  
And all his loyal subjects *slain*,  
And *none* but *Rebels* left him.  
When we've *beggar'd* all the *Land*,  
And *sent* our *Truncks* away ;  
We'l make him then a glorious *Prince*,  
*The clean contrary way.*

'Tis to preserve his Majesty,  
That we *against* him fight,  
Nor are we ever *beaten* back,  
Because our cause is right;  
If any make a scruple on't,  
Our *Declarations* say,  
Who fight for us, fight for the *King*,  
*The clean contrary way.*

At *Keynton*, *Branford*, *Plymmouth*, *Tork*,  
And divers places more ;  
What victories we *Saints* obtain'd,  
The like ne'r seen before!  
How often we *Prince Rupert* kill'd,  
And bravely won the day,  
The wicked *Cavaliers* did run  
*The clean contrary way.*

The true *Religion* we *maintain*,  
The *Kingdomes* peace, and plenty ;

The

The priviledge of *Parliament*  
 Not known to *one of twenty* ;  
 The ancient *Fundamental Laws*,  
 And teach men to obey ;  
 Their Lawful *Sovereign*, and all these,  
*The clean contrary way.*

We subjects *Liberties* preserve,  
 By *prisonment* and *plunder*,  
 And do inrich our selves and state  
 By keeping the *wicked* under.  
 We must preserve *Mecannicks* now,  
 To *Lecturize* and pray ;  
 By them the *Gospel* is advanc'd,  
*The clean contrary way.*

And though the King be much *mised*  
 By that *malignant* crew ;  
 He'll find us honest, and at last,  
 Give all of us our due.  
 For we do wisely plot, and plot,  
*Rebellion* to destroy,  
 He sees we stand for *peace* and *truth*,  
*The clean contrary way.*

The *publick faith* shall save our souls,  
 And good *out-works* together ;  
 And *ships* shall save our lives, that stay  
 Only for wind and weather.  
 But when our *faith* and *works* fall down,  
 And all our hopes decay,  
 Our *Acts* will bear us up to *heaven*,  
*The clean contrary way.*

## X.

Written in 1648.

Come let us be merry,  
 Drink *Claret* and *Sherry*,  
 And cast away care and sorrow;  
 He's a fool that takes thought for to morrow.  
 Why should we be droopers,  
 To save it for *Troopers*.  
 Let's spend our own,  
 And when all is gone,  
 That they can have none,  
 Then the *Roundheads* and *Cavies* agree.

## 2.

Then fall to your drinking;  
 And leave of this shrinking;  
 Let *Square-heads* and *Round-heads* go quarrel,  
 We have no other foe but the barrel;  
 These cares and disalters,  
 Shall ne'r be our Masters:  
*English* and *Scot*,  
 Doth both love a pot,  
 Though they say they do not,  
 Here the *Roundheads* and *Cavies* agree.

## 3.

A man that is armed  
 With *liquor* is charmed,  
 And proof against strength and cunning;  
 He scorns the base *humour* of running.  
 Our *brains* are the quicker,  
 When season'd with liquor,

N

Let's

Let's drink and sing;  
 Here's a health to our King,  
 And I wish in this thing  
*Both the Roundheads and Cavies agree.*

4.

A pox of this fighting!  
 I take no delighting,  
 In killing of men and plunder;  
 A Gun affrights me like a thunder.  
 If we can Live quiet,  
 With good drink and diet,  
 We wont come nigh,  
 Where the bullets do fly:  
 In fearing to die,  
*Both the Roundheads and Cavies agree.*

5.

Twixt Square-head and Round-head  
 The Land is confounded,  
 They care not for fight or battle,  
 But to plunder our goods and cattle.  
 When ere they come to us,  
 Their chiefest hate,  
 Is at our Estate,  
 And in sharing of that,  
*Both the Roundheads and Cavies agree.*

6.

In swearing and lying,  
 In cowardly flying,  
 In whoring, in cheating, in stealing,  
 They agree; in all damnable dealing.  
 He's a fool and a widgeon,  
 That thinks they've Religion,  
 For Law and right,



Are o're rul'd by might;  
 But when they should fight,  
*Then the Roundheads and Cavies agree.*

7.

Then while we have treasure,  
 Let's spare for no pleasure :  
 He's a fool that has wealth and won't spend it,  
 But keeps it for *Troopers* to end it.  
 When we've nothing to leave 'um :  
 Then we shall deceive 'um,  
 If all would be  
 Of such humours as we,  
 We should suddenly see  
*Both the Roundheads and Cavies agree.*

## XI.

*The Scots Curanto.*

Written in 1645.

Come, come away to the *English* wars ;  
 A fig for our Hills and Valleys,  
 'Twas we did begin, and will lengthen their jarrs ;  
 We'l gain by their loss and follyes ;  
 Let the *Nations*  
 By invasions,  
 Break through our barrs ;  
 They can get little good by their *salleys*.

2.

Though *Irish* and *English* entred be,  
 The State is become our Debtor :  
 Let them have our Land, if their own may be free,  
 And the *Scot* will at length be a getter.

If they crave it,  
 Let them have it,  
 What care we?  
 We would fain *change* our Land for a *better*.

3.  
 Long have we longed for the *English* Land,  
 But we're hindred still by *disasters*;  
 But now is their time, when they can't withstand,  
 But are their own Countreys waiters.

If we venter,  
 We may enter  
 By *command*,  
 And at last we shall grow to be *Masters*.

4.  
 When at the first we began to *rebel*,  
 Though they did not before regard us;  
 How the name of a *Scot* did the *English* quell,  
 Which formerly have out-dar'd us.

For our coming  
 And returning,  
 They pay'd us well,  
 And *royally* did reward us.

5.  
 The better to bring our ends about,  
 We must plead for a *Reformation*;  
 And tickle the minds of the *giddy-brain'd* rout,  
 With the hopes of an *innovation*.

They will love us,  
 And approve us,  
 Without doubt,  
 If we bring in an *alteration*.

6.  
 Down with the *Bishops* and their train,  
 The *Surplice*, and *Common-prayers*,

Then will we not have a *King* remain,  
But we'l be the *Realms* surveyers :

So by little,  
And a little

We shall gain

All the *Kingdom* without gain-sayers.

7.

And when at the last we have conquer'd the *King*,  
And beaten away the *Cavaliers*;

The Parliament next must the same ditty sing,  
And thus we will set the Realm by the ears.

By their jarring,  
And their warring

We will bring,

Their estates to be *ours*, which they think to be *theirs*.

8.

And thus when among us the Kingdom is shar'd,

And the people are all made *beggars* like we ;

A *Scot* will be as good as an English *Leard* ;

O ! what an *unity* this will be

As we gain it,

We'l retain it

By the *sword*,

And the English shall say, *bonny blew cap for me*.

## XII.

Written in 1643.

**T**Hough *Oxford* be yielded, & *Reading* be taken,  
I'll put in for quarter at thy *Maiden-head* :  
There while I'm inscoted, my *Standards* unshaken,  
Lie thou in my arms, and I in thy bed.

Let the young *zelots* march with their wenches,  
 Mounting their tools to edifie trenches,  
 While thou and I do make it our pleasure,  
 To dig in thy *Mine* for the purest Treasure,  
*Where no body else shall plunder but I.*

And when we together in *battail* do joyn,  
 We scorn to wear arms but what are our own;  
 Strike thou at my *body*, and I'll thrust at thine,  
 By nakedness best the *truth* is made known.  
*Cannons* may roar, and *bullets* keep flying,  
 While we are in *Battail*, we never fear dying.  
*Isaac* and's wenches are busie a digging,  
 But all our delight is in *japping* and *jigging*,  
*And no body else shall plunder but I.*

And when at the last our bodies are weary,  
 We'll straight to the *Taverns* our strength to recruit;  
 Where, when we've refresh't our hearts with *Canary*,  
 We shall be the fitter again to go to't.  
 We'll tittle and drink untill we do stagger,  
 For then is the time for *Souldiers* to swagger.  
 Thus night and day we'll thump it and knock it,  
 And when we've no *money* then look to your pocket,  
*For no body else shall plunder but I.*

## XIII.

*A New Ballad.*

## I.

**A** Ballad, a Ballad, a new one and true,  
 And such are seldom seen;

He

He that wont write Ballads, and sing 'um too,  
 Has neither *Wit* nor *Spleen* :  
 For a man may be furnished with so much matter,  
 That he need not lie, or rail, or flatter ;  
 'Twill run from his tongue as easie as water,  
 And as *swiftly*, though not so *clean*.

2.

To see how the *times* are twirled about,  
 Would *make a dog laugh*, 'tis true ; (gout,  
 But to see those turn with 'um, that had the *Rump*-  
 Would *make a cat to spew*.  
 Those *Knaves* that have lived upon *sequestration*,  
 And sucked the *blond* of the best of the Nation,  
 Are all for the *King* by a new translation ;  
 He that won't believe't is a *Jew*.

3.

The poor *Caveliers* thought all was their own,  
 And now was their time to *sway* ;  
 But *friends* they have few, and *money* they've none,  
 And so they mistook their way. (rout 'um.  
 When they seek for preferments the *Rebels* do  
 And having no money, they must go without 'um,  
 The *Courtiers* do carry such stomachs about 'um :  
 They speak no English but *P A R* :

4.

And those very *rebels* that hated the *King*,  
 And no such *office* allow ;  
 By the help of their *boldness*, and one other thing,  
 Are brought to the *King* to bow :  
 And there both *pardons*, and *honours* they have,  
 with which they think, they're secure and brave,  
 But the title of *Knight*, on the back of a *Knave*,  
 's like a saddle upon a sow.

## 5.

Those men are but fools as matters now stand,  
 That would not be *Rebels* and *Traytors*,  
 To grow *rich* and *rant* o'r the best of the land,  
 And tread on the poor *Cinque Quaters* ;  
 To do what they *list*, and none dare complain,  
 To rise from a *cart* and drive *Charles* his wain,  
 And for this be made *Lords* and *Knights* in grain ;  
 O 'tis sweet to ambitious natures!

## 6.

If the times turn about 'tis but to *comply*,  
 And make a *formal* submission ;  
 And with every new power to *live and die*,  
 Then they are in a safe condition :  
 For none are *condemned* but those that are *dead*,  
 Nor must be *secur'd*, but those that are *fled*,  
 And none but the *poor rogues* *sequestred* :  
 The great ones buy *remission*.

## 7.

The *Fortieth* part of their riches, will  
 Secure t'other *thirty nine* ;  
 And so they will keep above us still ;  
 But hang'r, we'l ne'r repine.  
 The *Devil* does into their natures creep,  
 That they can no more from their *villany* keep,  
 Then a *Wolfe* broke loose, can from killing of *sheep*,  
 Or a *Poet* refrain from wine.

## 8.

Now *Heaven* preserve our *Merciful King*,  
 And continue his *grace* and *pity*,  
 And may his prosperity be like a spring;  
 And stream from him to the City !

May *James* and *George*, those *Dukes* of renown,  
 Be the two supporters of *England's* Crown !  
 And may all honest men enjoy *what's* their own !  
 And so I conclude my ditty.

## XIV.

*The Holy Pedler.*

## I.

FROM a Forraign shore  
 I am not come to store,  
 Your *Shops* with rare devices :  
 No *drugs* do I bring from the *Indian* King;  
 No *Peacocks*, *Apes*, nor *Spices* :  
 Such wares I do show,  
 As in *England* do grow,  
 And are for the good of the Nation ;  
 Let no body fear  
 To deal in my ware,  
 For *Sacriledge* now's in fashion.

## 2.

I the *Pedler* am,  
 That came from *Amsterdam*,  
 With a pack of new *Religions* ;  
 I did every one fit,  
 According to's wit,  
 From the *Tub* to *Mahomet's* pigeons.  
 Great trading I found,  
 For my spiritual ground,  
 Wherein every man was a medler ;

I made people decline,  
The learned *Divine*,  
And then they bought *Heaven* of the *Pedler*.

3.

First *Surplices* I took,  
Next the *Common-prayer-book*,  
And made all those *Papists* that us'd 'um;  
Then the *Bishops* and *Deans*,  
I strip'd of their means,  
And gave it to those that abus'd 'um.  
The *Clergy-men* next,  
I withdrew from their *Text*,  
'And set up the gifted *brother* :  
Thus *Religion* I made,  
But a matter of trade,  
And I car'd nor for one or t'other.

4.

Then *Tythes* I fell upon,  
And those I quickly won;  
'Twas prophane in the *Clergy* to take 'um;  
But they serv'd for the *Lay*,  
Till I sold them away,  
And so did *Religious* make 'um;  
But now come away  
To the *Pedler* I pray;  
I scorn to rob or cozen;  
If *Churches* you lack,  
Come away to my pack,  
*Here's thirteen to the dozen.*

5.

*Church Militants* they be,  
For now we do see,  
They have fought so long with each other;  
The *Rump's Churches* threw down,

Those



Those that stood for the *Crown*,  
 And sold them to one another.  
 Then come you factious crue,  
 Here's a bargain now for you,  
 With the spoils of the *Church* you may revel:  
 Now pull down the *bells*,  
 And then hang up your selves,  
 And so give *his due* to the *Devil*.

## X V.

*A Serious Ballade.*

*written in 1645.*

I Love my King and Countrey well,  
*Religion* and the Laws,  
 Which I'm mad at the heart that e're we did sell,  
 To buy the good *Old Cause*.  
 These *unnatural* wars,  
 And brotherly jars,  
 Are no delight or joy to me;  
 But it is my desire,  
 That the wars should expire,  
 And the King and his Realms agree.

## 2.

I never yet did take up arms,  
 And yet I dare to dye;  
 But I'll not be seduc'd by *phanatical* charms,  
 Till I know a *Reason* why.  
 Why the *King* and the *State*,  
 Should fall to debate,  
 I ne'r could yet a reason see,

But

But I find many one,  
Why the wars should be done,  
*And the King and his Realms agree.*

3.

I love the *King* and the *Parliament*,  
But I love them both together ;  
And when they by *divisjon* asunder are rent,  
I know 'tis good for neither :  
Which so e'r of those  
Be victorious,  
I'm sure for us no good 'twill be ;  
For our plagues will encrease,  
Unless we have peace,  
*And the King and his Realms agree.*

4.

The *King* without them can't long stand,  
Nor they without the *King* ;  
'Tis they must advise, and 'tis he must command,  
For their power from his must spring.  
'Tis a comfortless sway,  
Where none will obey;  
If the *King* han't's right, which way shall we ?  
They may *Vote*, and make *Laws*,  
But no good they will cause,  
*Till the King and his Realms agree.*

5.

A pure *Religion* I would have,  
Not mixt with humane wit ;  
And I cannot endure that each ignorant knave,  
Should dare to meddle with it.  
The *tricks* of the *Law*,  
I would fain withdraw,  
That it may be alike to each degree.

And

And I faign would have such,  
As do meddle so much,  
*With the King and the Church agree.*

6.

We have pray'd and pay'd that the wars might  
And we be free men made: (cease,  
I would fight, if my fighting would bring any peace,  
But war is become a trade.

Our *servants* did ride  
with swords by their side,  
And made their *Masters* foot-men be ;  
But we will be no more slaves,  
To the *beggars* and *knaves*,  
*Now the King and the Realms do agree.*

# XVI.

## An Ode.

*Written in 1643.*

What's this that shrouds,  
In these *Opacous* clouds,  
The glorious face of heav'n, and dims our light?  
What must we ever lye  
Mantled in dark stupidity?  
Still groveling in a daily night?  
And shall we have no more the sun allow'd?  
Why, does the *Sun* grow dim? or do the *stars* grow  
(proud?

2.

Why should false zeal  
Thus scorch our common-weal,  
And make us slight bright *Phœbus* purer fires?

Why

Why do these *plannets* run?  
 They would, but cannot be the *Sun* :  
 Yet every saucy flame aspires.  
 Though they've no reason to affect the same,  
 Since they have nought of fire, but the meer rage  
 (and name,

3.

Now since our *Sun*  
 Has left this *Horizon* ;  
 Can all the *stars* though by united pow'r,  
 Undark the night,  
 Or equal him in light?  
 And yet they *blaze* to make him lowre.  
 That star that looks more red than others are,  
 Is a prodigious *Comet*, and a *blazing-star*.

4.

The World's undone,  
 When stars oppose the *Sun*,  
 And make him change his constant course to rest ;  
 His foaming Steeds,  
 Flying those daring deeds,  
 It's stables of the *North* or *West*,  
 Whence we may fear he'll never more return,  
 To *light* & *warm* us, with his rayes, but all to *burn*,

5.

Heav'n made them all,  
 Yet not *Anarchical*;  
 But in *degrees* and *orders* they are set ;  
 Should they all be  
 In a grand *Committee*,  
 In heavens painted chamber ; yet  
*Sol* would out shine them : guide me *Phœbus* ray,  
 And let those *Lanthorns* keep their *borrowed* light  
 (away.  
 6. Let's

6.

Let's not admire  
 This new *phantastick* fire,  
 That our vain eyes *deceives* and us *misleads* :  
 Those *Bears* we see  
 That would our *Lyons* be,  
 Want *tails*, and will want *heads*.  
 The world will soon into destruction run, (Sun  
 When bold blind *Phaetons* guide the chariot of the

## XVII.

*Palinode.*

1.

NO more, no more of this, I vow  
 'Tis time to leave this fooling now,  
 Which few but *fools* call *Wit* ;  
 There was a time when I begun,  
 And now 'tis time I should have done,  
 And meddle no more with it.  
 He *Physick's* use doth quite *mistake*,  
 That *Physick* takes for *Physick's* sake.

2.

My heat of youth, and love and pride,  
 Did swell me with their strong *spring-tyde*,  
 Inspir'd my brain and blood,  
 And made me then converse with *toyes*,  
 Which are call'd *Muses* by the *boyes*,  
 And dabble in their flood.  
 I was *persuaded* in those *dayes*,  
 There was no crown like *love* and *bayes*.

3. But

3.

But now my youth and pride are gone,  
 And age and cares come creeping on,  
 And business checks my love ;  
 What need I take a needless toyle,  
 To spend my labour, time and oyl,  
 Since no design can move.

*For now the cause is ta'n away,  
 What reason ist th' effect should stay ?*

4.

'Tis but a folly now for me,  
 To spend my time and industry,  
 About such useles wit ;  
 For when I think I have done well,  
 I see men laugh, but cannot tell,  
 Where't be at me ,or it.

*Great madnes 'tis to be a drudge,  
 When those that cannot write, dare judge.*

5.

Besides the danger that ensu'ch,  
 To him that speaks, or writes the truth,  
 The præmium is so small,  
 To be called Poet, and wear bayes,  
 And Factor turn of Songs and Playes,  
 This it no wit at all.

*Wit only good to sport and sing,  
 's a needless and an endless thing.*

6.

Give me the Wit that can't speak sense,  
 Nor read it, but in's own defence,  
 Ne'r learn'd but of his Grammar,  
 He that can buy, and sell, and cheat,

May quickly make a shift to ger,  
 His thousand pound *p r annum*.  
 And purchase without much ado,  
 The *Poems* and the *Poet* too.

## XVIII.

*A Ballad.*

**O**ld *England* is now a brave *Barbary* made,  
 And every one has an ambition to ride her :  
*K. Charles* was a horseman that long us'd the trade,  
 But he rode in a snaffle, and that could not guide  
 (her.

Then the hungry *Scot* comes with spur and with  
 (switch,  
 And would teach her to run a *Geneva* career ;  
 His Grooms were all Puritan, Traytor, and witch ;  
 But she soon threw them down, with their ped-  
 (lery geer.

The long Parliament next came all to the block,  
 And they this untamable Palfry would ride ;  
 But she would not bear all that numerous flock ;  
 At which they were fain themselves to divide.

Jack Presbyter first gets the Steed by the head,  
 While the reverend Bishops had hold of the  
 (bridle :  
 Jack said through the nose, they their flocks did  
 (not feed,  
 But fate still on the beast, and grew aged and idle :  
 O And





But they pull' the saddle quite off of her back,  
And were all got under her before they were up.

At last the King mounts her, and then she stood still;  
As his *Bucephalus*, proud of this Rider;  
She cheerfully yields to his power and skill,  
Who is careful to feed her, and skilful to guide  
(her.



# EPISTLES.

I.

To C. C. Esquire.

**I**Nspir'd with love and kindled by the flame,  
Which from your eye and conversation came,  
I proceed *Versifier*, and can't chuse,  
Since you are both my *Patron* and my *Muse*.  
Whose fair example makes us know and do;  
You make us *Poets*, and you feed us too.

And though whereere you are is *Helicon*;  
Since all the *Muses* proudly wait upon  
Your parts and person too; while we sit here,  
And like *Baals Priests* our flesh do cut and tear.

Yet, for our lives, can't make our baggage *Muse*,  
Lend us a *lift*, or one rich thought infuse;  
Or be as much as midwife to a quibble,  
But leave us to our selves with pangs to scribble  
What, were we *wise*, we might well blush to view,  
While we're invoking them, they're courting you.

Ye

Yet I conceive (and won't my *notion* smother)  
 You and your house contribute to each other.  
*Such hills, such dales, such plains, such rocks, such*  
*And such a confluence of all such things* (springs,  
*As raise and gratifie the Muses so,*  
 That in one Night I was created PO-  
 That's half a Poet, I can't reach to E T,  
 Because I'm not a perfect Poet yet;  
 And I despair *perfection* to attain,  
 Unless I'm sent to school to you to gain.

Alas! Sir, *London* is no place for verse;  
 Ingenious harmless thoughts, polite and tearse:  
 Our *Age* admits not, we are wrap'd in *smoke*;  
 And *sin*, and *business*, which the *Muses* choke.  
 Those things in which *true poesie* takes pleasure,  
 We here do want; *tranquillity and leasure*:

Yet we have *wits*, and *some* that for *wits* go,  
*Some real ones*, and *some* that would be so;  
 But 'tis ill-natured wit, and such as still,  
 To th' *subject* or the *object* worketh ill.  
 A *Wit* to cheat, to ruine, to betray;  
 Which renders *useless*, what we do or say:  
 This *wit* will not bear verse, *some things we have*;  
 Who in their *out-side* do seem *brisk* and *brave*;  
 And are as *gandy* as old *Kelles* purse;  
 But full as *empty* too. And here's our *curse*;  
 Few *men* discern the *difference* 'twixt *Wit*  
 That's *sterling*, and that's not, but looks like it.  
 Enrich us with your *presence*, make us know  
 How much the Nation doesto *Derby* owe.  
 But if your *business* will not be withstood,  
 Do what you can, since you can't what you wou'd.  
 Those lovely sportings of your *frolick Muse*,  
 Wherewith you blest me, send me to peruse;

And out of gratitude, I'll send you mine ;  
 They'll *rub* your vertues, and so make them *shine* :  
 Your *charity* and *patience* will in them,  
 Find work t'acquit, whar justice must condemn.  
 And if you please, send one propitious line,  
 To dignifie these worthless *toyes* of mine :  
 The *Reader* charm'd by yours, may be so bold,  
 To read o'r mine, which else he'd not behold ;  
 And then in *Spite* of *envy*, *pride*, or *lying*,  
 Must say h'has met with something worth the  
 ( *buying* .

## II.

*The Answer.*

**W**Hen in this dirty corner of the World,  
 Where all the *rubbish* of the rest is hurl'd  
 Both men, and manners ; this abandon'd place,  
 Where scarce the *Sun* dares shew his radiant face ;  
 I met thy lines, they made me wondring stand,  
 At thy unknown, and yet the friendly hand :  
 Straight through the *Air* in imagination flew  
 To ev'ry *Region* I had seen, or knew ;  
 And kindly blest (at her returning home)  
 My greedy ear, with the glad name of *Brome* ;  
 Then I reproach'd my self for my suspence ;  
 And mourn'd my own want of *intelligence*,  
 That could not know thy celebrated *Muse*,  
 (Though mask'd with all the art, that art can use)  
 At the first sight, which to the dullest eyes,  
 No names conceal'd, nor habit can disguise.

For

For who (*ingenious friend*) but only thee,  
 (Who art the *soul* of wit, and courtesie)  
 Writes in so pure, an unaffected strain,  
 As shews wits ornament, is to be plain;  
 Or would *care* a man condemn'd to lie  
 Buried from all humane society.

'Mongst brutes and bandogs in a *Lernean* fen,  
 Whose *Natives* have nor souls, nor shape of men?

How could thy Muse, that in her noble flight,  
 The boading *Raven* cuff't; and in his height  
 Of untam'd power, and unbounded place,  
 Durst mate the haughty *Tyrant* to his face;  
 Deign an inglorious stoop, and from the skie,  
 Fall down to prey on such a *worm* as I?  
 Her seeing (sure) my state, made her relent,  
 And try to charm me from my banishment;  
 Nor has her charitable purpose fail'd,  
 For when I first beheld her face unvail'd;  
 I kist the paper, as an act of grace,

Sent to retrive me from this wretched place,  
 And doubted not to go abroad agen  
 To see the world, and to converse with men:  
 But when I taste the dainties of the Flood,  
 (Ravish't from *Neptunes* table for my food)  
 The *Lucrine* Lake's plump Oysters I despise,  
 With all the other Roman luxuries:  
 And, wanton grown, contemn the famous breed  
 Of Sheep and Oxen, which these mountains feed.

Then as a *Snake*, benumn'd and fit to expire,  
 If laid before the comfortable fire,  
 Begins to stir, and feels her vitals beat  
 Their healthful motion, at the quickning heat:  
 So my poor *musse*, that was half starv'd before,  
 On these bleak *clifts*; nor thought of *writing* more.

Warm'd by thy bounty, now can hiss and spring;  
 And ('tis believ'd by some) will shortly sting:  
 So warm she's grown, and without things like these,  
*Minerva* must, as well as *Venus* freeze.

Thus from a *High-lander* I straight commence  
 Poet, by vertue of thine influence;  
 That with one Ray, can clods, and stones inspire,  
 And make them pant, and breath poetick fire:  
 And thus I am thy creature prov'd, who name  
 And fashion take from thy indulgent flame.

What should I send thee then, that may besit  
 A grateful heart, for such a benefit;  
 Or how proclaim, with a poetick grace,  
 What thou hast made me from the thing I was;  
 When all I writ, is artless, forc't, and dull;  
 And mine as empty as thy fancy full?  
 All our conceits, alas! are flat, and stale,  
 And our inventions muddy, as our *Ale*:  
 No friends, no visiters, no company,  
 But such, as I still pray, I may not see:  
 Such craggy, rough-hewn rogues, as do not fit;  
 Sharpen and set, but blunt the edge of wit;  
 Any of which (and fear has a quick eye)  
 If through a *perspective* I chance to spy,  
 Though a mile off, I take th' alarm and run,  
 As if I saw the *Devil*, or a *Dun*.

And in the Neighbouring rockstake *sanctuary*,  
 Praying the Hills to fall, and cover me;  
 So that my solace lies amongst my grounds,  
 And my best company's my *Horse* and *Hounds*.

Judge then (my friend) how far I am unfit  
 To traffick with thee, in the trade of Wit,  
 How *Bankrupt* I am grown of all commerce,  
 Who have all pumber lost, and air of verse.

But

But if I could in living song set forth,  
 Thy Muses glory, and thine own true worth,  
 I then would sing an *Ode*, that should not shame  
 The *writers* purpose; nor the *Subjects* name:  
 Yet, what a grateful heart, and such a one,  
 As (by thy virtues,) thou hast made thine own,  
 Can poorly pay, accept for what is due,  
 Which if it be not *Rhythm*, I'll swear 'tis true.

C. Cotton.

### III.

To his University Friend.

Dear Captain,

**W** *Ant*, the great Master of three greater things,  
*Art*, *Strength*, and *Boldness*, gives this letter  
 To kis (that is, salute) you and say *A. B.* (wings,  
 To his renowned Captain *S. P. D.*

And to request three greater things then those,  
 Things that beget good *verse*, and *Stubborn prose*.

The first is *drink*, which you did promise, would  
 Inform the *brain*; as well as warm the *bloud*:

Drink that's as pow'rful and strong as *Hector*,

And as inspiring as the old Poets *Nectar*,

That dares confront the legislative *Sack*,

And lends more Greek then your grave Patriarch;

But you may see here's none; for if that I,

Had been well *wet*, these had not been so *dry*.

The next is *money*; which you said should be  
 Paid, and it may be 'twas, but not to me.

Why (Friend) d'you think a man as big about

As I, can live on promises, without

Good

Good *drink* or *money*? how'll good *Sack* be had?  
 And who can live without *Sack*, or with bad?  
 What e'r your *Academicks* talk or teach,  
 Mind what they *do*, they mind not what they *preach*:  
 In publick they may rail at *Pope* and *Turk*,  
 And at the layeties *avarice* have a Firk;  
 And say their aim is all to save the *soul*;  
 But that *Soul's money*, which does all controul:  
 Which I *do* only by the want on't know,  
 But when it comes thou'lt see 'twill *wonders* do.

The third is *wit*, which you affirmed here,  
 Was in your *Mines*, and digg'd up every where;  
 Jests, Verses, Tales, Puns, Satyrs, Quibbles too,  
 And certain *Bristoll* words that like *wit* show:  
 But none on't comes as yet, and all I see,  
 Is, you've the *wit* to keep it all from me:  
 'Tis troublesome and *costly* to have much;  
 And if you had it, you would never grutch.  
 Your needy Friend a little; prithee do  
 Send me the *last*, and I'll get t'other *two*.

## IV.

*The Answer.*

**Y**OUR Letter found us at good *Clarret*,  
 Such as you should be at, or are at.  
 The lines were good; but that I wonder  
 As much as at a bladders thunder;  
 That you who are not us'd to *preach*,  
 That never to that art could reach;  
 Your letter should so well divide,  
 Into the *first*, *third*, *second* head.

Prithee



Prithee tell me, just then came ye,  
 Before you writ, from your C.  
 Or hadst thou heard some *Independent*;  
 First it, and thirdly it, till no end on't?  
 Thirdly from you is as ill sounded,  
 As *Mas*s delivered by a *roundhead* :  
 Or if your old *Recorder* should  
 Try to speak *Latine* that is good.

Drink the first head, you wisely laid;  
 Drink alwaies gets into the head :  
 Drink in plain filly troth you had,  
 As strong as *hop*, or *furnace* made,  
 Such as our *Sophisters* do take,  
 When they old *Latine* jests would break;  
 Such as if your *Clients* drink,  
 Of law suits they would never think :  
 Such as with *Beef*, and *Mutton* were  
 Enough to make you *Knight o'th' shire* :

But that it comes not you may thank  
 Your *Thames* which swell'd above its bank,  
 I think the *London Brewers* plot  
 To encrease the *Thames*, that we should not,  
 By our sublime and noble *Beer*,  
 Shame all their puddle liquor there.  
 So great the flood here, that the people  
 Were wondrous fraid for your *Pauls-steeple* ;  
 Left we should hear next *Almanack*,  
 How *London Bridge* did fall or shake :  
 Left it *Westminster-hall* should drown,  
 And then no place should there be found,  
 Where men their *gold* and *silver* may  
 Upon the *Lawyers* throw away.

But stay, it may be all is lost,  
 Broke by the *ice*, or stop'd by *frost*.

Perchance the *Boat-men* let it run,  
 Which either of us would have done :  
 It may be they drew out the Vessel,  
 To cheer themselves at merry *Wassail* :  
 Perchance the *Barrel* in the way  
 Did fall upon an *holiday*,  
 Upon a *Revel* or a *Wedding*;  
 Or else, it may be, it call'd at *Reading*,  
 Where the bold *rout* did rant of late,  
 As if they drunk such *beer* as that :

But if at last it there arrive,  
 Drink it out while 'tis alive;  
 Let not old *Gossips* of it tast,  
 When they do praise their husbands last ;  
 When they tell stories, and do cry  
 For their poor babe that last did dye :  
 Nor it the *Countray Clients* give,  
 When thou dost fees from them receive ;  
 But make a fire and send about,  
 For all thy *Friends* the merry *rout* :  
 Fetch out the bowl and drink it up,  
 And think on him that fill'd the cup.

Your next is *money*, which I promise,  
 Full *fifty pounds* alas the sum is,  
 That too shall quickly follow, if  
 It can be rais'd from *Strong* or *Tiffe*.  
 Pray pray that each moneth we may choose  
 New *Members* for the commons house.  
 Pray that our *Act* may last all year,  
 That we may sooner spend our *Beer*.  
 Pray that the *Scholars* may drink faster,  
 And larger cups then they did last year.  
 Pray heav'n to take away th' *Excise*,  
 Pray I say with weeping eyes :

Pray

Pray our malt grow good and cheap,  
And then of money expect an heap.

For *Poems* ; *Tom* desires me tell ye,  
He minds not now his feet, but belly :  
He must for Pulpit now prepare,  
Or make bills for *Apothecar*--  
Y'and leave off these barren toyes  
Which feed not, only make a noyse :  
Yet he would fain from you receive,  
What your more happy *Muse* did give,  
Which made *Protectors* love to hear,  
Though themselves wounded by them were  
*Songs*, which are play'd on every tongue,  
And make a *Christmas* when they're sung.

Thus wishing you much *mirth* and *wit*,  
As the *Lord Mayor* doth *speak* and *spit*.  
Wishing and praying till I'm weary,  
That you may drink the best *Canary* :  
And that you may have *Clients* many,  
And talk in *Guild-hall* wise as any ;  
That the rich *Londoners* may fall out,  
And go to *Law* till money's all out ;  
That every *Citizen* hate his Neighbour,  
As his wife doth *Pope* and *Tyber* :  
That the grave *Alderman* love no man,  
More then they did the *Prayer-Common* :  
That *Quarrels* long may thence be spun  
About a *Whistle* or a *Spoon* :  
That th'itch of law may infect all *London*,  
Till you are rich, and they are undone :  
That you may keep your good *Dame* yet here,  
Or when she dies may find a better :  
That two hours *prayer* and long *Sermon*,  
You may not hear above each term one :

And

And then your pew may be so easie,  
 That you may sleep when e'r it please ye :  
 That when from *Tavern* late you come,  
 You miss the watch returning home;  
 Or if you meet th'unmanner'd *rabble*,  
 You may not *out-wit* the *Constable*.

## V.

To T. S.

**T**Hy Letter *Friend*, had the hard fate,  
 To find me with a busie pate,  
 Which still continues, and will do,  
 Till you meet me, or I meet you :  
 Than prithee come thy waies to me,  
 Or else I vow i'll come to thee.

So well I love thee that I *doat*,  
 And make this *shameless* Letter show't :  
 And it is more then I can do,  
 To live in love and business too.

*P. B.* and *G.* I had the luck  
 To see, and drink a little pluck.  
 Which they both said, they'd do agen,  
 But broke their words like honest men,  
 And shew'd themselves as errant lyars,  
 As th' were 'prentice to the *Tryers*.  
 But will they e'r preach truth d'you think,  
 Who are so false in point of *drink*?  
 Since that some persons got some places,  
*Deceit* and *lying* have been graces.

I'm also told *P. P.* was here,  
 But ne'r came at me though so neer.

Which

Which I don't take amiss, for I  
 Suppose his love's not wont to lie  
 On the *Male-Sex*, but by his Vote,  
*Breeches* should vail to *petticoat*.

The drink that came from honest *Tim*,  
 Had two ill properties, like him :  
 'Twas long a *coming*, but alas !  
 In going *swift* as lightning 'twas :  
 There's none of 't left, you may conclude,  
 By this, which is both *flat* and *rude* :  
 Nor drink I Sack; and so this time,  
 Instead of *wit*, you've only *rythme*.  
*Wit* is scarce and wanting here  
 With us, as money with you there.

Our *Prince of Poets*, who once writ,  
 What all admir'd, for *art* and *wit*,  
 Did lately stoop his Muse, and make her  
 To write a *Ballad* of a *Quaker* :  
 Which I have sent thee here withall,  
 To see how *wits* do rise and fall :  
 Just as our drink is bad or good,  
 So *verse* is *writ*, so *understood* ;

But oh the *money* (*Tom*) the money !  
 As strong as *Sampson*, sweet as honey ;  
 How long ! how long it is a coming !  
 Such *reckoning*, such *receipts*, such *summing*,  
 Belong to't, I shall choak I think,  
 Before 'tis melted into drink !  
 Those things you'l have me pray for, I  
 Can't find in our *Church-Liturgie*.  
 To you therefore I make my suit,  
 That you will set the *boyes* to do't ;  
 For I am told the *Directory*,  
 And your new prayers made *ex-tempore*,

Are

Are all for money very fit,  
Because they're only made for it.

I like thee that apply't thy parts,  
To *preaching* and such *thriving* arts,  
I prethee practise physick too;  
For if one wont, yet both will do.  
A *handsome* person with neat *band*,  
Small *cuffs*, white *gloves*, smooth *tongue* and *hand*;  
If both a *Doctour* and a *Priest*,  
What *Lady's* able to resist?  
You may talk *bawdy* freely then,  
Before *coy women* and old men:  
And be of no *Religion* too,  
Yet profess *all* as others do.

While the poor *Poet* tugs for *wit*,  
To make men laugh at him and it:  
And nothing gets by *all* his pain,  
But censures various and vain.  
From such as say they *Judges* are,  
And yet did never plead at *bar*:  
Undo their malice that condemn,  
Let them write while we laugh at them.  
A *Poem* I have sent thee here,  
That dies if thou shouldst be severe:  
And cause I have none worth sending down,  
I've bought one cost me half a crown:  
And *Dick Brome's* Playes, which good must be,  
Because they were approv'd by thee:  
All which I hope *will* bring me back  
What *all* so Love, and I so lack.  
When my glasse *Beads* to *India* come,  
They'l bring me Pearls and Diamonds home:  
And thou wilt like the powers above,  
Return a *bleffing* for a *Dove*.

## VI.

*The Answer.*

**M**Y Friend, in troth, I'm glad to hear;  
 That noise of *Clients* fills thy ear;  
 Be sure let them not soon agree,  
 Before thou art well greas'd with *fee*.  
 If thou wantest *coyn*, the Cockneys *Guild-hall*;  
 Or *Westminster* will to thee yield all:  
 Prithee fleece each City *Cox-comb*,  
 When they for law to th' Hall in flocks come:  
 Make them pawn their garments wedding;  
 Their *Cup-boards*, Hangings, and their bedding;  
 That when another *Parliament*  
 Shall borrow for the good intent  
 Of *zeal*, upon the faith call'd *publick*;  
 They may be poor and mangie *Job-like*:  
 That when again the *Pulpit* clawes  
 Them to send *plate* into the *Cause*,  
 Their spoons, and rings to th' Hall of *Grocers*;  
 Their very *wives* may cry out *no Sirs*.

But why dost bid me come to thee?  
 I have no term there, nor no fee;  
 What should a *Scholar* do at *London*,  
 But to spend money, and be undone?  
 When here with us a whole daies expence,  
 Will not swell up beyond one *six pence*:  
 When we can *play*, and *laugh*, and *drink*,  
 And still the money slowly shrink;  
 When we here talk o'th' State as boldly,  
 As ever the *Mercurius* told lye.

When we of *policy* are still chattering,  
 (All which, 'tis true, we owe to *Mat. Wren*)  
 When we know all the Pretty *sputher*,  
 Betwixt the one *house* and the *other* :  
 When we can over one full flagon,  
 Relieve or plunder *Coppen-hagen* :  
 When we do know what is, what not is,  
 Related in the *Hall*, where *Scottish*  
*Rags*, once call'd *colours*, still remain ;  
 Tell me what *profit* 'tis, or gain,  
 For me to take such useless pain,  
 To come and hear all there again.

But yet (remember now I promise,  
 And will perform as sure as *Rome* is.)  
 Near *Easter* term, like arrow swift, I  
 Will ride up to thee, miles full *fifty*.  
 'Shalt see me come on *Oxford* beast,  
 Which shall have one good leg at least ;  
 Such a doughty horse, upon  
 Whose *nose* more then its *legs* shall run :  
 So thin a Creature that I've tride it,  
 When its *Master* did bestride it :  
 I plainly through his belly spy'd  
 The *boot* and *leg* on th' other side :  
 Next this, I'll get coat, boots, and spurs,  
 And then Sir quickly *I am yours* :  
 I'll come unless (which happen may)  
 Gall'd *Buttocks* stop me on the way.

Whether his ends be good or sinister,  
*G.* now from head to foot's a *Minister* :  
 My judgement is he is turn'd *Divine*,  
 Only to have therewith to buy *wine* :  
 He came home with each empty *packet*,  
 That th' one could not the other mock at :



What ever others do I'll swear  
Safely, he us'd no *Symonie* there :  
He swears since *He's* a Countrey *Parson*,  
That he finds coming worldly cares on :  
Sayes, he believes since he has been there,  
You Lawyers do not only sin there ;  
But that in *Knavery White-Hall-gate*,  
Out-does all 'twixt *Lud* and *Algate*.

Our Friend *P.* is by this at *Paris* ;  
Or if not there, he very near is :  
God send him home whole wind and limb,  
And keep his nose sound to the brim.

Some rogues say, *Tim* provides for one day,  
To wit, the *Sabbath* or the *Sunday* :  
That at that time he alwaies is sick,  
Enough to stay at home and *Physick*.

The Poet I confesse doth stoop here,  
From what is writ i'th' *hill of Comper* :  
But for new bayes what need care *D.*  
Who so long since did bravely win 'um :  
Should such proud Spirits alwaies do good,  
What they perform'd would then be too good.

Thou next would'st have me turn *Divine*,  
And *Doctor* too, indeed 'tis fine,  
*Physick* and *preaching* ill agree,  
There is but one *Religio Medici*.

*Paul* and every other 'postle,  
(As the Scripture doth to us tell) |  
That had the gift of healing, did  
Not cure the belly, heart or head,  
By Herbs, or Potions, Purge or *Treacle*;  
But by a plain down-right *miracle*.  
I never heard that learned *Moses*,  
Whom God himself for *Prophet* chose his,

In *Egypt* was *Physician*, though there  
 He kill'd as many men, as if he were.  
 How pretty I should shew I'faith,  
 (As in his *Sums* *Aquinas* saith)  
 With *hour-glass* in one fist, and  
 With *urinal* in the other hand:  
 To have my *Pothecary* say,  
 Such a *Ladie's* sick to day;  
 And straight to have my *Sexton* calling,  
 And ask me when he shall toll all in.  
 If I must needs be both, then name ye  
 what kind of *Doctor* you would have me:  
*Chymick*? alas the costly *Furnace*,  
 Will quickly my small purse unfurnish;  
 Or *Galenist*? that won't agree  
 With my other trade *Divinity*:  
 Nor with *Preachers* now the mode is,  
 To strive to make themselves *Methodists*.  
 I wish you would a *Lawyer* had me,  
 That indeed had quickly made me;  
 'Tis they bring all unto their purses,  
 The Countreys money, and their *cursts*,  
 By poring on some mouldy *Record*,  
 And bringing fools unto an accord.  
 With *Poets* Men so hardly deal,  
 They are scarce part o'th' *Common-weal*.  
 Father *Apello*, and Mother *Muses*,  
 Gave all away to *Pious uses*:  
 So that their *Children* must fair ill,  
 That have nought left them but the *bare bill*.  
 Lastly, my Friend, you are too hard,  
 To challenge a small *Oxford Bard*,  
 To send you verse in hungry Lent,  
 A fasting time, and Penitent:

When I should be confessing sins  
 Of mine, and too of other mens ;  
 You'd force me to commit one more,  
 (And sure 'twere not the least o'th' score)  
 To make bad *Rhithmes* : which needs are dismal,  
 When Stomach's great, and Commons is small :  
 To tell y'a plain, but Christian truth,  
 Verse must be fat, that would be smooth.  
 An *Army* (said the King of *Sweden*,  
 (He that did know so well to lead one)  
 Is a great *beast*, which if you draw,  
 You must begin first from the *man*.  
 So say I of the beast a *Poet*,  
 (And all our *Rhithming Kindred* know it)  
 Who ere intend a Poem to make,  
 He must beging first with his stomach ;  
 Good sooth, at this dull time o'th year,  
 When we must drink plain *physick* beer ;  
 When all to temperance are bent here,  
 To expiate the sins o'th *Winter* :  
 When we must leave our former merr'ment ;  
 Because forsooth our *blouds* now ferment :  
 When we must no more *Taverns* survey,  
 But be content with *juyce* of *Scurvey* :  
 When such *thin* Commons do us serve,  
 As would a very *Spaniard* starve :  
 When we've such fish set on our board,  
 Which scarce your fish-whores would afford,  
 Without stop'd *nose* to look upon ;  
 Nor swear 'tis *sweet*, though 'twere her own :  
 At this lean time I say, troth, scarce I  
 Can write as well as *P.* from *Jersey* :  
 Whose *Rhythmes* were yet so paulty that  
 All men that heard them, wish'd his fate :

Pray'd rather then such stuff to hear,  
 They might with th' *Author* loose each ear.  
 Upon my conscience such a mood in,  
 As I am now, was learn'd *John Goodwin*,  
 When he so high of *Worster* fight,  
 In *Elimosynary* verse did write :  
 Such Rhythmes the King might thank that day,  
 Which forced him to run away,  
 Out of their sound that would have more  
 Grated his ears then's loss before :

(In such a meagre season now

By all the *Poets* hills I vow)  
 Should I be forc'd my muse to raise,  
 She'd sound as bad as *Sterries* praise :  
 I think I should come short of *Wisher*,  
 Whose quill had ink, but not one feather :  
 Nor in this humour verse can I brew,  
 Better then *Psalms* turn'd out of *Hebrew* :  
 Unhappy *Psalms* ! that so long lasted,  
 To be at length so metaphrasted,  
 By good old provost *Francis Rous*,  
 A Member of the other House :  
 Who with much pains and many a pang,  
 At last made *Dauids Lute* cry twang :  
 The sacred Harp so sadly by him strung,  
 Seems as if still it on the *Willows* hung.  
 Then be content till after *Easter*,  
 By that I'll cheer my Muse, and feast her :  
 And then (God send it prove no lie,)  
 She that can't now creep, shall flie.

## VII.

*An Epistle from a Friend to the Author upbraiding him  
with his writing Songs.*

**D**EAR friend, believ' t my love has spur'd me on,  
For once to question thy discretion :  
And by right reason deify'd by thee,  
I blame thee for the wrongs to Poesie  
Thou hast committed ; in betraying it  
To th' censure (not the judgment) of each wit ;  
Wit, did I say ? things whose dull spirits are  
Apt only to applaud, what e'r they hear,  
Be't good or bad, so throated to their mind,  
*Johnson* and *Taylor* like acceptance find.

Why pedler' st thus thy muse ? Why dost set ope  
A shop of wit, to set the fiddlers up ?  
Fie prodigal, canst statuated shine,  
By the abuse of *Women*, praise of *Wine* ?  
Or such like toys, which every hour are  
By every pen spu'd forth int' every ear.

Thy comely *Muse* drefs up in robes, and raise  
Majestick splendour to thy wreath of bayes :  
Don't prostitute her thus, her Majesty,  
(Like that of *Princes*) when the vulgar see  
Too frequently, respect and awe are fled,  
Contempr and scorn remaineth in their stead :  
But I have done, and fear I've done amiss,  
Being doubtful, lest thou' t give thy Fiddlers this.

I. B.

## VIII.

*The Answer.*

**D**Id I not know thee (friend) and that this *fit*  
 Comes not to shew thy *malice* but thy *wit*,  
 I might this *action* censure, and reprove  
 As well thy want of *judgement*, as of *love* ;  
 And think my *Muse*, were doubly now forlorn ;  
 Below thy *envie*, yet not above thy *scorn* :

But yet I wonder why thy *reason* thus,  
 Which thou call'st *right*, and's *magnify'd* by us,  
 And justly too, should *vote* me indiscreet ;  
 Because my *Poems* do with all sorts meet,  
 How can I help it ? Who can *circumscribe*  
 His words or works, within the *small-wise* tribe ?  
 And you the hearers kind applause do blame,  
 When *charity* bids us all do the same.  
 If good we must, and if the *wit* be such,  
 That it does need, who would not lend a *crutch* ?  
 We're mortal *Writers*, and are forc'd t' a truce,  
 For he that gives, may well expect abuse.

*Johnson* and *Taylor* in their kind were both  
 Good *Wits*, who likes one, need not t' other loath.  
*Wit* is like *beauty*, nature made the *Jone*  
 As well's the *Lady*. We see every one  
 Meets with a *match*: Neither can I expect,  
 Thou more my *Muse* then *Mistress* should it affect;  
 And yet I like them both, if thou don't too,  
 Can't you let them alone for those that do ?

Now if thou'dst know the very *reason* why  
 I write so oft, to please my self, say I.

I know no more why I write more then thee,  
 Then why my *Father* got more sons then me,  
 Nor *peddling* call't, for those in *Cheap* as well,  
 As they at *Fairs* expose their wares to sell :  
 But I give freely mine, and though it be  
 To *Fiddlers*, yet 'tis to a *company* ;  
 And all those gifts are well bestowed, which  
 At once do make us *merry*, and them *rich*.

If making *Sonnets* were so great a sin,  
*Repent* ; 'twas you at first did draw me in :  
 And if the making one *Song* be not any,  
 I can't believe I sin in making *many*.

But oh ! the *Themes* displease you, you *repine*,  
 Because I throw down *Women*, set up *Wine* :  
 Why that *offends* you, I can see no *reason*,  
 Unless 'cause I, not you, commit the *treason*.  
 Our judgments jump in both, we both do love  
 Good *Wine* and *Women*; if I disapprove  
 The slights of some, the matter's understood,  
 I'm ne'r the less belov'd by th' truly good.  
 You'd have no phancy blown upon, but must  
 Have all new *broach'd* or *can'd* to please your *gust*;  
 When this *demand* of yours is grown as old  
 As what you quarrel at, and as *often* told ;  
 And ther's old *Wits* that will as much *condemn*  
 Your *novelty*, as you can *censure* them.

Now for those robes in which you'l have me *dress*  
 My homely *Muse*, and write with *loftiness* ;  
 Talk of *State-matters*, and *affairs* of *Kings* ;  
 Thou know'it we've beat our heads about those  
 Till I'd my teeth near beat out, after all (things,  
 My toyl, the worms must *turn* poetical.  
 He that courts others ears, may use *designs*,  
 Becoy and costive ; but my harmless *lines*,

If

If they produce a laughter are well crown'd,  
 Yet though they've sought none, *have acceptance*  
 With these I sport my self, and can invite (*found*)  
 My self and *friends* t'a short and sweet delight;  
 While all our tedious toyls, which we call Playes,  
 Like the great Ship, lie slugging in their Bayes;  
 And can no service do without great cost  
 And time, and then our *time* and *stomach's* lost,

But I must write no more for fear that we  
 Be like those brethren in divinity.  
 Whilst thou dost go to make my *flash* expire,  
 I raise thy *flame* and make it *burn* much higher:

Only because thou doubt'st I should bellow  
 Thy lines upon my *Fidlers*, thou shalt know,  
 That had they been upon a business fit,  
 And were I *subject* equall to my wit,  
 T'had gone, and thou shouldst *sing* them too, and so  
 Be both the *Poet* and the *Fidler* too.

## IX.

*To a Lady desiring the Copy of a Song.*

*Madam,*

**Y**OU are a Poetess 'tis true,  
 Nor had we men been *Poets* but for you;  
 'Tis from your sex we've learnt our art and wit;  
 'Tis for your sake that we do practice it.  
 Your subtler sex first ventred on the tree,  
 Where knowledg grew, and pluck'd the fruit which  
 Did only tast, and that at *second hand*, (*we*)  
 Yet by that *hand*, and taste we're all *trepas'd*;

And



And our *posterity* the doom endures ;  
 You op'd our eyes, as you know who did yours :  
 By your command this *Song* thus rudely *pen'd*,  
 To you I do commit, though not commend ;  
 To shew what duty I'm arriv'd unto,  
 You cannot sooner bid, then I can do :  
 Nor can your active soul command and sway,  
 With more *delight* and *pride*, then mine obey.  
 I will not say this *Poem's* bad or good,  
 'Tis as 'tis lik'd, and as 'tis understood.  
 A *Poem's* life, and death dependeth still  
 Not on the *Poets* wit, but *Readers* will :  
 Should it in sence seem rascal, low and dull,  
 Your eye can make it *sprightly*, *plump*, and *full* :  
 And if it should be *lame*, I hope 'twill be,  
 ('Cause somewhat like your self) more *pleasing* t'ye :  
 If it should *trip*, assist it with your hand,  
 You may lend feet, for you *can make things stand*.  
 One touch of yours can cure its ev'l, and then  
 'Tis made by your fair hand, not my *blunt pen*,  
 Useful for *love*, or *slighting* you'l it find ;  
 For *love* before, or for *disdain* behind :  
 Be't as you please, to more it can't aspire ;  
 'Tis all it can *deserve*, or I desire.

## X.

To his Friend C. S. Esquire.

I Nspir'd with *plum-broth*, and minc'd *pies*,  
 This Letter comes in humble wise,  
 To know how *Su.* and how you do ?  
 Or whether you do *do*, or no :

Whether

Whether you *Christmas* keep, or not?  
 For here we such a *Mayor* have got,  
 That though our *Taverns* open stand,  
*Church* doors are shut, by his command:  
 He does as good as say (we think)  
 Leave off this *preaching*, and go *drink*:

But this I doubt's no news to you,  
 The Countrey's *Atheist* part, part *Jew*;  
 And care no more for *Christ* or's *Mass*,  
 Then he for them: So let 'um pass:  
 And could the Priests be sure of pay,  
 They'd down with that, and t'other day.

Yet spite of all our *May'r* could say,  
 We would not fast, though could not pray.  
 Here's feasting still throughout the City,  
 And drinking much (the more's the pity).

And that's the cause why all this time,  
 I did not answer your last Rhithme:  
 Nor did I know; 'Tis not my fashion,  
 In verse to make a disputation:  
 What ever *Su.* and you have writ,  
 Shews both your kindness and your wit:

But only I desire to know  
 If you're a *Member* made or no;  
 For here we have a great adoe,  
 About our choice, whom, how, and who  
*Elects*, or is *Elected*; some  
 To be made Members, send, and come;  
 While others of the *wiser* sort,  
 Sit still at home, and care not for't.  
*Richard*, 'tis thought, has no intent  
 To have an endless *Parliament*:  
 Nor must they share his goods and lands,  
 For what he has he'll keep in's hands:

Much

Much is not left to be divided,  
 The *business* has so well been guided ;  
 Nay he himself (I tell no lye)  
 Wants money more then you or I :  
 No reason therefore can I see,  
 Why you should bustle much to be  
 A *Senatour*, unless it were,  
 For *honour* ; yet that is but *air*,  
 And not the *sweet'st*, or *saf'st*, but still  
 Depends on other *peoples* will.

But trust me (*Charles*) you have a vain  
 That does more *love* and *honour* gain ;  
 And longer keep't then all the tricks,  
 Of those that study *Politicks*.

*Protections* needless, for (they say)  
 You owe no debts, that you can pay ;  
 To *Nature* one, which during life,  
 You cannot pay, nor that t' your *Wife* :

Yet I would have you come away,  
 That though the *House* don't meet, we may :  
 When every one gets up, and ride,  
 'Tis good to be o' th' rising side :  
 For as i'th *Church*, so 'tis i'th *State* ;  
 Who's not *Elect*, is *Reprobate*.

## XI.

To C. S. Esquire.

*Justice*,  
 I've waited long to find thee here ; (there :  
 Peep'd into th' *house*, but could not see thee  
 I went to th' other *House*, but they're so new,  
 They no such *name* or *person* ever knew.

'Twas

'Twas for this cause, my *pen* has slept so long;  
 I hop'd to see thee in that *learned* throng:  
 And did believe some *Borough* would in pity,  
 Have sent thee up to dignifie our *City*:  
 But *Corporations* do not well discern  
 What's for their good, and they're too *old* to learn.

Had our whole *Senate* been such men as thou,  
 They'd not been *routed*, but sate still till now!  
 But they'd be *wedding*, and to *voting* fall,  
 Against the *sword*, and that *out-votes* them all;  
 Had they observ'd thy Councel, they'd been safe;  
 Stick to the strongest side, and think, and laugh.

What matter i't what those in Office say,  
 When those that are in power, do answer *nay*?  
 A Cutlers shop affords us stronger law,  
 Then *Cook* or *Littleton* e'r read, or saw:  
 But be content, let them do what they will,  
 Be thou a *Justice* I'm *Attorney* still.  
 A poor *Attorney* is a safer thing  
 Now, then to be *Protector* or a *King*.  
 Our noble Sheriff's a dying, and I fear  
 Will never feast us more in *Taunton-shire*.

Pray tell your lovely *Sue*, I love her still,  
 As Well's I dare, let her not take it ill,  
 I write not to her, I've time enough, 'tis true,  
 But have not wit enough to deal with *Sue*.

## XII.

To C. S. Esquire.

**D**ear *Charles*, I'm thus far come to see thy face,  
 Thy pretty face, but this unhappy place

Does

Does not afford it, and I'm told by some, (come ;  
 That want of *Tythes*, make thee thou can'st not  
 Why (*Charles*) art thou turn'd *Priest*? and at this  
 (time,  
 When *Priests* themselves have made their coat a  
 (crime?

And *tythes*, which make men *Priests*, do so decay,  
 'One other *Schism* will preach them quite away :

Thou'lt ne'r become it well, for I do find,  
*Wit* in a Pulpit is quite out of kind ;  
 Thou canst not stand long, nor talk much, and lowd,  
 Nor *thrasb*, nor couzen the admiring crowd ;  
 And (which is worse) though th'hast a face, and  
 (hand,

A diamond ring, white *glove*, and clean *lawn* band,  
 Able to tempt an *Abbes*, yet, I find,  
 Thou canst not satisfie the *Ladies* mind,  
 What ere the matter is : But thou art wise,  
 And do'st best know thine own infirmities.

Let me advise thee (*Charles*) be as thou art,  
 A Poet, so thou need'st not care a ---  
 For all the *turns* of *time* : who ere did know  
 The *Muses* sequestred? or who can shew,  
 That ever *wit* paid *taxes*, or was rated?  
*Homer* and *Virgil* ne'r were *decimated* :  
*Ovid* indeed was banished, but for that,  
 Which *women* say, you ne'r were *ex'lent* at.  
 But (*Charles*) thou art *unjusticed*, I'm told  
 By one, who though not *valiant*, yet is *bold* :  
 And that thou hast unfortunately met,  
 The blinded scourge o'th *Western-Bajazet* :  
 Thrown from the bench like *Lucifer*, and are  
 In a fair way to be brought to the bar.

I'th

I'th interim hang 'twixt both, as law doth name us,  
*A billa-vera-man*, or *Ignoramus*.

But I can't learn wherefore it is, nor how,  
 Though I've inquir'd of both, perhaps nor thou;  
 Some say 'tis for thy valour, which our time,  
 In a wise *Magistrate*, accounts a crime:  
 If it be true, thou hast ill luck in this,  
 To have two virtues; and both plac'd amiss,  
 To thwart each other; when thou should'st have  
 A valiant *Captain*, *wisdome* was thy sin, (been  
 And so *uncaptain'd* thee; and now the time  
 Calls for thy *wisdome*, *valour* is thy crime:  
 And so *unjustic'd* thee; unlucky wretch!  
 Two virtues want't, yet hast too much of each!  
 Who ere compos'd thy mind, plaid *Babel-tricks*,  
 Brought *lime* and *timber*, when he should bring

But we live in an age so full of *lies*, (bricks.  
 I dare not trust my *ears*, nor scarce my *eyes*.  
 I hope this is a *lye* too: but if true,  
 'Tis an affliction (*Charles*) that's justly due  
 To thy desert; Our *State* holds it unfit,  
 One man should be a *Justice*, and a *wit*.  
 Go ask thy *Lady*, if it were ever known,  
 A Man should be a *Justice*, and do none.

Come, be advis'd by me, set out a book  
 In *English* too, where *Justices* may look,  
 And learn their trade; let *Presidents*, of all  
*Warrants* and *Mittimus'es*, great and small;  
 All *Ale-house Licenses*, and other things,  
 Which to the *Justices* instruction brings,  
 Be there inserted; that the age to come,  
 (The *children* of such men as can get some)  
 May glorifie thy memory, and be  
 Thy praises *trumpets* to posterity:

As from one *Looking-glass* thrown on the ground,  
In every piece, a perfect face is found,  
So from thy *ruines*, all may plainly see,  
*Legions* of *Justices* as wise as thee.

Now having taken all this pains to see  
Thy worship, and can find nor it, nor *thee*,  
Pray come to T--- bring thy beloved *Sue*,  
My *Mat.* and I will meet with her and you;  
And though my *Mat.*'s no *Poet*, you shall see,  
She'll sit and *laugh with*, or *at us*, that be :  
I'll make thy Lady merry, and laugh until,  
She break that *belly*, which thou canst not fill.

Mean time pray give her one *prolifick* kiss ;  
Tell her it comes from me, and if that miss,  
Give her *another* ; and if both won't do,  
Do that with *three* which can't be done by *two*.  
If thou com'st not, I shall have cause to curse  
*Tythes*, like the laity, and it may be worse:  
My *sufferings* are more, then theirs can be, (me.  
They'll keep their *tythes*, but *tythes* keep thee from  
But if thou can'st not *come*, be sure to *write* ;  
Don't rob at once, my hearing and my sight.  
If thou bring'st not thy body, send thy wit,  
For we must laugh with thee, or else at it.

## XIII.

To C. S. Esquire.

I.

Since we met last, my *Brother* dear,  
We've had such *alterations* here,  
Such *turnings* in and out :

Q

That

That I b'ing fat and breathless grown,  
My *side* I meant to take was gone,  
E'r I could *turn* about.

2.

First I was for the *King*, and then  
He could not please the *Parliament* men,  
And so they went by th' ears :  
I was with other fools sent out,  
And staid three daies, but never fought  
Gainst *King* or *Cavaliers*.

3.

And (Brother) as I have been told,  
You were for the *Parliament* of old,  
And made a mighty dust ;  
And though perhaps you did not kill,  
You prov'd your self as *valiant* still,  
As ever they were just.

4.

You were engaged in that war,  
When *C. R.*, fought against *C. R.*  
By a *distinction* new.  
You alwaies took that side that's right,  
But when *Charles* with himself did fight,  
Pray of which side were you ?

5.

Should I that am a man of law,  
Make use of such a subtle claw,  
In *London* or in *Ex'ter* ;  
And be of both sides as you were,  
People would count me then, I fear,  
A Knavish *Ambodexter*.



6.

But since all sides so tottering be,  
 It puzzles wiser men than me,  
 Who would not have it utter'd ;  
 What side to take they cannot tell,  
 And I believe they know not well  
*Which side their bread is butter'd.*

7.

Here's fore-side, and here's back-side too ;  
 And two left sides, for ought I know,  
 I can find ne'r a right :  
 I've been for th' middle twenty years,  
 And will be still, for there appears  
*Most Safety and delight.*

8.

But if the times think that too high,  
 By creeping lower, I'll comply,  
 And with their humour jump.  
 If love at th' belly may not enter  
 In an *Italian* way, I'll venter,  
 To love the very *Rump*.

9.

So here's t'you (*Charles*) a *Rubber's* too't ;  
 Here's a *Cast* more ; if that won't do't,  
 Here's half a dozen more, and  
 To every feather here's a *glass* ;  
 Nay rather than I'll let it pass,  
*Here's a years healths before hand.*

10.

If loving it, and drinking to't,  
 And making others drink to boot ;  
 Don't shew my good affection.

I'll sit down *disaffected* still,  
And let them all do what they will,  
Until our next *Election*.

## 11.

But I'm concern'd (me thinks) to find  
Our *Grandeest* turn with every wind,  
Yet keep like *Corks* above :  
They lived and dyed but two years since  
With *Oliver* their pious Prince,  
Whom they did *fear* and *love*.

## 12.

As soon as *Richard* did but raign,  
They *liv'd* and *dy'd* with him again,  
And *swore* to *serve* him ever :  
But when Sir *Arthur* came with's men,  
They *liv'd* and *dy'd* with him agen,  
As if *Dick* had been never.

## 13.

And when *Prince Lambert* turn'd them out,  
They *liv'd* and *dy'd* another bout,  
and vilifi'd the *Rump* ;  
And now for them they *live* and *dye*,  
But for the *Devil* by and by,  
If he be turn'd up *trump*.

## 14.

Yet still they order us and ours,  
And will be called *Higher Powers* :  
But I will tell you what ;  
Either these slaves forswear, and lye,  
Or if they did so often dye,  
*They've more lives then a Cat*.

## 15.

Let the times run, and let men turn,  
This is too wise an age to burn,

We'l in our *Judgment* hover,  
Till 'tis agreed what we must be,  
In the *interim* take this from me,  
I'm thy eternal Lover.

## XIV.

To his Friend W. C.

DEar Brother *Will.* thy dearer *John* and I,  
Now happy in each others company,  
Send thee this greeting, and do wish that we,  
By thy addition, may be made up *three* ;  
*Two* make no sport, they can but *sit* and *sip* ;  
*Here's t'you*, and *thank you's* no good fellowship.  
We're *Melancholy* 'cause we drink alone,  
For *John* and I together spell but one :  
*Three* is the perfect *number*, that is able  
To difference a *solitude* from a *rabble*.

Here, if we mix with *company*, 'tis such  
As can say *nothing*, though they talk too *much* :  
Here we learn *Georgicks*, here the *Bucolicks*,  
Which building's cheapelt, *timber*, *stone*, or *bricks*.  
Here's *Adam's* natural Sons, all made of *Earth*,  
*Earth's* their *Religion*, their *discourse*, their *mirth* :

But on the *Sunday* thou'ldst admire to see,  
How dirt is mingled with *Divinity*.  
Such disputations, writing, singing, praying,  
So little doing good, and so much saying ;  
It tires us *weak lung'd Christians*, and I think,  
So much the more, 'cause there's so little *drink* :  
And that so bad, that we with them are fain  
To go to Church and sleep, and home again,

Twice in a Sabbath, and to break the rest,  
 With tedious repetitions, and molest  
 The *Servants* memories with such pitteous stuff,  
 As wisemen think once said's more then enough.  
 Thus do we spend our time, and meet with nothing,  
 But what *creates* our trouble, and our loathing.

Come then away, leave *Butchers*, leave thy *Lord*,  
 Our *Countrey* here shall both, or more afford.  
*Jack* here's a *Lord*, a *Prince*, (nay more) a *friend*,  
 He and his *bottles* make the *Vulgar* bend :  
 And if thou didst believe him, or know me,  
 I am more *Butcher* then they two can be :

If all these things won't make thee come away,  
 I am resolv'd to thee-ward, if thou'lt stay.

Drink till I come, that I may find thee mellow,  
 'Tis ten to one, thou'lt *meet* or *make* thy fellow.

## XV.

To his Friend I. B. Upon his Tragedy.

In 1652.

THou may'st well wonder, and my self should be  
 Dumb, if I should be dumb in praising thee :  
 Since I've occasion now to exercise  
 Sublimest thoughts, yet not *hyperbolize*.

But since we two are *Brothers*, and subscribe,  
 Both *Voluntiers* to the *Poetick* Tribe,  
 I dare not do't, lest any *Dulman* sayes,  
 We, by consent, do one another praise :  
 Yet dare applaud thy work, and thee in it,  
 So good in language, plot, and strength of wit,

That

That none but thou can equal't. Not a line,  
 But's thine, 'cause good, and good because 'tis thine.  
 So that my duller sight, can hardly see  
 Whether thou mak' it exc'lent, or it *thee*.  
 Let those, whose *anvil-heads*, beat all delight,  
 Into a toil, at every line they write.  
 Now, vail to thee, and fairly yield the bayes;  
 Since all their works compar'd with thine are  
 So far I like thy worth, that I should be (playes.  
 Intic'd if possible to flatter thee.

## XVI.

To a Potting Priest upon a Quarrel.

In 1643.

I Cannot choose but wonder, Mr.----  
 That we two wisemen, had so little wit,  
 As without quarrel, *jealousies*, or *fears*, (ears.  
 Worse then the times, we two should go by th'  
 I marvel what inspir'd this valour in you,  
 Though you were weak, you'd something strong  
 (within you.  
 'Twas not your learning, neither can I think,  
 That 't was your valour, but *John D---* strong *drink*.  
*Love* and good *liquor*, have a strong command,  
 T' make *cowards fight*, longer then they can *stand*.  
 I need not ask your reason, for 'twas gone;  
 Nor had you sence enough to feel you'd none:  
 Was it to shew your Mistress you could fight;  
 Living i'th woods, you'd be an *Errant Knight*?  
 That Lady may have cause enough to rue,  
 That has no better *Champion* then you.

Q 4

You

You might have fav'd that labour, each man reads.  
 You're a *wilde* man both in your *looks* and *deeds* :  
 By th' wonders of your drinking, men may see,  
 You are a *Hero* without *Chivalry* :  
 You thought a duel, would your Mrs. please,  
 But prov'd a *Thrase*, not an *Hercules*.  
 I might have thought my self a Worthy too,  
 Because I ram'd a *Monster*, that is you :  
 Your Zeal (me thought) was greatly kindled,  
 That went to make a Pulpit of my head.  
 Blame me not, though I strook, for I was vext,  
 To be so basely handled, like your *Text* ;  
 With subtil *Sophistry*, that when you mist  
 In words, you would confute me with your *fist* :  
 But such weak *Sillogisms* from you ran,  
 As I could never read in *Keckerman* :  
 That *brain-aspiring* drink, so much did dip us,  
 You mistook *Aristotle*, for *Aristippus*. (down,  
 Your head that should be King, was now pull'd  
 While that *rebellious* Beer usurp'd your crown :  
 And your *Mechannick* heels gaz'd on the stars,  
 As if they went to turn *Astronomers* :  
 Your legs were altogether for commanding,  
 And taught your foolish head more *understanding* :  
 Your body so revers'd, did represent,  
 (Being forked) our bi-corned *Government* :  
 (drown'd,  
 Your wits were banished, and your brains were  
 While your *Calves-head* lay center'd to the ground :  
 Thus being black without, within a beast,  
 I took you for a *Tinker*, not a *Priest*.  
 In your next Sermon, let your audience hear,  
 How you can preach *damnation* to strong Beer.

I have return'd your knife at your demand ;  
 But if I've put a sword t' a mad mans hand,  
 Let me advise you, when you fight again,  
 Fight with a worse, or be a better man.

## XVII.

To his Friend Mr. W. H. upon the death of his Hawk.

In 1643.

What will you suffer thus your Hawk to dye?  
 And shan't her name live in an Elegy?  
 It shall not be, nor shall the people think  
 We've so few Poets, or so little drink:  
 And if there be no sober brain to do it,  
 I'll wet my Muse, and set my self unto it.  
 I have no Gods, nor Muse to call upon,  
 Sir John's strong barrel is my Helicon:  
 From whence uncurbed streams of tears shall flow,  
 And verse shall run, when I my self can't go.  
 Poor bird, I pittie this thy strange disaster,  
 That thou should'st thus be murder'd by thy master.  
 Was it with Salt? I'm sure he was not fresh,  
 Or wa'st thy trusting to an arm of flesh?  
 Or 'cause 'twas darksome, did his eye-light fail,  
 Meeting a Post, he took it for a Rayle.  
 And yet I wonder how he mis'd his light;  
 For though the night was dark, his head was light:  
 And though he bore thee with a mighty hand,  
 Thou needs must fall, when he himself can't stand.  
 'Tis but our common lot, for we do all  
 Sometimes for want of understanding fall:

But

But thou art serv'd aright, for when th' hadst flown,  
 What e're thou took'st, thou took'st to be thy own.  
 And 'tis but *Justice*, that each plundering *knave*,  
 That such a life doth lead, such death should have.  
 Rejoyce you *Partridge*, and be glad ye *Rayles* :  
 For the *Hawks* tallons, are as short's your *tayles*.  
 If all the *Kingdoms* bloudy foes, as she,  
 Would break their necks, how joyful should we be.  
 Well, at her burial, thus much I will tell,  
 In spite of schism, her bells shall ring a *knell*.

## XVIII.

To his School-Master Mr. W. H. upon his Poem  
*call'd* Conscientiæ accusatricis Hypotyposis.

In 1644.

Sir,

**W**Hen I read your work, and thought upon,  
 How lively you had made description,  
 Of an accusing *conscience*, and did see,  
 How well each limn did with th' *Archtype* agree.  
 I wonder'd how you could lim't out so well,  
 Since you b'experience can't it's horreur tell.

Trust me, I'd praise it, but that I suppose,  
 My praise would make it more inglorious ;  
 In love to th' *work* and *work-man*, I thought meet,  
 To make your verses stand on *English* feet.  
 But whe'r well done, or ill, I here submit  
 Unto your censure, both my self and it.

I'm man, I'm young, unlearn'd, and thereupon  
 I know, I cannot boast perfection.



In fetter'd tasks, wherein the fancy's tide,  
Do what one can, the lustre won't abide :  
No *Ideoms* kifs so well, but that there is  
Between some phrases some *Antithesis*.

What e'r is good, in each unpolish'd line,  
I count as yours, the faults alone are mine.  
I wish each foot and line, as strong, and true;  
As my desire to *love*, and *honour* you.

## XIX.

To his Friend T. S.

Tom,

Since thou didst leave both *me* and this town,  
The *sword* is got up, and the *law*'s tumbled down.  
Those eager disputes between *Harrington* and *Wren*,  
At length have inspir'd the *Red-coated Men* :  
Whose *sides*, not their *heads*, do wear the *Lex terra* :  
With which they will rule us until we be weary.

(brawle)

We know not whose highest (what e'r people  
Whether *Wallingford-House* or *Westminster-Hall* :  
You made a contest neither *pulpit* nor *tab-like*,  
What's fittest, a *Monarchy* or a *Republick* :  
But *Desborough* sayes, that Scholar's a fool,  
That advances his *pen* against the *war-tool*.

(jestures,

We have various discourses and various con-  
In *Taverns*, in *Streets*, in *Sermons*, and *Lectures* :  
Yet no man can tell what may hap in the close,  
Which are *wiser*, or *honester*, *these* men or *those*.

But

But for my part I think 'tis in vain to contest,  
I sit still and say, *he that's strongest is best.*

The *World* keeps a round, that original sin,  
That thrust some people out, draws other folks in:  
They have done they did not know what, and now  
Some think that they do not know what they may do.  
But State matters (*Tom*) are too weighty and high,  
For such mean private persons as thou art, and I.  
We will not our Governours calling invade,  
We'll mind our own *good*, let them follow their *trade*:  
Lanch forth into th' *Pulpit*, much learning will be,  
A hindrance to thy *Divinity* :

'Tis better to mind what will cloath ye, and feed ye,  
Then those empty titles of M. A. and D. D.

I have one thing to beg, and I won't be deni'd,  
You must once more mount *Pegasus*, and you must  
(ric)

O'r the County of D. whose praise must b'express'd  
In a *Poem* to grace our next *County* feast ;  
Which will be next *term*, 'twas what I design'd ;  
But want *wit* and *time* to do't to my mind :  
Thou hast *Subject* and *wit*, if thou hast but a will,  
Thou maist make a *Poem*, next that *Coupers-bill*.

Remember thy promise, to send me my *book*,  
With a copy of thine, for which I do look ;  
And let not a Letter come hither to me,  
But freighted with *Poems*, and written by thee :  
And I out of gratitude shall take a care,  
To make a return of our *City ware*.

I'll vex thee no more with this paltry rhyme,  
For fear it should make thee mis-spend thy time :  
And so I have this *Apology* for't, (short.  
Though it be'nt very sweet, it shall be pretty

## XX.

To the Meritoriously Honourable Lord Chief Justice  
of the Kings-Bench.

Great Sir, and Good ! beloved, and obey'd !  
To whose great worth, honour's not giv'n but  
(paid.

To whose great love, and knowledge we all owe,  
All that we have of law, and that we know ;  
Who with strong reason, from the factions claws  
Of wilful fools, redeem'd our sacred laws.

Full twenty years have I a Servant been,  
To this Profession, I live by and in :  
Eight years a Master, and in all this space,  
Have nothing done that mis-became my place ;  
Nor have my actions been Derogatory  
Unto my Clients profit, or the glory  
Of this renowned Court ; and therefore I  
Now humbly beg to be at liberty.

Justice, and reason both command, that he  
Who serv'd, so long, should at the last be free :  
For this I serv'd, for this our Nation fought,  
And pray'd, and paid so much ; nor do I doubt,  
T' obtain my wish herein, could I but find,  
Desert in me proportion'd to your mind.

The benefit o'th' Clergy I desire,  
That I may be admitted of that Quire.  
Who their own Pleas, in their own names enroll,  
And may perform my place without controul.

My Lord, you've power and will to do'r, and  
I am not worthy, if you think me so, (though

Your

Your *Lordships* test can constitute me that,  
Which my *abilities* can near reach at.

My *comfort* is, 'tis what you don't deny  
To some, that *read* and *write* as bad as I :  
And there's a kindness which belongs to such,  
As having little worth, beg where there's much.  
*Cesar* that valiant General was ador'd  
More for his liberal hand, then for his Sword ;  
And your great Archetipe his Highness does  
Derive more honour from the mouthes of those  
Whom he hath gratifi'd, then by the death  
Of those his conquering sword depriv'd of breath.

Freedome's a Princely thing to give, 'tis that  
Which all our Laws do stand for, and aim at ;  
And 'twill be some addition to your fame,  
When I with tongue, and pen enlarg'd, proclaim,  
'Mong all your Noble acts, you made a room,  
In your great heart, for----- A. B.

## XXI.

*A New-years-gift presented to the same.*

My Lord,

**D**Id I not find it by experience true ;  
*Beggars* are many, but *Thanks-givers* few.  
I had not dar'd t'envade your eye, with this,  
Mean *gratulation* whose *ambition* is,  
But to be pardon'd, and the faults to smother,  
With this which were committed by the other :  
Yet since 'tis *gratitude*, it may please you,  
If not as good, yet as 'tis *strange* and *new*.

Great *Atlas* of our laws and us, whose will,  
 Is alwaies active, back'd by unmatched skill;  
 To rule the Nation, and instruct it too,  
 And make all persons live, as well as know:  
 Though being among the *undiscerning* throng,  
 You suffer'd once, you acted all along:  
 Your *sufferings* did but like the *Martyrs* flame;  
 Advance your Person, and exalt your name:  
 Disclos'd your virtues, from their sullen Ore,  
 Make your gold shine, which was pure gold before:  
 Your noble soul tells us from whence you came,  
 You've both the *British* Nature and the name:  
 By your *example*, you instruct us what  
 Our *Grandfires* were, and what they aimed at.  
 Ere the phantastick *French*, or selvish *Dutch*,  
 Were grafted on our stocks, our souls were such,  
 As yours is now; Now we by you may see,  
 What once we were, what now we ought to be.

Great Men, great favours, to great men repay,  
 With great *rewards*, but I can only say,  
 Your Lordship, your great kindnesses have thrown  
 On one, that can *return*, or *merit* none:  
 But you must pay, and thank your self for me,  
 With your own goodness; That vast Treasury,  
 That found your love so *generous* and immense,  
 To cast on me, can find you *Recompence*.

A gift of worth my fortune can't bring forth,  
 Proportion'd to your *kindness*, or your *worth*.  
 Let me send what I can, it will not be  
*Enough* for you, though't be too *much* for me:

What *more* to do or say, I cannot tell;  
 Much I can't do, nor can say much, and well:  
 But what I can not do, I will desire,  
 And what I can't express, I shall admire.

May

May this new year be prosperous may each hour  
 Bring you new  *blessings*, in a plenteous  *hour* !  
 May  *Heaven* still smile upon you, and still  *bless*  
 All that you  *do*, and all that you  *possess* !  
 May you  *live* long and  *flourish* too, that I  
 When I  *need* succour, may know where to fly,  
 And find supplies ! May all your actions be  
 As beneficial t'all, as this to me,  
 That when you dye (great pity 'tis you shou'd)  
 Th' whole land may  *mourn*, not as you're great, but  
 And though I have not ransackt Sea and Shore,  
 To make you  *richer* than you were before ;  
 I hope this  *geateful*, though but  *rude* address,  
 May please you more, though it hath  *cost* me less.

## X X I I.

To his Honour'd Friend R. Henley Esquire.

Sir,  
 T Hough I woed you not in Verse, or Prose,  
 To make my name, and me more  *glorious* :  
 By being your  *Clerk*, the work is done, I find ;  
 Not that I'm worthy on't, but you are  *kind* :  
 Therefore these  *lines* address themselves to you,  
 Not  *given* freely t'you, but  *paid* as due :  
 And that they may your kind acceptance win,  
 They've  *Sack* (their common badge) with them and  
 And I presume, without much scruple, you (in ;  
 May drink old Sack, although the year be new :  
 But though I am not rich enough to send  
 Gifts fit for you t'accept ; nor do intend

T'enrich

*Henry Peru*: nor think it fit to give  
 Our *bettors* that, by which our selves should live.  
 This will, I hope, your candid nature move,  
 'Cause I give freely what I dearly love;  
 And I believe 'tis true, what I've been told,  
 You love good *Sack*, as well as your partner *Gold*.  
 I know not whether you'll like this or no;  
 But if it be not good, my *will* is so:  
 May it prove *excellent*! and may all those,  
 That drink it freely, be *ingenious*:  
 That is, be found or made so! unto yours and you;  
 May this year prove as prosperous as new:  
 May we live quiet, and lay by our swords;  
 And have no more *lawless* and *boistrous* Lords!  
 May the *Law* stand! may *Justice* rule the roast;  
 One sober *Judge* rules better than an *hoast*:  
 And be assur'd this truth you'll ever find;  
 I'll be as *dutiful* as you are *kind*.

Nor shall you in your *Rolls* find out a Man,  
 Would serve you more than I, though many can.

## XXIII.

To his Friend J. H. Esquire.

I.

IF thou canst fashion no excuse,  
 To stay at home, as 'tis thy use,  
 When I do send for Thee.  
 Let neither *sickness*, *way*, nor *rain*,  
 With fond delusions thee detain,  
 But come thy way to me.

2.

Hang such a *sickness*, that has power,  
 To seize on thee at such an hour,  
 When thou should'st take thy pleasure :  
 Go give thy *Doctor* half a Fee,  
 That it may never trouble thee,  
 Until thou art at leisure.

3.

We have a Cup of *Sider* here,  
 That scorns that Common strumpet, *Beer*,  
 And such dull drinks as they're.  
 Their potions made of Hops and Mault,  
 Can only make our fancies hault,  
 This makes them quick as ayre.

4.

*Ceres* with *Bacchus* dares compare,  
 And swears her fruits the liquor are,  
 That Poets so implore :  
 A sip of Sack may work a verse,  
 But he that drinks a bowl of *Hers*,  
 Shall thunder out a score.

5.

To morrow morning come away,  
 Friday we'll vote a happy day,  
 In spite of *Erra Pater*;  
 And bring with you a *spark* or twain,  
 Such as will drink, and drink again,  
 To treat about the matter.



## XXIV.

To a Gentleman that fell sick of the small Pox, when  
he should be married.

Sir,

When you view these checker'd lines and see,  
How (bate the colour) like your face they be.  
You'll think this sheet to be your looking-glass;  
And all these spots, the *Ecchoes* of your face:  
Wherein *Disease* and *Love* their field have pight;  
To try which is more lovely *Red*, or *White*;  
Like our late *Souldiers*, who more rage did shrow,  
Unto the place that fed them, then their foe.

Sickness, (loves Rival) envyin the place,  
Where *Cupid* chose to pitch his tents; your face  
Went to write foul, but *Cupid* made it prove  
Spite of his spite, the *alphabet* of love:  
So as they strove, love serv'd him in his trim;  
For as that set on you, this set on him:  
And *love* that conquers all things, soon made known;  
To him a burning greater then his own.  
Accurst disease! dost thou come, crawling hither,  
To separate whom *Heaven* had joyned together?  
Hadst thou no time to vent thy rage, but this  
When swelling *hopes* did dawn towards their bliss?  
I'th *inter-regnum* twixt desires and joyes,  
The cursed *Vigil* of blest holy daies!  
What pitty 'tis that face where love has been  
So oft, so proud to play so sweetly in;  
By thy dire hand should be o'r-turned thus,  
To be made a *Campus Martius*;

Wherein the angry *Yerk* and *Lancaster*,  
*New-vamp*, and do retrieve their musty stir?  
 As if the *Red-rose* and the *White* would be,  
 Where e'r they met, still at *Antipathy*;  
 A face that was as clear as day, as bright,  
 Should bud with stars like an enamel'd night:  
 Your sickness meant to turn *Astronomer*;  
 Your face the *Heaven*, and every spot a *Star*:  
 Or else would write an *Almanack*, and raise,  
 by those red Letters, nought but *holy-daies*.  
 Were it your *Butlers* face, a Man would think,  
 They had but been new boylings of the *drink*:  
 Or had his nose been such, one would have sworn  
 'Twere red with *anger*, 'cause he drank no more:  
 Or had your *keeper* such, hee'd sell it all  
 For harts-horn to make hafts of knives withall.  
 Or if your *Cooks* were such, how it would fit,  
 To grate your ginger, or nutmegs with it?  
 But why on your face? what was his design?  
 Was it to break the *Hymeneal* twine,  
 That was half twisted? Tush! he's much mistook;  
 Your love was past the *Cribs-cross* of a look:  
 And your affections are of riper age,  
 Then now to gaze on beauties *title-page*;  
 Or barely dwell upon the face, those toys  
 Are *Ocean'd* in the hopes of future joys.

Then blush no more, but let your *Mrs.* know,  
 They're but *Love-letters* written on your brow,  
 Etch'd by th' *Engravers* hand, there she may see,  
 That *beauty's* subject to mortality:  
 How frail a thing it is, how vain t'adore it,  
 What fools are they that *love* or *marry* for it;  
 And that this sickness which hath curb'd you, is  
 But the sad *prologue* to your future bliss.

An *Ember-week* or *Lent*, which alwaies falls,  
 As *Fasting-eves* before your *Festivals*. comes,  
 'Twill make you prize your joy the more when't  
 Ulsher'd along by tedious *Martyrdomes*.  
 How acceptable is a plenteous *bowl*,  
 When 'tis *caroused* by a thirsty soul !

So have I seen the winter strip the trees,  
 To fit them for their vernal *Liveries* !  
 And cloath th' old *Earth* in gray, nip every thing,  
 before it rowles it self into the *spring*.  
 So has black *night* begot a gray-ey'd day,  
 So *Sol* does rout conspiring clouds with *Ray* ;  
 As through this sickness, does your *joyes* come on,  
 And gulf your hopes in firm *fruition* :  
 When your *red-rose*, clubs with your *Ladies white*,  
 And as the ancient *flowers* did unite ;  
 Your happiness will swell, and you will prove  
 The *Gemini* of joy, as now of love.

These things I guess not by your face, I find  
 Your front is not the *Index* of your mind :  
 Yet by your *Phys'mony*, thus much is meant,  
 You are not spotless, though you're innocent.

Sir if these verses go a halting pace,  
 They *stumble* in the *valleys* of your face.

## X X V.

To his Friend Mr. I. B. being at London in the  
*Authors retirement.*

**T**Hough we are now *analys'd* ; and can't find,  
 How to have mutual presence, but in mind ;

I'm bold to send you this, that you may know,  
Though you're *above*, yet I do live *below*.

Though I've no *bags* that are with *child* with gold,  
And though my fireleis *chymnies* catch the cold,  
For want of great *revenues*, yet I find  
I've what's as good as all, a *sated* mind :  
I neither *money* want, nor have I store ;  
I have enough to live, and ask no more :  
No *rip-toed turret*, whose aspiring brow,  
Looks down and scorns the humble roofs below :  
My *cottage* lies beneath the *thunders* harms,  
Laughs at the *whispers* of the winds, or storms.  
My *rooms* are not in-lin'd with *Tapistry* ;  
But *ragged* walls where a few *books* may lye.  
I slight the *siks*, whose ruffling-whispers pride,  
And all the worlds *Tautologies* beside :  
My limbs inhabit but a *Countrey* dress,  
Not to *adorn*, but cover *nakedness*.  
My family's not such, whose gentry springs,  
Like old *Mecanasses*, from *Grandfire* Kings.  
I've many *kinred*, yet my *friends* are few ;  
Those *few* not *rich*, and yet more rich then *true* :  
I've but a drachm of *learning*, and less *wit* ;  
Yet that's enough to fright my *wealth* from it :  
As if those two seldome or never meet,  
But like two *Generals* that with *bullets* greet.

I study to live *plenteously*, though scant ;  
How not to have, yet not to care, nor want :  
We've here no gawdy *feminines* to show,  
As you have in that great *Seraglio* :  
He that *weds* here, lies cloyster'd in a maid ;  
A *Sepulchre* where never man was laid.  
Ours are with *Load-stone* touch'd and never will,  
But right against their proper *pole* lye still.

Yours

Yours like *Hell-gates*, do alwaies open lye,  
 Like *Hackney-jades* they stand at livery :  
 Like *treasuries* where each one throws his mite ;  
 Galphs. of contraries, at once *dark* and *light*.  
 Where who so enters, is like gold *refin'd* ;  
 Passing through *fire*, where *Moloch* sits *enshrind*,  
 And offers up a *whole-burnt* sacrifice,  
 To pacifie those fiery Deities.

I have no far-fetch'd dear-bought *delicates*,  
 Whose *virtues* prized only by their *rates* :  
 No fancy'd *Kick-shaws* that would serve t' invite,  
 To a fourth course the glutt'd *appetite*.  
*Hunger's* my *Cook*, my labour brings me *meat*,  
 Which best digests, when it is *saw'd* with sweat:  
 They that have *pluresies* of these about them,  
 Yet do but *live*, and so do I without them.

I can sit in my *study* soon or late,  
 And have no *Troopers* quarrel with my gate ;  
 Nor *break* the peace with it ; whose innocence  
 Stands only *guarded* in its own defence ;  
 No *debts* to sue for, and no *coyn* to lend ;  
 No cause to fear my *foe*, nor slight my *friend*:

Yet there is *one* thing which me thinks I han't,  
 And I have studied to supply that *want* ;  
 'Tis the *Synopsis* of all misery ; (Thee,  
 'Tis the *tenth* want (Dear Friend) the want of  
 May we once more *enjoy* our selves, for neither  
 Is truly blest, till we are blest *together* !

## XXVI.

*An Elogy on a Lady that dyed before her intended Nuptials.*

**A**Mong the train of *mourners*, whose swollen eyes  
 Wallow in tears of these sad *obsequies*;  
 Admit me as a *cypher* here to come,  
 Who though am *nothing*, yet can raise a *sum*:  
 And truly I can mourn as well as they  
 Who're clad in *fable* weeds, though mine is *gry*.  
 Excuse me Sir, *passion* will swell that's pent;  
 Thank not my *tears*, I cannot but *lament*,  
 To see a *Lady* ready for your bed,  
 To *death's* embraces yield her *maiden-head*:  
 And that *Angelick* Corps, that should have been  
 A *Cabinet* to lodge your *Jewels* in,  
 Should now be *imbalm'd* with *dust*, and made a prey  
 To the happy *worms*, who may call that day  
 On which her limbs unto their lot did fall;  
 Your sad *Solemnities*, their *Festival*:  
 Should I not *mourn*, I could not pay the due,  
 Of *tears* to her, or *sympathy* to you:  
 For *Death* did slay you both, when she did dye,  
 So who writes one's must write both's *Elegy*.  
 She was too good for you, she was too high,  
 A wife for *Angels*, to get *Angels* by:  
 Whom you and all did love, and did suppose,  
 To be an *Angel* in a mortal's cloaths:  
 But *Heaven* to undeceive you let you know,  
 By her *mortality*, she was not so.

## XXVII.

*On the great cryer at Westminster-Hall.*

When the great Cryer in that greater room,  
 Calls *Faunt-le-roy, and Alex-and-er Brown*.  
 The people wonder (as those heretofore,  
 When the dumb spake) to hear a Cryer roar.  
 The kitling crue of Cryers that do stand,  
 with *Eunuches* voyces, *squeaking* on each hand,  
 Do signifie no more, compar'd to him,  
 Then *Member Allen* did to patriot *Pim*.  
 Those make us laugh, while we do him adore;  
 Theirs are but *Pistol*, his mouth's *Canon-bore*.  
 Now those fame-thirsty spirits that endeavour  
 To have their names *enlarg'd*, and last for ever,  
 Must be *Attorneys* of this Court, and so  
 His voyce shall like *fumes* lowdest trumpet blow  
 Their names about the World, and make them last,  
 While we can lend an ear, or he a blast.]

## XXXVIII.

*To the memory of that loyal Patriot  
 Sir I. Cordel Kt.*

Thus fell the grace and glory of our time,  
 Who durst be good when goodness was a crime.  
 A *Magistrate* that justly wore his gown,  
 While *England* had a King, or King a Crown;  
 But stoutly flung it off, when once he saw  
 Might knock down right, and lust did juggle law.

His

His foul scorn'd a *Democracy*, and wou'd,  
 No longer stay, then while the *Kingdome* stood ;  
 And when that fled, his follow'd it, to be,  
 Joyn'd to his *King* i'th *Hieromonarchy*,

## XXX.

To his *Mistress* lodging in a room where the *Skie*  
 was painted.

In 1642.

W Hen (my *Diviner* soul) I did of late,  
 In thy fair chamber, for thy presence wait,  
 Looking aloft, (Thou know'st my look is high,  
 Else I'd ne'r dare to court Thee) I did spy.  
*Sun, Moon, and Stars*, by th' painters art appear  
 At once all *Culm'nant* in one *Hemisphere* :  
 My small *Astrology* made me suppose,  
 Those *Symptomes* made the room prodigious.  
 Old time, (I thought) was crampt and night and day,  
 Both *monosyllabled*, to make me stay ;  
 He'd broke his steps of daies and hours that he  
 Might rowle himself into *Eternity*.  
 The *Sun*, as tyred, with the course he ran,  
 Center'd himself in the *Meridian* :  
 And 'cause 'twas there, I could not think it night,  
 Nor durst I call it day, 'cause 't gave no light :  
 I found the cause, and ceased to admire ;  
 Thy eyes had stoln his light, my heart his fire :  
 And that's the cause why *Sun* and *Moon* look'd dim,  
 Thy brighter face out-luster'd her and him :  
 But (which increas'd my wonder) I could see,  
 No *Meteor* portend this prodigy ;



*Comets* all wink'd at this, nor could I spy  
 One *Blazing-star*, but my portentive eye :  
 But as I mus'd, what *Omen* this should be,  
 They all stood still, as much amaz'd at me :  
 The wandring *Planets* had forgot to vary ;  
 Gazing on me, because all *stationary* :  
 Envy'ing thy beauty, they're together gon,  
 To make a perfect *constellation* :  
 And their *conjunctions* t' imitate our lips,  
 Was but a loving kiss, not an *Eclipse* :  
*Sol* draws a Regiment of stars, to be  
 Tapers to light thee into bed to me :  
 Yet could not shine, until they were inspir'd  
 By the same *flames*, by which my heart was fir'd.  
 Come then lye down, do thou withdraw thy light,  
 They'l be, to please us, a perpetual *night* :  
*Sol* shall be *Cupid*, blind, and thou his mother,  
 And as we've marr'd one Sun, we'l get another.

## XXXI.

*A New-years-gift.*

**T**He season now requires a Man should send  
 Some worthy *present* to his worthier Friend :  
 And I (though poor in *purse*) do wear a heart,  
 That is *ambitious* to perform a part  
 In *celebration* of this new-born day ;  
 And having nothing to present, I'll pray,  
 This year may be to me, as well as you,  
 So much more *blest* then t' other, as more *new*.  
 And in it so much happiness abound,  
 To turn us all to good, yet not turn round.

And

And may the Sun, that now begins t' appear  
 I'th *Horizon* to usher in the year,  
 Melt all those fatuous *Vapours*, whose false light  
 Purblinds the *World*, and leads them from the right;  
 And may our *Sol* like that rise once again,  
 Mounted triumphant in a prosperous raig:  
 May all those *Phaetons* that spite o'th crown,  
 Would guide his *Chariot*, tumble head-long down:  
 So shall the Land with happiness be crown'd,  
 When men turn right, and only years turn round.

## XXXII.

*On the Queens going beyond Sea.*

W<sup>H</sup>EN on the watry World, our glorious Queen  
 Gan to be toss'd as on the land sh' had been,  
 The joyful waters did begin t'aspire,  
 And would ~~trans-element~~ themselves to fire:  
 And ever since it has been hard to swear,  
 Whether the *Earth*, or *Water* highest were.  
 The late scorn'd *Sea* will now it self prefer,  
 Bearing the best that earth could boast of; *Her*,  
 When first she lanch'd, th' ambitious *waves* no more  
 Would kiss the lips of their oft-washed shore,  
 But with united morion all did rise  
 To bear the ship; that her, to kiss the skies.  
 The ship, like *Noah's ark*, did float about,  
 And kept the *waters* that would enter, our:  
 For were the world redrown'd, what good has been  
 In it, in her *Epitomis'd* is seen.  
 The sturdy *billows*, if they did arise,  
 Were check'd by th' power of her *Majestick eyes*:  
 When

When ever any to *rebel* appears,  
For grief it did dissolve itself to tears ;  
The moving compass had forgot to stir,  
Instead o' th' *North-pole* pointed still at her ;  
At which the *Pilot* wondering, he spies  
Two *North-poles* culminant at once, her eyes :  
No marvel then, the compass pointed thither,  
For her *magnetick* soul draws all things with her.  
The *Ocean* scorn'd *Neptune's* tridentine sway,  
And would no more a *King* but *Queen* obey :  
Nay *Neptune* thought she had a *Venus* been,  
Sprung from the frothy Sea to be his *Queen* ;  
And whispering *Zephyrus*, if he did stir,  
'Twas not to blow, but to suck breath from her ;  
The *Mariners*, when e'r she breathed, thought  
That precious *Amber* 'bout the ship did float.  
*Widdow Arabia* did begin to grieve,  
To see a *Phenix* on the waters live.  
The *Semi-lunar Dolphin* having seen  
Her face, would straight salute her as the *Queen*.  
The amorous *Syrens* did altogether throng,  
Hoping t' entice her to them by a song.  
Her brow (as though *command* were written there)  
Did more sway them, then all their voyces her.  
The little *fishes* met and did rejoyce,  
Dancing to th' musick of the *Syrens* voyce :  
All in their several postures strove t' express  
How much her presence would their *manfons* bless :  
All praying her to stay, but all in vain,  
At length (though loth) they landed her again.  
The shoar's a *Paradise*, where she was driven,  
And (but her *Charles* lack'd her) it had been  
(Heaven.)

## XXXIII.

*Upon his Mare stoln by a Trooper.*

*In 1644.*

**W**Hy let her go, I'll vex my self no more,  
 Left my heart break, as did my stable door.  
 'Twas but a Mare; if she be gone, she's gone;  
 'Tis not a Mare that I do stand upon.  
 Now by this Cross I am so temperate grown,  
 I'll bridle nature, since my mare is gone.  
 I have a little learning, and less wit;  
 That wealth is sure, no thief can pilfer it.  
 Richest they say have wings, my Mare had so;  
 For though she had legs, yet she could hardly go:  
 But thieves and fate have such a strong command,  
 To make those go, which have no feet to stand.  
 She was well skill'd in writing Elegies,  
 And every mile writes, *Here my Rider lies.*  
 Now since I've ne'r a beast to ride upon,  
 Wou'd I might never go, my verse shall run.  
 I'll mount on *Pegasus*, for he's so poor,  
 From thief or true-man, one may ride secure.  
 I would not rack invention for a curse,  
 To plague the *Thief*, for fear I make him worse:  
 I would not have him hang'd, for that would be  
 Sufficient for the *law*, but not for me.  
 In charity I wish him no more pain,  
 But to restore me home my *Mare* again.  
 And 'cause I would not have good customes alter,  
 I wish who has the *Mare*, may have the *Halter*.

XXXIV. *Upon*

## XXXIV.

*Upon riding on a tyred Horse.*

'T Was hot, and our *Olympick* Charioter,  
Limbeck'd the body of the Traveller;  
Which to prevent, I like the *Sun* did go:  
He was on horse back, I on horse-back too:  
So on we go to view the desolation  
Of that *half-plague* to our distressed Nation:  
But my Horse was so *superstitious* grown,  
He would fall down, and worship every stone:  
Nay he in *reverence* to each holy place,  
Was often seen to fall upon his face.  
And had I been inclin'd to *Popishness*,  
I needed have no other *cross* but this:  
Within a mile or two, without command,  
Do what I could, this *Jade* would make a stand:  
I prais'd him, thinking glory were a spur  
To prick him on, all would not make him stir.  
All worldly things do pass away we know,  
But yet my Horse would neither run nor go.  
What everlasting *Creature* should this be,  
That all things are less *permanent* than he!  
So long I kick'd the people did suppose,  
The *arm-less* man had beat a drum with's toes:  
But though a *march* or an *alar'm* I beat,  
The senseless Horse took all for a *retreat*:  
The peoples jeers mov'd me to no remorse,  
No more than all my *kicks* did move my Horse:  
Had *Phaetons* horses been as mine is, They  
Needed no reins, they'd never run away.

I wish'd for old *Copernicus* to prove, (move,  
 That while we both stood still, the Earth would  
 Oh for an Earthquake, that the hills might meet,  
 To bring us home, though we mov'd not our feet!  
 All would not do, I was constrain'd to be,  
 The bringer up of a *Foot Company*.  
 But now in what a woful case were I,  
 If like our Troopers I were put to flee.  
 I wish all *cowards* (if that be too much)  
 Half of our Hosesmen, which I'll swear are such;  
 In the next *fight* when they begin to flee,  
 They may be plagu'd with a tyr'd Horse like me.

## XXXV.

To his Friend I. B.

**T**Hou thinkst that I to thee am fully known;  
 Yet thou'lt not think how *powerful* I am grown:  
 I can work *miracles*, and when I do  
 Think on thy *worth*, think thee a wonder too:  
 Thy constant *love* and *lines* in verse and prose,  
 Makes me think thee and them *miraculous*.  
 My self am from my self, both here and there I  
 Suppose my self grown an *Ubiquitary*.  
 We are a *miracle*, and 'tis with us  
 As with *John Baptist* and his *Lazarus*:  
 I thou, and thou art I, and 'tis a wonder,  
 That we both live, and yet both live asunder:  
 Come then, let's meet agen; for until we  
 Unite, the times can't be at unity.

But

But if this distance must still interpose  
 Between my eye and thee, yet let us close  
 In *mind*, and though our necks *by-fork'd* grown;  
*Spread-Eagle* like, yet let our *Breasts* be one.

## XXXVI.

*Translated out of Perseus.*

I Don't remember I did dip,  
 In the *Caballine* spring my lip:  
 Nor on two-top'd *Parnassus* sleep;  
 That thence I should a Poet creep:  
 The pale *Pyrene* and *Helicon*,  
 I for those men will let alone,  
 T'whose brows the rambling *Ivies* cling;  
 Yet I a clown my verses bring  
 To th' *Muses* altars. Who did shew  
 The Parrat *Xaïpe*, who the Crow  
 Of old with hollow voyce to prate?  
 Or *Pies* our words to imitate?  
 Arts Master, *Need*, which wit bestows;  
 This Artist makes us come to those  
 Words which our *Nature* us denies,  
 Make *Crowes* turn *Poets*, and the *Pies*  
 Turn *Poetresses* that can sing,  
 Sweet verses from the *Pegasean* spring.

## XXXVII.

*Upon the miscarrier of Letters betwixt his Friend and Him ;*

*An Execration.*

**A**Nd why to me? dull scanner of the ground,  
Was there no other *pack-horse* to be found,  
To bear the weight of such a grand abuse  
But only I? I'll wake my sleeping *Muse*;  
And send her post to th' black abyss of Hell,  
To fetch me *curses*, curses dyre and fell.  
I'll mount on *Pegasus*, and make him go  
From Friend to Friend, as *swift* as thou art *slow*.  
Perfidious *Traytor*! could thine impious hands  
Dare to miscarry, what true *love* commands?  
Had it been *news*, or pamphlets, or the rude  
Inventions of the cock-brain'd multitude;  
New models of *Religion*, or the false,  
*Ly-legends* which we here call *Diurnals*;  
Had there been *treason* against the King or State,  
They deserv'd thine, and thou hadst scap'd my hate:  
But these were *embassies* of souls that be  
So pure, they dare dispute with purity;  
That will not club with treason, nor betroth,  
Their souls to *schism*, but are estrang'd from both:  
Had they been *complements*, or th' adulterate froth  
Of *ink-horn-wits*, t' had ne'r incens'd my wrath.  
For 'tis but reason such vain *toyes* as they are,  
Should be dissolv'd to their first matter, *Air*.  
Had they been meerly issues of the *brain*,  
And had been lost, that might to work again.



But when the *heart's* engag'd, what pity 'tis  
 A child of that should ever fare amiss?  
 Hadst thou but known how sweet those *accents* were,  
 How full of love thou would'st have took more  
 (care.

Why didst thou go to stop that blessed *Trine*,  
 That was to be 'twixt their *aspects* and mine?  
 Do'st thou not know what good, what blest effects  
 The Land will have from such *benign* aspects?  
 Alas when *Mercury* doth meet with *Jove*;  
*Lilly* can tell thee their portents are love:  
 I'm loth to study for some new found *curse*,  
 For fear I should be heard, and thou be worse.  
 First for thy *Horses*, would their teeth may be  
 Greas'd at each *Inne*, which none may help but me.  
 May all their old diseases never fail;  
 Their feet have *scabs* doubled for every nail,  
 That thou may'st like *Tom*. Long for ever go,  
 And ne'r come where thou art assign'd unto,  
 And so may'st ne'r be trusted with a *pack*,  
 Unless of plagues, and may those break thy back,  
 May'st thou ne'r carry loyal letters more?  
 But *Pockie-songs* betwixt a *Pimp* and's *whore*.  
 But when th' sweat and travel'd all the day,  
 May'st thou have neither *meat*, *drink*, *bread* nor *pay*.  
 May all the way be strew'd with *Downes* his men;  
 And thou escaping one, may'st meet with ten.  
 And may they take thy horses and thy store,  
 And bang thy sides because thou hast no more.  
 May all these *plagues* unite that they may be  
 As great a *plague* to thee, as thou to me.

## XXXVIII.

*To his Mistress.*

**Y**our pardon *Lady* ; by my troth I erre,  
 I thought each face a painted *Sepulchre*,  
 That wore but beauty on't ; I did suppose,  
 That outward beauty had been ominous.  
 And that t' had been so opposite to wit,  
 As it ne'r *wisdome* met, nor vertue it.  
 Your face confutes me, and I do begin  
 To know my *error*, and repent my sin :  
 For on those *Rosie* cheeks I plainly see,  
 And read my former thoughts deformity.  
 I could believe *Hyperboles*, and think  
 That praise to low that flowes from pen and ink :  
 That you're all *Angel* ; when I look on you,  
 I'm fore'd to think the *Rampant*'st fictions true :  
 Nay I dare swear (though once I did abhor it)  
 That *Men* love *Women*, and have reason for it.  
 The *Lapidaries* now shall learn to set  
 Their *Diamonds* in Gold, and not in Jer.  
 The Proverb's cross'd, for now a man may find  
*A beauteous face i'th' Index of a mind.*  
 How I could praise you, and your worth display,  
 But that my ravish'd pen is forc'd to stay :  
 And when I think t' expresse your purer fashion,  
 My expressions turn to stupid *Admiration*.  
 Natures perfection ! She by forming thee ?  
 Proves she has now *infallibility* :  
 You're an *Enchiridion*, whom Heav'n did print,  
 To copy by, with no *Errata* in't.

You're

You're my *Urania*, nay within you be  
 The Muses met in their *Ter-trinity* :  
 Else how could I turn *Poet*, and retain  
 My banish'd Muse into my thoughts again !  
 See what your *wit*, see what your *beauty* can ;  
 T' make a *Poet's* more then t' make a Man ;  
 I've wit b' infusion, nay I've beauty too,  
 I think I'm comely, if you think me so.

Add to your virtues *love*, and you may be  
 A wife for *Jove*, pray let that *Jove* be me.

## XXXIX.

*To his Mistress married to another.*

MARRIED ! and I not dead ! it cannot be ;  
 Is nothing certain but *uncertainty* ?  
 Can *truth* it self prove false ? I should as soon  
 Have thought the *Sun* vary'd into a Moon ;  
 And that the *Poles* that ne'r knew how to vary,  
 Turn'd *Planets* now, and grow *unstationary*.  
 But *Sol* has chang'd his course, and we all know,  
 Those we call *Poles*, are *Planetary* too.  
 You whom I thought a *Goddeſs*, now I see,  
 Are but a woman, by inconstancy.  
 See what the covetous love of wealth can do,  
 It makes fair *Ladies* false and foolish too.  
 I could be sorry now, or vex, or worse ;  
 But *wrath* or sorrow will enlarge my curse :  
 That *anger's* foolish, and that *sorrow's* vain,  
 That's us'd for that which can't be had again.  
 But what's this thing call'd *marriage* ? must you be  
 Cloyſter'd by that from all society ?

Must only he enjoy you as a *Bride* ?  
 And by his feast, famish the whole World beside ?  
 You only did proclaim, when you did wed,  
 That both together meant to go to bed :  
 What need all this ado ? can't we (my honey)  
 Do the same thing without the *Ceremony*,  
 Or *proclamation* ? where two hearts agree,  
 Marriage is but a *superfluity*.  
 Nature did ne'r intend (without all doubt)  
 T' hang such a Jewel only in his *snout* :  
 Nor were you made only for one Mans food ;  
 Nor for the *private*, but the *common* good.  
 You have my heart, and do but lend me thine,  
 • I'll give the *Priest* the lye, and say th' art mine.

## XL.

*On the turn-coat Clergy.*

**T**Hat *Clergy-men* are changeable, and teach  
 That now 'gainst which they will to morrow  
 Is an undoubted truth ; but that in this (preach  
 Their *variation* they do ought amiss,  
 I stedfastly deny ; The World we see,  
 Preserves it self by *mutability* :  
 And by an imitation each thing in it  
 Preserves it self by *changing* every minute ;  
 The Heavenly *Orbes* do move, and change, & there's  
 The much admired *musick of the spheres* :  
 The *Sun*, the *Moon*, the *Stars* do alwaies vary,  
 The times turn round still, nothing *stationary*.  
 Why then should we blame *Clergy-men*, that do,  
 Because they're Heav'nly, like the *Heavens* go ?

Nay

Nay th' *Earth* it self, on which we tread (they say)  
 Turns round and's moving still ; then why not they ?  
 Our *bodies* still are changing from our birth,  
 Till they return to their first matter, *Earth*.  
 We draw in air, and food, that air and food  
 Incorporates, and turns our *flesh* and *bloud* :  
 Then we breath out our selves in sweat, and vent  
 Our *flesh* and *bloud* by use, and *excrement*,  
 With such continual change, that none can say,  
 He's the same man that he was *Yesterday*.  
 Besides, all *Creatures* cannot choose but be,  
 By much the worse for their *stability* :  
 For standing pools corrupt, while running springs  
 Yield sweet refreshment to all other things.

(know,

The highest *Church-things* ofteneſt change, we  
 The *weather-cock* that ſtands o'th top does ſo :  
 The bells when rung in changes beſt do pleaſe,  
 The *Nightingall*, that minstrel of the trees,  
*Varies* her note, while the dull *Cucko* ſings  
 Only one note, no *auditory* brings.  
 Why then ſhould we admire our *Levites* change,  
 Since 'tis their nat'ral motion ? 'Tis not ſtrange  
 To ſee a *Fish* to ſwim, or *Eagle* fly ;  
 Nor is their *Protean* mutability,  
 More worth our wonder, but 'tis ſo in faſhion,  
 It merits our *applauſe*, and *imitation*.  
 But I conclude, leſt while I ſpeak of change,  
 I ſhall too far upon one ſubject range.

And ſo become *unchangeable*, and by  
 My *practice*, give my *doctrins* here the lye,

## XLI.

To his Friend Mr. I. W. on his Translation  
of a Romance.

FROM forain soyl He at the first did spring,  
Whom conquest crown'd, and custome kept our  
(King;  
And from the same, this fancy, whom this pen  
Has of an *Alien* made a *Denizen*.  
Dispute who dares: The issue of the brain  
Admits a *transplantation*, like the train  
That buds with Stars; and in this do hit,  
The two *fac Totums*, *Monarchy* and *wit*.  
The industrious *Merchant* glutt'd with the things  
That are produced by our mother-springs,  
Ransacks the *Ocean*, trafficking for more  
And rarer beauties from the *forain shore*;  
And makes our happiness not only be  
In *necessaries*, but *variety*.  
So thou with equal diligence hast gone,  
To fetch the merchandize of *Helicon*:  
Not but that wit and fancy here will be  
A *Native* and *Staple* commodity:  
Or that composing stories and *Romances*,  
Were only entayl'd to wits that live beyond Seas:  
But as in *dearth*, we oft supply our store,  
From those that we perhaps reliev'd before.  
So now when rare *Inventions* and immense,  
Are parch'd and shrunk up into hardly *sense*,  
For want of due *rewards* that shou'd distill  
From these new *Tympanies*, and we call *hills*,

You're

You're fain to forage for what e'r must be,  
 Beyond *Diurnals*, or a *Mercury*.  
 Yet ben't discourag'd, for here's no *Excise*,  
 Nor *custome* paid on these commodities ;  
 And he that trades in wit by Sea or Land,  
 Needs not a *convoy*, fears no *Rocks* nor *Sand*.  
 This traffick is secure against the thump  
 Of *Spains* armado or the *Belgick Trump*,  
 And the *proceed* on't, though in this mad Nation,  
 Is free from *plunder*, and from *sequestration*.  
 I do commend thy choice too, for of all  
 The Sciences, this is most cordial ;  
 Presenting notions to the curious mind,  
 Of what below we never see nor find.  
 Herein do differ *History*, and this ;  
 This shews what ought to be, that shews what is ;  
 Ungrateful we, if that we should receive  
 This precious *Jewel*, and should nothing give  
 To Thee, or to its *Author* ; therefore I  
 Offer these *lines* to both your memory,  
 To testify my *thanks*, though not my *skill* :  
 What's so well done, must not be praised ill :  
 But I *nick-name* my duty, when I say  
 I give, or offer, when I only pay.

## X L I I.

*A Satyre on the Rebellion.*

URge me no more to sing, I am not able  
 To raise a note ; *Songs* are abominable :  
 Yea *David's Psalms* do now begin to be  
 Tun'd out of Church, by *hymns extempore*.

No

No accents are so pleasant now as those  
 That are *Cesura'd* through the *Pastors* nose.  
 I'll only *weep* our misery and ruth,  
 I am no *Poet*, for I speak the truth.  
 Behold a self against it self doth fight,  
 And the *left* hand prevails above the *right*.  
 The grumbling *guts*, i'th belly of the State,  
 Unthankful for the wholesome food they ate;  
 Belch at their head, and do begin to flight  
 The *Cates*, to which they had an *appetite* :  
 They long for *kickshaws*, and new fangled dishes;  
 Not which all love, but which each *fancy* wishes.  
 Behold a glorious *Phœbus* tumbling down,  
 While the rebellious Bears usurp the Crown.  
 Behold a *Team* of *Phaetons* aspire  
 To guide the *Sun*, and set the World on fire :  
 All goes to wrack, and it must needs be so,  
 When those would *run*, that know not how to go.  
 Behold, a lawful *Sovereign*, to whose mind  
 Dishonesty's a stranger, now confin'd.  
 To the *Anarchick* pow'r of those whose reason  
 Is flat *Rebellion*, and their truth is *Treason*.  
 Behold the loyal Subjects pill'd and poll'd.  
 And from *Algier* to *Tunis* bought and sold :  
 Their Goods *sequestred* by a legal stealth,  
 The *private* robb'd t' uphold the *Common-wealth*.  
 And those the only plunderers are grown  
 Of others *States*, that had none of their own.  
*Rsbbers* no more by night in secret go,  
 They have a *Licence* now for what they do :  
 If any to the Rulers do complain,  
 They know no other *godliness* but gain :  
 Nor give us any *plaster* for the sore  
 Of paying much, but only paying more.

What



What e'r we do or speak, how e'r we live,  
 All is acquitted if we will but *Give* ;  
 They sit in *Bulwarks*, and do make the lawes  
 But fair pretences to a fowler *cause*,  
 And Horse-leech-like cry *give*, what e'r they say,  
 Or sing, the burden of their song is *Pay*.  
 How wretched is that State ! how full of wo,  
 When those that should preserve, do overthrow !  
 When they rule us, and o'r them *money* raigns,  
 Who still cry *Give*, and alwaies gape for gains !  
 But on those *Judges* lies a heavy curse,  
 That measure crimes by the *Delinquents* purse:  
 The time will come when they do cease to live,  
 Some will cry *Take*, as fast as they cry'd *Give*.

## XLIII.

*On a pair of Virginals.*

**D**Eath, that ties up the tongues of Man & Beast,  
 And to each thing gives a *Quietus est* ;  
 Gives me a tongue ; and I that could not be  
 Blest with a voyce, now boast variety.  
 The tale of *Amphion*, which could make each tree  
 Dance to his musick, is fulfill'd in me.  
 For lo the liveless *Jacks lavaltoes* take,  
 At that sweet *musick* which themselves do make :  
 The various-sounding *strings* in consort come,  
 To make my narrow bulk *Elizium* ;  
 Just *Emblem* of the State ; for in this wise,  
 He just now *falls*. that but just now did *rise*.  
 O would the *Subjects* in this *Realm* agree,  
 And meet like strings to make one *harmony* !

XLVI. On

## XLVI.

*On a Comedy called The Passionate Lovers.*

**T**Hough I ne'r saw this Play, nor e'r did know  
 The Author well, nor love with *passion* so,  
 To be a dame for *Terence Comædie*, *Heauton-*  
 But do suppose who e'r the *lover* be, *timonimeneos.*  
 That's really such as the Poet writ,  
 He'd have less *love*, if he had had more *wit*.  
 Yet as th' old *Topers*, when their drinking's gone,  
 Do love to sit, and see the *work* go on:  
 And as old men when their *performance* fails,  
 Can clap their wings with telling *smutty* tales:  
 So though we've lost the life of plays the *stage*,  
 If we can be *Remembrancers* to th' age.  
 And now and then let glow a *spark* in print,  
 To tell the World there's *fire* still lodg'd i'th flint,  
 We may agen b' enlightned once and warm'd,  
*Men can't be civil till they be inform'd.*  
 Walk wisely on: *Time's* changeable, and what  
 Was once *thrown* down, is now again *reacht* at.  
 And we may see *pleasure* and *honour* crown  
 The *Stage*, when inconsistent *Tubs* kick'd down.

XLV. 71

## XLV.

*To the High: Sheriff of S.*

Sir,  
**Y**OU have giv'n us *Poets* entertainment,  
 Good cheer and wine ; we give you *Poets* pay-  
 (ment,  
 Good words and *Rhythme* ; but you out-do us here,  
 You match our *Rhythme* ; but we can't match your  
 (cheer.  
 And here's the reason, which our *Muses* grieves,  
*Sheriffs* are made *Poets*, but ne'r *Poets* *Sheriffs*.

## XLVI.

*To G. B. Esquire.*

**I** *Promis'd* to come to you Sir, 'tis true,  
 And I *intended* what I *promis'd* you.  
 But *Heaven* (that all things orders) thought not fit  
 We two should meet, and therefore hinder'd it :  
 Not that our *meeting* had offensive been  
 To God or Man, for we had sail'd between  
 The dangerous *rocks* of company, which *wits*  
 And no *wits* dash against, when in their fits,  
 They scoffe at *sacred* matters, and blaspheme,  
 Or make *States-men* or *businesse* their theame.  
 But such a World of *Heavenly* drink came down,  
 The fouds did rise and all the *Cowntrey* drown ;  
 Men that had souls *unswimable* like mine,  
 Float as drown'd Flies do in a glass of *Wine*.

Horſea

Horfes and boots were ufelefs, and you know,  
 I have no hanging look; and being fo  
 Fat, have the art of *finking*, I was ne'r  
 Bred 'mong the *fish*, nor e'r at *Westminster*,  
 Saw any drown'd, though you and I both know,  
 Some have been us'd as badly there, and though  
 I ufe the *feather* 'tis the tother end,  
 Not that which me from *drowning* can defend;  
 This work's for *Saylors*, not a land *Attourney*,  
 For 'tis become a *voyage*, not a *journey*.  
 And he that goes to *Ex'ter* now from hence,  
 From that exploit, may very well commence  
 A *Navigator*; which t' attempt I fear,  
 And thought it fafer to ftay drinking here:  
 And fend you this from him that's far more willing  
 To write *ten* verfes, then to pay *one* fhilling.

## XLVII.

To his reverend Friend Dr. S. on his pious  
 and learned Book.

THe times are chang'd, and the misguided rout,  
 Now tug to pull in, what they rumbled out:  
 And with like eagernes, the *factious* crew,  
 Who ruin'd all, are now expos'd to view:  
 Their *vizor*'s off, and now we plainly fee  
 Both what they are, and what they aim'd to be,  
 And what they meant to do to us and ours,  
 If either ours or we were in their *pow'rs*.  
 That *vip'rous* brood of *Levi* who gnaw'd through  
 Their *mothers* bowels, and their *Fathers* too,

To break a passage to their lewd designs  
 have found th' effects of all their *under-mines*;  
 And see themselves *out-acted* in their show,  
 By sucking *Sprouts*, that out of them did grow.  
 They're now *out-wink'd*, *out-fasted*, and *out-tongu'd*,  
 Their Pupils reap those fields which they had *dung'd*:  
 Who split the *Church* into so many *Schisms*,  
 The zeal of these eats others *Patriarchisms*:  
 And Vermin-like they do that *Corps* devour,  
 Whose *putrefaction* gave them life and pow'r:  
 Now they *repent* (though late) and turn to you,  
 Of the *Old Church* that's *constant*, *pure*, and *true*.

Thanks to such *lights* as you are, you have stay'd  
 In that firm *truth*, from which they *fondly* stray'd,  
 Endur'd *reproach*, and *want*, all violent shocks,  
 Which rowl'd like *Rillows*, while you stood like  
 (Rocks,

Unmov'd by all their fury, kept your ground,  
 Fix'd as the *Poles*, whiles they kept twirling round:  
 Submitted to all *rage*, and lost your *all*,  
 Yet ne'r *comply'd* with, or bow'd knee to *Baal*.  
 You *preach'd* for love of *preaching*, with desire  
 T' *instruct*, and to *reform*, while *pay* and *hire*,  
 Which made them *preach*, were ta'n away from you;  
 You still strove on, and led the people through  
 That *Wilderness* of *error*, into which  
 Those *Ignes fatui*, tempted by the itch  
 Of *Pride* and *change* had led them, when the *Times*  
 Envy your worth, *voted* your *Sermons* crimes;  
 And made it *Treason* to relieve or bear you;  
 And constituted to *affront* and *jeer* you;  
 Those *Patentees* of *graces* and good *livings*,  
 Grown rich with *fees*, & fat with full *thanksgivings*;

Who

Who rowl'd a *stone* upon your mouths for fear  
 Truth would find out a *resurrection* there :  
 Then from the *press* you piously did shew  
 What, why, and how, we should believe and know;  
 And pray and practice ; made it out to us,  
 Why our *Church-Institutes* were these and thus ;  
 And how we ought t' observe them, so that we  
 May find them that, which of themselves they be,  
*Commands* and *comforts* : This *Sir* we do find  
 Perform'd by this rare *issue* of your mind :  
 Your pious and your profitable lines,  
 Which can't be *prays'd* by such a pen as mine's,  
 But must b' *admir'd* and *lov'd*, and you must be  
 For ever thank'd and *honour'd* too by me,  
 And all that know or read you ; since you do  
 Supply the *pious* and the *learned* too.

So well, that both must say, to you they ow  
 What good they *practise*, and what good they  
 (know.

## XLVIII.

To Colonel Lovelace on his Poems.

SO through the *Chaos* crept the first-born ray,  
 That was not yet grown up to be a *day*,  
 (rhythmes,  
 And form'd the *World* ; as do your powerful  
 Through the thick darkness of these *Versless* times:  
 These *antingeniss* daies, this boystrous age,  
 Where there dwels nought of *Poetry* but rage :  
 Just so crept learning forth the rav'nous fire  
 Of the Schismatick *Goths* and *Vandals* ire :

As do in these more *barbarous* daies our times,  
 When what was meant for *ruine*, but refines.  
 Why may n't we hope for *Restoration*, when  
 As ancient *Poets* Towns, the new raise men;  
 The tale of *Orpheus* and *Amphion* be  
 Both solid truths with this *Mythology*?  
 For though you make not *stones* and *trees* to move;  
 Yet men more senseless you provoke to love.  
 I can't but think, spite of the filth that's hurl'd  
 Over this small *Ench'ridion of the World*;  
 A day will break, when we again may see  
 Wits like themselves, club in an *Harmony*:  
 Though *Pulpiteers* can't do it, yet 'tis fit  
*Poets* have more *success*, because more wit.  
 Their *Prose* unhing'd the State; why may'nt your  
 (verse)

Polish those souls, that were fil'd rough by theirs?  
 Go on, and prosper; though I want your skill,  
 In weighty matters 'tis enough to will.

And now the *Reader* looks I should help rear  
 Your glories *Trophy*, else what make I here?  
 'Tis not to praise you; for one may as well  
 Go tell *Committees* that there is an *Hell*;  
 Or tell the *World* there is a *Sn*; as praise  
 Your amorous fancy, which it self can't raise  
 'Bove *Envies* reach or *flatteries*; Ladies love  
 To kiss those accents; who dares disapprove  
 What they stile good? our lines, our lives and all,  
 By their *opinions* either rise or fall:  
 Therefore the cause why these are fixed here,  
 Is livery-like to shew some great man's near:  
 Let them stand bare, and usher, not commend;  
 They are not for *Encumbrances*, but t' attend.

## XLIX.

To his Friend Thomas Stanley, Esq; on his Odes  
Set and Published by Mr. John Gamble.

**S**'Tanley the Darling of *Apollo*, thou  
That mak'st at once both *Verse* and *Musick* too;  
So sweet a *Master* of so sweet a *Muse*,  
Whom not to name with honour, were t' abuse.  
How thy words flow! How sweetly do they *Chyme*,  
When thy pure *Complets* do imbrace in *Rhyme*!  
How quick, how lovely, and how full of Sence  
Thy *Fancy* is, and all that springs from thence!  
Which *Gamble* has enliv'ned by his Art,  
And breath' an Active Soul through every part:  
And so deduc'd thy Mind to us, that we  
May feast our Ears and Souls with rarity.  
How much to Thee, how much to Him we owe,  
We can conceive, but cannot make you know;  
Nor have we thanks proportion'd to your worth,  
Thou that didst make, and He that set them forth,  
In such a lively Dress too, We admire  
What we can't praise, what we can't do, *Desire*;  
And therefore turn our *praises* into *prayers*,  
That Thou'lt make more such *Odes*, He more such

(*Ayes.*)

On



## I.

*On the famous Romance, called The innocent Impostor.*

**T** Will be expected now that I should raise  
 Some Monument unto the *Author's* praise,  
 The *Works*, or the *Translators*; else I fear,  
 The Reader 'll wonder what I do make here.  
 'Tis grown *Apocryphal*, and by the *Wits*  
 Quite voted down; Who hold it not befits  
 A true-born *Fancy*, to be *Smith-field-wise*  
 Put off with *Toll* and *Vouchers*; this defies  
 Such *Crutches*; for 'tis of so clear a Nature,  
 'Twill pass without the Chaplains *Imprimatur*,  
 Or our *Certificates*: Besides I carry  
 Such a dislike to all things *Customary*,  
 I'll cheat all expectation, and will be  
*Thankful* to them, but chiefly unto thee.  
 In these *Self-ended* times we only do,  
 Or thank or praise those we're beholding to:  
 So call our *Justice Charity*, and say  
 We do bestow, when we do only pay:  
 For though the work be rare; yet should it be  
 Still in its dress, what had it been to me?  
 And though translated by this worthy pen,  
 If not exposed to the view of Men,  
 I had ne'r seen't perhaps, But since all three  
 Have clubb'd in this production, I must be  
 Grateful to all, and to give all your right,  
 Must praise, and love, and thank *Bellay, Dod, Wright*.

L I.

On Dr. J. his divine Romant.

**H**ow rare ! how truly noble's this designe,  
 To make us fall in love with things *Divine* !  
 And raise our *passions* with such pious flames,  
 To court those *truths*, which lay disguis'd in *names*  
 Perplex'd and crabbed, and did heretofore  
 Lie undiscovered in their sullen *Ore* ;  
 And seem'd *unamiable* to the sense,  
 'Cause *unattainable* but by th' expence  
 Of undelightsome *labour* and much time.

This *new invention* expiates the crime,  
 Which did too much adhere to youthful *love*,  
 Directs the *soul* to doat on things above ;  
 And consecrates th' *affections* to extend  
 Their violent *motion* to their proper *end*.

The ravish'd *Puipit*, which of late was made  
 A place, not of *instruction* but of *trade* ;  
 Where *Higlers* in *Divinity* did sell  
 Salvation to us, and made *heaven and hell*  
 At their disposal, and the way to bliss,  
 More hard and crabbed then it ought or is ;  
 And did *advance* the people, or *condemn*  
 To this or that, just as we *humour'd* them :  
 Made some those heavenly *dishes* to derest  
 And loath, 'cause they so *nafsily* were drest.

But this ingenuous *Author* makes that food  
 Delightsome to the taste as well as good ;  
 And with such *flowers* the paths to virtue strews,  
 That the dull soul to heav'n delighted goes.

What

What *love*, what *praise*, what *great reward* is fit  
To his great worth, who with *Cælestial* wit,  
Informs and sanctifies our minds, and brings  
Our souls above these low *terrestrial* things!

A crown of *Stars* must deck his learned brow,  
The lawrel *Garland's* too unworthy now.

## L I I.

*On the loss of a Garrison.*

A Nother City lost! Alas poor King!  
Still *future* griefs from *former* griefs do spring.  
The *World's* a seat of change; *Kingdoms* and *Kings*,  
Though glorious, are but *sublunary* things:  
*Crosses* and  *blessings* kifs; there's none that be  
So *happy*, but they meet with *mifery*.  
He that ere while fate centred to his *Throne*,  
And all did *homage* unto him alone;  
Who did the *Scepter* of his power display  
From *pole* to *pole*, while all this *rule* obey,  
From *stair* to *stair* now *tumbles*, *tumbles* down,  
And scarce one pillar doth support his *Crown*.  
*Town* after *Town*, are lost *Field* after *Field*,  
This turns, and that *perfidiously* doth yield:  
He's banded on the trayterous tongues of those  
That *Janus* like, look to him and his *foes*.  
In vain are *Bulwarks* and the strongest Hold,  
If the besiegers *bullets* are of *gold*:  
My soul be not *dejected*; wouldst thou be  
From present *trouble*, or from *danger* free?  
Trust not in *rampires*, nor the strength of walls;  
The *town* that stands to day, to morrow falls:

Trust not in *Souldiers*, though they seem so stout ;  
 Where *sin's* within, vain is *defence* without.  
 Trust not in *wealth*, for in this lawless time  
 Where *prey* is penalty, there *wealth* is crime :  
 Trust not in *strength* or courage ; we all see  
 The weak' *st* oft-times do gain the *victory* :  
 Trust not in *honour*, honour's but a blatt,  
 Quickly begun, and but a while doth last.  
 They that to day to thee *Hosanna* cry,  
 To morrow change their note for *Crucifie* : (thee ;  
 Trust not in *friends*, for friends will soon deceive  
 They are in nothing sure, but sure to leave thee :  
 Trust not in *wits* ; who run from place to place  
 Changing *Religion* as *chance* does her face,  
 In spite of cunning, and their strength of *brain*,  
 They're often catch'd and all their plots are vain :  
 Trust not in *Councils* *Potentates*, or *Kings* ;  
 All are but frail and transitory things.  
 Since neither *Souldiers*, *Castles*, *wealth*, or *wit*,  
 Can keep off *harm* from thee, or thee from it :  
 Since neither strength nor honour, friends nor  
 Nor *Princes*, peace or happiness affords, (Lords,  
 Trust thou in God, ply him with prayers still,  
 Be sure of *help* ; for he both *can*, and *will*.

## LIII.

*Upon the Kings imprisonment.*

I Mprison me you *Traytors* ? must I be  
 Your fetter'd *slave*, while you're at liberty  
 T'usurp my *Scepter*, and to make my power  
 Gnaw its own *bowels*, and it self devour ?

YOUNG

You glorious *villains*! *Treasons* that have been  
 Done in all ages, are done o'r agen;  
 Expert *proficients*, that have far out-done  
 Your Tutors *Presidents*, and have out-run  
 The practise of all times, whose acts will be  
 Thought *Legendary* by Posterity.  
 Was't not enough you made me bear the wrong  
 of a *rebellious* sword, and *viprous* tongue,  
 To lose my *State*, my *Children*, *Crown*, and *Wife*;  
 But must you take my *liberty* and *life*?  
*Subjects* can find no fortreses but their graves,  
 When servants sway, and *Sovereigns* are slaves:  
 'Cause I'll not sign, nor give consent unto  
 Those *lawless* actions that you've done and do,  
 Nor yet betray my *Subjects*, and so be  
 As *treacherous* to them, as you to me:  
 Is this the way to *mould* me to your wills,  
 To expiate former crimes by greater ills?  
 Mistaken *fools* to think my soul can be  
 Grasp'd or infring'd by such low things as ye!  
 Alas though I'm immur'd, my mind is free,  
 I'll make your very *Gaol* my liberty.  
*Plot*, do your worst, I safely shall deride  
 In my *Crown'd* soul, your base inferiour pride,  
 And stand unmov'd, though all your *plagues* you  
 I'll dye a *Martyr*, or I'll live a *King*. (bring,

## L I V.

*On the Death of King CHARLES.*

**H**OW ! dead ! nay murthered ! not a *Comet* seen !  
 Nor one strange prodigy to intervene !  
 I'm satisfy'd ; heaven had no sight so rare ;  
 Nor so prodigious as his *murderers* are,  
 Who at this instant had not drawn the air,  
 Had they not been preserv'd b'his *Funeral Pray'r*.  
 And yet who looks aright, may plainly spy  
 The *Kingdom's* to it self a prodigy ;  
 The scatter'd *stars* have joyn'd themselves in one,  
 And have thrown *Phœbus* headlong from his throne.  
 They'd be the *Sun* themselves, and shine, and so  
 By their joynt *blaze* inflame the world below,  
 Which b' imitation does t' a *Chaos* fall,  
 And shake it self t' an *Earth-quake* general.  
 And 'tis the height of miracle that we  
 Live in these *wonders*, yet no wonders see.  
 Nature *groan'd* out her last when he did fall,  
 Whose *influence* gave quickning to us all :  
 His soul was *anthem'd* out in prayers, and those  
 Angel-like *Hallelujahs* sung in prose,  
*David* the second, we no difference knew  
 Between th' old *David's* spirit and the new :  
 In him grave *wisdome* so with *grace* combines,  
 As *Solomon* were still in *David's* loynes ;  
 And had he lived in K. *David's* time,  
 H' had equal'd him in all things but his *crime*.  
 Now since you'r gone, great P. this care we'l have,  
 Your *books* shall never find a *death* or grave ;

By whose diviner *flame*, the world must be  
 Purg'd from its dross, and chang'd to purity ;  
 Which neither *time* nor *treason* can destroy ;  
 Nor ign'rant *Error* that's more *fell* than they.  
 A piece like some rare picture, at remove,  
 Shews one side *Eagle*, and the other *Dove* :  
 Sometimes the *Reason* in it soars so high,  
 It shews affliction quells not majesty ,  
 Yet still Crown, dignity, and self deny'd,  
 It helps to bear up *courage*, though not *pride* ;  
 Trodden *humility* in robes of state,  
 Meekly despising all the frowns of *fate*.  
 Your *Grandfire* K. that shew'd what good did flow,  
 From the tall *Cedar* to the *shrub* below.  
 By violent flame to ashes though calcin'd,  
 His soul int' you we *transmigrated* find ;  
 Whose *leaves* shall like the *Cybel*s be ador'd,  
 When time shall open each *prophetick* word :  
 And shall like *Scripture* be the *Rule* of good  
 To those that shall survive the flaming flood :  
 Whose syllables are *Libraries*, and can  
 Make a small volume turn a *Vatican*.  
 So th' hunted *Bizar* when he's sure to dye,  
 Bequeaths his *cordials* to his enemy.

Rest *Royal dust*, and thank the storms that drove  
 Against their will you to your haven above.  
 They have but freed you from those *waves* that  
 (curl'd  
 Their bloody power to drown this *boistrous* world :  
 They've but chang'd *Throne* for throne, and *Crown*  
 for *Crown* ;

You took a *glorious*, laid a *thorny* down.  
 You sit among your *Peers* with *Saints* and *Kings*,  
 View how we plot for *sublunary* things ;

And

And labour for our ruine ; you did fall  
 Just like our *Saviour*, for the sins of all,  
 And for your own ; for in this impious time,  
 Virtue's a vice, and piety's a crime.

The sum of all whose faults being understood,  
 Is this, We were too *bad*, and you too *good*,

## L V.

*On the Kings Death.*

**W**Hat means this sadness ? why does every eye  
*Wallow* in tears ? what makes the lowring sky  
 Look clouded thus with sighs ? is it because  
 The great *Defender of the Faith and Laws*,  
 Is *sacrificed* to the barbarous rage,  
 Of those prodigious Monsters of our age ?  
 A prey to the insatiate will of those  
 That are the *Kings and Kingdoms* cursed foes !  
 'Tis true, there's cause enough each eye should be  
 a *Torrent*, and each man a *Niobe*,  
 To see a *wise, just, valiant, temperate* man  
 Should leave the *World*, who either will or can  
 Abstain from grief ? To see a *Father* dye,  
 And his *half-self*, and *Orphans* weeping by :  
 To see a *Master* dye, and leave a State  
 Unsetled, and *Usurpers* gape to ha't.  
 To see a *King* dissolve to, s mother dust,  
 And leave his headless *Kingdom* to the lust,  
 And the ambitious wills of such a rout,  
 Which work its *end*, to bring their own about ;  
 'Tis cause of *sorrow* ; but to see thee slain,  
 Nay mured too, makes us grieve o'r again :  
 But to be kill'd by *Servants*, or by *Friends* ;  
 This will raise such a grief as never ends :

And



And yet we find he that was all these things,  
 And more, the best of *Christians* and of *Kings*,  
 Suffer'd all this and more, whose sufferings stood  
 So much more *great* than these, as he more good.

Yet 'tis a vain thing to lament our loss;

Continued *mourning* adds but cross to cross.  
 What's past can't be recall'd; our sadness may  
 Drive us to him, but can't bring him away;  
 Nor can a Kingdom's cries re-state the *Crown*  
 Upon his head, which their *sins* tumbled down.

Rest then my soul, and be contented in  
 Thy share of sufferings, as well as sin:

I see no cause of wonder in all this,  
 But still expect such fruits of wickedness.

*Kings are but Earth* resign'd; and he that wears  
 A crown, but loads himself with griefs and fears:

The World it self to its first nothing tends;  
 And things that had beginnings, must have ends.

Those glorious lamps of Heav'n, that give us light,  
 Must at the last dissolve to darkness quite.

If the *Coelestial Architectures* go  
 To dissolution, so must earthy too.

If ruine seize on the vast frame of nature,  
 The little World must imitate the greater:

I'll put no trust in *wealth*, for I do see

*Fate* can take me from it, or it from me:

Trust not in *honour*, 'tis but peoples cry, (high:  
 Who'll soon throw down what e'er they mounted

Nor trust in *friends*; he that's now hedg'd about,  
 In time of need can hardly find one out:

Nor yet in *strength* or *power*; for sin will be

The *desolation* of my strength and me:

Nor yet in *Crowns* and *Kingdoms*; who has all,  
 's expos'd to a heavy though a royal fall.

Nor

Nor yet in *wisdom*, policy, or wit ;  
 It cannot keep me harmless, or I it :  
 He that had all man could attain unto,  
 He that did all that *wit* or *power* could do ;  
 Or grace or virtue prompt, could not avoid  
 That sad and heavy load our sins have laid  
 Upon his innocent and sacred *Head*, but must  
 Submit his person to bould *Rebels* lust ;  
 And their insatiate *rage*, who did condemn  
 And kill him, while he *pray'd* and *dy'd* for them.  
 Our only trust is in the *King of Kings*,  
 To wait with patience the event of things ;  
 He that permits the *Fathers* tumbling down,  
 Can raise, and will, the *Son* up to the Crown :  
 He that permits those *traitors* impious hands,  
 To murder his *anointed*, and his *Lands*  
 To be usurp'd, can when he sees it fit,  
 Destroy those *Monsters* which he did permit ;  
 And by their head-long and unpitied fall,  
 Make the Realms *Nuptial* of their *Funeral*.  
 Mean time that Sainted Martyr from his throne,  
 See's how these *laugh*, and his good subjects *groan* ;  
 And hugs his blessed *change*, whereby he is  
 Rob'd int' a *Crown*, and *murder'd* into a *bliss*.

## LVI.

*A Funeral Elegy.*

GON are those *Halcyon* daies, when men did dare  
 GDo good for *love*, undrawn by *gain* or *fear* ;  
 Gon are our *Heroes* whose vast souls did hate  
 Vice, though't were cloath'd in *sanctity* or *state* ;

Gon

GOD is our *Amfrey* who did then take's time  
 To dye, when *worthy* men thought life a crime ;  
 One whose pure soul with nobleness was fill'd,  
 And scorn'd to live when peace & truth were kill'd ;  
 One, who was *worthy* by descent and *birth*,  
 Yet would not live a burthen on the earth ;  
 Nor draw his *honour* from his *Grandfires* name,  
 Unless his progeny might do the same :  
 No gilded *Mammon*, yet had enough to spend,  
 To feed the poor, and entertain his friend :  
 No gaping *Miser* whose desire was more  
 T' enrich himself, by making's *neighbour* poor,  
 Then to lay out himself, his *wealth* and *health*,  
 To buy his *Countreys* good and *Common-wealth*.

*Religion* was his great delight and joy,  
 Not as 'tis now to *plunder* and *destroy* ;  
 He lean'd on those two pillars, *faith* and *reason* ;  
 Not false *Hypocrisie*, nor headlong *Treason* :  
 His *piety* was with him bred and grown ;  
 He'd build ten *Churches*, e'r he'd pull down one :  
*Constant* to's principles ; and though the times  
 Made his worth sin, and his pure vertues crimes ;  
 He stood unmov'd, spite of all troubles hurl'd,  
 And durst support, but not turn with the *World*.

Call'd to the *Magistracy*, he appear'd  
 One that desir'd more to be lov'd then fear'd :  
*Justice* and *Mercy* in him mingled so,  
 That this *flew* not too high, nor that too low :  
 His *mind* could not be carved worse or better,  
 By mean mens *flattery*, nor by great mens *letter* :  
 Nor sway'd by *Bribes*, though profer'd in the dark,  
 He scorn'd to be half *Justice*, and half *Clerk* ;  
 But all his *distributions* ev'nly ran,  
 Both to the *Peasant*, and the *Gentleman* :

He

He did what *nature* had delign'd him to,  
 In his due time, while he had strength to do:  
 And when *decay* and *age* did once draw nigh,  
 He'd nothing left to do but only *dye*:  
 And when he felt his *strength* and *youth* decline,  
 His bodies loss strength'ned his souls delign:  
 And as the one did by degrees decay,  
 T'other ran swifter up the *milkie way*.

Freed from those sicknesses that are the *pages*  
 Attending *Natures* sad decay and ages,  
 His spotless soul did from his body fly,  
 And hover in the heav'nly *Galaxy*,  
 Whence he looks down, and lets the living see,  
 What he was once, and what we ought to be.

## LVII.

*Upon the Death of that Reverend and learned Divine,  
 Mr. Josias Shute.*

**T**ush, tush! he is not dead; I lately spy'd  
 One smile at's first-born *Sons* birth; and a  
 Into her heart did entertain delight (bride  
 At the approach of her wish'd wedded night:  
 All which delights (if he were dead) would turn  
 To grief; yea *mirth* it self be forc'd to *mourn*.  
 Inspired *Poets* would forget to laugh,  
 And write at once his and *Mirths* *Epitaph*.  
*Sighs* would engross our breath, there would appear  
*Anthems* of joy, lymbeck'd into a tear:  
 Each face would be his *death-bed*; in each eye,  
 'Twere easie then to read his *Elegy*;

Each *soul* would be *close-mourner*, each tongue tell  
 Stories prick'd out to'th tune o'th *Passing bell* ;  
 The *World* re-drown'd in tears, each heart would be  
 a *Marble-stone*, each stone a *Niobe*.

But he alas is gone, nor do we know,  
 To pay for loss of him deserving wo ;  
 Like *Bankrupts* in our grief, because we may  
 Not half we owe him give, we'l nothing pay :  
 For should our tears like the *Ocean* issue forth,  
 They could not swell adæquate to his worth :  
 So far his worth's above our knowledge, that  
 We only know we've lost, we know not what.  
 The mourning *Heaven*, beholding such a dearth  
 Of tears, shows rain to liquifie the earth,  
 That we may see from its *adulterate* womb,  
 If it be possible, a second come :  
 Till then 'tis our unhappiness, we can't  
 Know what good dwelt in him, but by the want.

He was no *whirlegig Lett'rer* of the times,  
 That from a heel-block to a *Pulpit* climbs ;  
 And there such stuff among their *Audients* break,  
 They seem to have mouth, and words, yet cannot  
 Nor such as into *Pasquil* Pulpits come (speak :  
 With thundering non-sense, but to beat the *Drum*  
 To *Civil Wars* ; whose *Texts* and *Doctrines* run,  
 As if they were o'th *separation* :  
 And by their spiritual law have marry'd been  
 Without a ring, because they were no kin :  
 Knowledge and zeal, in him so sweetly met,  
 His *Pulpit* seem'd a second *Oliver* ;  
 Where from his lips he would deliver things,  
 As though some *Seraphin* had clap'd his wings :  
 His painful *Sermons* were so neatly dress'd,  
 As if an *Anthem* were in prose express'd :

Divinity

Divinity and Art were so united,  
 As if in him both were *Hermaphrodited*.  
 Oh what an ex'llent *Surgeon* has he been,  
 To Set a conscience (out of joynt by sin;) *To*  
 He at one *blow* could wound and heal; we all  
 Wondred to see a *purge*, a *cordial*:  
 His *Manna-breathing* Sermons often have  
 Given all our good thoughts life, our bad a *grave*.  
*Satan*, and *Sin*, were never more put to't, (*Shute*:  
 Then when they met with their still-conquering  
 His life was the *use* of's doctrine; so'twas known  
 That *Shute*, and *Saint*, were convertible grown:  
 He did live *Sermons*; the *Prophane* were vext  
 To see his actions *comments* on his *Text*:  
 So imitable his vertues did appear  
 As if each place to him a *Pulpit* were:  
 He was himself a *Synod*, ours had been  
 Void (had he liv'd) or but an idle dinn:  
 His *presence* so divine, that Heaven might be  
 (If it were possible) more *Heavenly*.

And now we well perceive with what intent  
 Death made his soul become *non-resident*:  
 'Twas to make him (such honours to him given)  
*Regius Professor* to the King of Heaven:  
 By whom he's *prelated* above the skies,  
 And the whole World's his *See* t' *Episcopize*:  
 So that (me think) one *Star* more doth appear  
 In our *Horizon*, since his being there;  
 Death's grown *tyrannical* by imitation,  
 'Cause he was learned, by a *sequestration*  
 He took his living; butfor's *Benefice*  
 He is rewarded with eternal blifs.

Let'a all prepare to follow him, for hee's  
 But gone to *Glory* School, to take *degrees*.

## LVIII.

To the memory of Doctor Hearn, who dyed September, 15. 1644.

Ad Spectacle of grief ! how frail is *Man* !  
 Whose self's a bubble, and his life a span !  
 Whose breath's like a careering shade, whose sun  
 Begins to set, when it begins to run.  
 Lo this Mans sun sets i'th Meridian ;  
 And this man's sun, speaks him the son of *Man*.

Among the rest that come to sacrifice  
 To's memory the torrents of their eyes ;  
 I though a stranger, and though none of those  
 That weep in *rhythms*, though I oft mourn in *prose* :  
 Sigh out some grief, and my big-belly'd eyes,  
 Long for delivery at his obsequies :  
 For he that writes but truth of him, will be,  
 Though without art, *slander'd* with poeſie :  
 And they that praise him right in prose or verse,  
 Will by the most be thought Idolaters.  
 Men are incredulous ; and yet there's none  
 Can write his worth in *verse*, but in his own.  
 He needs no other monument of fame,  
 But his own actions, to blaze out his name.

He was a glory to the Doctors Gown ;  
 Help to his Friends, his Countrey, and his Town :  
 The *Atlas* of our health, who oft did groan  
 For others sickness, e'r he felt his own  
 Hippocrates, and Galen, in his brain,  
 Met as in *Gemini* ; it did contain  
 A Library of skill, a panoply,  
 A Magazine of ingenuity :

With every Art his brain so well was *mated*,  
 As if his fancy had been calculated  
 For that *Meridian* ; he none would follow,  
 But was in skill the *Britannish Apollo* :  
 His *Patients* grow impatient, and the fears  
 Of death, lymbeck'd their body into tears.

The widow'd Muses do lament his death ;  
 Those that wrote *mirth*, do now retract their breath,  
 And breath their souls in sighs ; each strives to be  
 No more *Thalia*, but *Melpomene* :  
 He stood a Champion in defence of health,  
 And was a terrour to death's Common-wealth :  
 His *Esculapian* art revok'd their breath,  
 And often gave a *non-suit* unto death.  
 Now we've a rout, death kills our *General*,  
 Our griefs break forth, grow *Epidemical*.  
 Now we must lay down arms, and *Captives* turn  
 To death ; man has no *rampire* but an urn :

In him death gets an *University* ;  
 Happy the bodies that so neer him lye,  
 To hear his worth and wit, 'tis now no fear  
 To dye, because we meet a *Hearne* there.

*Earth-quakes*, and *Cemets* usher great mens fall,  
 At his we have an *Earth-quake General* ;  
 Th' ambitious *vallies* do begin t' aspire,  
 And would confront the *Mountains*, nay be higher ;  
 Inferior *orbes* aspire, and do disdain  
 Our *Sol* ; each *Bear* would ride in *Charles* his wain :  
 Our Moon's eclips'd, and th' *Occidental Sun*  
 Fights with old *Aries* for his *Horizon* :  
 Each petty *Star* gets horses, and would be  
 All *Sols*, and joyn to make a *prodigie*.  
 All things are out of course, which could not be,  
 But that we should some eminent *death* foresee.

Yet



Yet let's not think him *dead* who ne'r shall dye,  
 Till time be gulf'd in vast *eternity* :  
 'Tis but his *shadow* that is past away ;  
 While he's *eclips'd* in earth, another day  
 His better part shall pierce the skies, and shine  
 In glory 'bove the Heavens *Chrystalline*.  
 We could not understand him; he's gone higher  
 To read a Lecture to an *Angels Quire* :  
 He is advanced up a higher *Story*,  
 To take's degrees i'th upper *Form* of glory :  
 He is our *Prodrome*, gone before us whither  
 We all must go, though all go not together :  
 Dust will dissolve to dust, to earth ; earth are  
 (all men ;  
 And must all dye, none knows how, where, nor  
 (when.

## LIX.

*An Elegy on the death of his School-master, Mr. W. H.*

Mult he dye thus? has an eternal sleep  
 Seiz'd on each muse, that it can't sing nor weep?  
 Had he no friends? no merits? or no purse  
 To purchase mourning? or had he that curse  
 Which has the scraping worldling still frequented,  
 To live unlov'd and perish unlamented?

No, none of these; but in this *Atlas* fall,  
 Learning for present found its funeral:  
 Nor was't for want of grief, but scope and vent;  
 Not sullenness, but deep astonishment;  
 Small griefs are soon wept out; but great ones come  
 With bulk, and strike the straight lamenters dumb.

This was the School-matter that did derive  
 From *parts* and *piety's* prerogative,  
 The glory of that good, but painful art ;  
 Who had high learning yet an humble heart.  
 The *Drake* of Grammer learning, whose great pain,  
 Circled that globe, and made that voyage plain.

*Time* was, when th'artless *pedagogue* did stand  
 With his *vimineous* Scepter in his hand,  
 Raging like *Bajazet* o'r the tugging fry ;  
 Who though *unhors'd* were not of th' infantry ;  
 Applying, like a glister, *hic hac hoc*,  
 Till the poor Lad's beat to a whipping-block ;  
 And school'd so long to know a *Verb* and *Noun*,  
 Till each had *Propria maribus* of his own :  
 As if not fit to learn *As in presenti* ;  
 But legally, when they were *one and twenty*.  
 Those few that went to th' *Universities* then,  
 Went with *deliberation*, and were *men* ;  
 Nor were our *Academies* in those daies  
 Fill'd with *chuck-farthing* Batchelors and boyes,  
 But Scholars with more beard and age went hence,  
 Then our new *Lapwing-Lectures* skip from thence.

By his industrious labour, now we see  
 Boyes coated born to th' *University*,  
 Who suck'd in *Latine*, and did scorn to seek  
 Their scourge and top in *English* but in *Greek* :  
*Hebrew*, the general puzzler of old heads,  
 Which the gray dunce with pricks and comments reads,  
 And dubs himself a *Scholar* by it, grew  
 As natural t' him as if he'd been a *Jew*.

But above all, he timely did inspire  
 His Scholars breasts with an ætherial fire :  
 And sanctify'd their early learning so,  
 That they in *grace*, as they in *wit* did grow :

Yet

Yet neither's *grace* nor *learning* could defend him  
 From that *mortality* that did attend him ;  
 Nor can there now be any difference *known*,  
 between his *learned bones*, and those with *none*.  
 For that *grand Lev'ler* death hurles to one place,  
*Rich, poor, wise, foolish, noble, and the base*.

This only is our *comfort* and *defence*,  
 He was not *immaturely* ravish'd hence.  
 But to our *benefit*, and to his *own*,  
 Undying *fame* and *honour*, let alone,  
 Till he had *finish'd* what he was to do,  
 Then *naturally* split himself in two.

And that's *one* cause he had so *few* *moyle eyes*,  
 He made men *learned*, and that made them *wise*,  
 And over-rule their *passions*, since they see  
*Tears* would but shew their *own infirmities* :  
 And 'tis but *loving madness* to deplore  
 The fate of him, that shall be seen no more :  
 But only I cropt in my *tender years*,  
 Without a *tongue*, or *wit*, but sighs and tears ;  
 And Yet I come to offer what is *mine*,  
 An *immolation* to his *honour'd shrine* ;  
 And retribute what he confer'd on me,  
 Either to's *person*, or *his memory*.

Rest *pious soul*, and let that happy grave  
 That is intrusted with thy *Relicks* have

This just *inscription*, That it holds the dust  
 Of one that was *Wise, Learned, Pious, Just*.

## L X.

*An Epitaph.*

**I**F beauty, birth, or friends, or virtue cou'd  
 Preserve from *putrefaction* flesh and bloud,  
 This Lady had still liv'd ; and had all those,  
 And all that *Nature, Art* or *Grace* bestowes.  
 But death regards not bad or good ;  
 All that's *mortal* is his food.  
 Only here our comfort lyes,  
 Though death does all sorts confound,  
 Her better part surmounts the *skies*,  
 While her *Body* sleeps i'th ground.  
 Her soul returns to *God*, from whom it came,  
 And her great virtues do *embalm* her name.

## L X I.

*An Epitaph upon Mrs. G.*

**W**Ho ever knows or hears whose sacred bones  
 Rest here within these *monumental* stones ;  
 How dear a *mother*, and how sweet a *wife*,  
 If he has *bowels*, cannot for his life,  
 But on her ashes must some tears distill,  
 For if *men* will not weep, this *marble* will.



# EPIGRAMS

Translated.

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I.

*On Rome.*

**T**Rav'ller, thou look'st for *old Rome* in the  
 (new,  
 And yet in *Rome*, thou nought of *Rome* canst  
 Behold the frame of walls, dis-joynted stone, (view.  
 And the vast Theatre, that's overthrown;  
 Lo here's *Romes* carcass still; thou may'st behold  
 How the *new Rome* is threatned by the old.  
 Learn hence the power of fate, fix'd things decay,  
 But that that's alwaies tofs'd & mov'd, does stay.

## II.

*On a Quarreller.*

**A** Humorous fellow in a Tavern late,  
 Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate;  
 The Surgeon with his instruments and skill,  
 Searches his skull deeper, and deeper still,  
 To feel his brains, and tries if those were sound,  
 And as he keeps ado about the wound,  
 The fellow cries, Good Surgeon spare the pains;  
 When I began this brawl, I had no brains.

## III.

*On a Lover.*

**W**hat various griefs within my breast do <sup>(grow?)</sup>  
 I burn, yet from my flames my tears do flow.  
 I'm Nile, and ~~Etne~~ both together grown,  
 For the same grief does both enflame and drown.  
 O let my tears, make my strong flames expire,  
 Or let my tears be drunk up by my fire.

## IV.

*On Gold.*

**I**N vain was Dthae clos'd in brazen Tower,  
 No brazen fort keeps out a golden showre.

V.

To a Friend.

**T**Hou sent'st me *Wine*, I'd too much *Wine* before;  
Send *thirst*, if thou would'st send to please me  
(more.

VI.

On Alexander.

**G**reat *Alexander* thought the *World* too small,  
Which he with's *warlike* hand subdu'd and beat.  
But did not he himself most little call?  
He in a *little World* could not be great.

VII.

On a Bankrupt.

**A** *Bankrupt* heard a *Thief* enter by stealth  
His house by night, and search about for's  
(wealth.  
In vain (quoth he) thou look'st for goods by night,  
For I my self can see none when 'tis light.

VIII. On

## VIII.

*On a Priest and a Thief.*

**A** Priest did with a thief together come,  
 To th' place where he was to receive his doom;  
 Said; be not sad, do but believe, and thou  
 Shalt be a guest, to feast with Angels now.  
 He sigh'd, and said; if you'll true comfort shew,  
 Go then and take my place, I'll stay below.  
 No, quoth the Priest, this day I keep a fast,  
 And cannot eat until this day be past.

## IX.

*On Love and Death.*

**L**ove once and Death chang'd weapons, & Death (took  
 Loves fiery dart, while Cupid got Death's hook.  
 Love at the body, Death at th' mind lets fly,  
 This makes old men to love, and young men dye.

## X.

*On Women.*

**W**omen are pleasant evils, and they have  
 Two proper seasons, when in bed or grave.

XI. *On*



## X I.

*On the Wolf Sentenc'd.*

**T**He Countrey people once a *Wolf* did take;  
 That of their *Sheep & Lambs* did havock make;  
 Some *voted* that he should be *crucifi'd*;  
 Others would have him in the *fire* be fry'd:  
 Some, to be hew'd in pieces with a sword,  
 And to be thrown to *dogs* to be devour'd:  
 Among the rest, one whom unlucky fate  
 Had doom'd to th' troubles of a *married State*,  
 (The common lot of men) oh? Friends (sayes he)  
 Lay by your forks, and ropes, that knotty be;  
 The sword, the fire, the guns, the cross, the whips,  
 Are but slight tortures, I have one out-strips,  
 All those, if you would punish him to th' life,  
 Fit for his crimes, then let him wed a wife.

## X I I.

*On one more learned then others.*

**T**Hou mak'st thy self more learned then thy bet-  
 And brag'st thou know'st *Greek, Hebrew, La-*  
 (tens,  
 tine letters.)  
 Thou hast them in thy fore-head, and thy hand,  
 As if th' hadst all the tongues at thy command;  
 For the executioner has made thee more  
 Letter'd by far then thou wert e'r before.

XIII. *On*

## XIII.

*On Galia.*

**B**Lame not fair *Galia* that she'd married be,  
 (Though she be fair) to one that could not see :  
 For in that thing in which she took delight,  
 And which he lov'd, there is no need of sight.

## XIV.

*On one Lowfie and Poor.*

**A** Lowfie fellow once was ask'd, how he  
 Having so many cattel, poor could be ?  
 He answer'd hence proceeds my poverty,  
 Though I'd sell all for nought, yet none would buy.

## XV.

*A happy Death.*

**L**Earn to live well, if thou'dst dye happily ;  
 And that thou may'st live happy, learn to dye.

XV. On

## XVI.

*On Nero.*

W HEN bloody *Nero* his own mother slew,  
He did not hurt her face, or eyes, 'tistrue;  
But ripp'd her *bowels* up; 'twas justly done,  
They'd guilt enough in breeding such a *Son*.

---

## XVII.

*On Love.*

L OVE is a Merchandize, and *Venus* drove  
The first *Monopoly*; Rich only Love:  
What cannot fortune hire alas for gold?  
When *Gods* themselves for this are bought and sold?

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## XVIII.

*Rules of Drinking.*

I F the *Philosopher* sayes true, the first  
Draught 'is refreshment unto them that thirst;  
The second, *mirth* and *wit* doth still afford;  
But perfect *drunkenness* issues from the third.  
If to these rigid rules you'l me confine,  
Hence glasses; I'll in *flagons* drink my *Wine*.

## XIX.

*A vain Boaster.*

**T**Hou need'st not boast, cause thou afore does  
If that be honour, *my dog does so too.* (go,

## X X.

*To Momus.*

**T**Hou call'st me begger, *Momus*, and dost tell  
I must not triumph so, nor so much swell,  
Because I have but *little*; and yet that  
Is not my own, but other Mens *Estate*:  
Why shouldst thou thus upbraid me with my want?  
Must I be blam'd because my *fortunes* scant?  
I'm honest still; thou liv'st by *theft* alone;  
Between us two the difference is none;  
For both of us on others bread do dine;  
Only thou *steal'st* thy meat, I *beg* for mine.

## X X I.

*On Phillis Tears.*

**W**HEN *Phillis* comes t' her husbands grave, she (brings  
No *garlands*, nor with *Odoriferous* things  
Sprinkles the ground: only her tears doth shed  
Upon the grave, wherein her joy was laid.

The flowers do straight spring up, as if she had  
(power  
To ripen with her eyes, and *moisten with her showre.*

XXII.

*On a proud Foolish*

**T**Hou call'st me ignorant ; 'tis true ; but how,  
If I know more then *Socrates* did know ?  
He knew one thing, that *he did nothing know* ;  
I know two things, that I know nought, nor thou.

XXIII.

*On Time.*

**O**ur joyful years do pass too soon away,  
A minutes grief seems an eternal day.

XXIV.

*On a blind, and lame Beggar.*

**H**ow happily fate hath together joyn'd,  
Two feeble men, one lame, and t' other blind !  
The blind Man bears the lame, the lame supplies  
By his direction, t' other's want of eyes.  
See what the iron power of need can do,  
It makes the blind to see, the lame to go.

XXV.

## XXV.

*On a Spartan Lady.*

**A** *Spartan* Lady bravely flew her son,  
 Because she saw him from the battail run;  
 Thou canst not be (quoth she) a *Spartan* known,  
 Unless thy valiant mind declare thee one.

## XXVI.

*On Philip of Macedon.*

**J**ove, shut the gates of heav'n, for *Philip* says,  
 He'll enter it; since *earth* and sea obeys  
 His powerful scepter, there is left no room  
 On *earth* for him, he must to *heaven* come.

## XXVII.

*The Answer.*

**I** Will not though I may, shut heaven gates,  
 Nor do I care for *Philip*, or his threats:  
 If *Earth* and *Sea* his scepter do obey,  
 The way to *Heaven's* too narrow, *Hell's* his way.

## XXVIII.

*Frugality.*

USe thy Estate, as if thou'ldst dye to day,  
 Yet spare thy Estate as if thou'ldst live for ay:  
 He's truly wise who whe'r he spend or spare,  
 Observes the mean, and does extremes forbear.

## XXIX.

*On two Wives.*

I Blame him not, who having one wife had,  
 Another seeks; the last was good or bad;  
 If good, he hopes there are of such good store;  
 If bad, he hopes, he shall have such no more.

## XXX.

*On a Murtherer.*

A Flying Murthrer lay beneath a wall  
 That was all ruinous, and like to fall:  
 An Angel to him did in's sleep appear,  
 Bad him be gone, and lodge some other where:  
 No sooner gone, but down the wall straight fell;  
 Then he thanks God, that he escap'd so well.  
 The Angel said, Dost think I like thy deed,  
 Because from this destruction I thee freed?  
 Sins of this nature never scape my curse;  
 Thou'rt saved from this death, to meet a worse.

## XXXI.

*On a Fisherman.*

**A** Fisher while he angled in a brook,  
 A dead mans *skull* by chance hung on his hook;  
 The pious man in pity did it take,  
 To bury it, a Grave with's hand did make;  
 And as he digg'd, found *gold*: Thus to good men,  
 Good *turns* with good *turns* are repay'd agen.

## XXXII.

*On a burnt Ship.*

**U**Nhappy Ship, that must by flames expire,  
 And having scap'd by *waters*, fall by *fire*!  
 The *Step-dame* Sea hath safely landed Thee;  
 Thy mother *Earth*'s more treacherous then she.

## XXXIII.

*Aiter.*

**I** That ere while, of waters was afraid,  
 For lack of waters, am by *fire* destroy'd:  
 You waves, whom late I curst, I now implore,  
 Then I'd *too much*, and now I long for *more*.

XXXIV. On



## XXXIV.

*On a Covetous Man.*

**T**Hou that art counted rich, I count thee poor ;  
*Use* only shews our *wealth* ; we have no more  
 Then what we use ; what we keep for our *heirs*,  
 We cannot say 'tis our goods, for 'tis theirs.

## XXXV.

*On Hermocrates.*

**H***ermocrates* made's will, when sickness came,  
 And made himself Exec'tor of the same :  
 Then he began to count, how much 't would cost  
 To th' *Doctor* and himself, for the health he'd lost ;  
 But when he saw to how much it did come,  
 He'd rather *dye*, then give so great a sum :  
 So to keep's wealth, and to save charges, dies ;  
 His *Heirs* do mourn in *Sack*, and *braveries*.

## XXXVI.

*On a poor and sick Man.*

**W**Hen age and sickness did upon me seize,  
 Of age none could, of *want* none would me  
 (ease.

With palsy'd limbs, I to my grave did go,  
 And there did end my want and sickness too :  
 The lawes of fate preposterously were plac'd ;  
 I found my *grave* at first, my *death* at last.

## XXXVII.

*On a Hare.*

**A** Hare unsafe by land, leap'd into th' *main*,  
 Flying land-dogs, was by a sea-dog slain.  
 Poor worm ! flies she to *Earth*, to *Sea*, to *Skie*,  
 Each hath a *dog*, and she by *dogs* must dye.

## XXXVIII.

*On Balaams Ass.*

**T**He Prophet *Balaam* wondred heretofore  
 An Ass could speak, and now there's none  
 (speak more.

## XXXIX.

*Upon Democritus and Heraclitus.*

**W**EEP *Heraclitus* ; it fits the age where in  
 Nothing but filth, nothing but sorrow's seen:  
 And laugh *Democritus*, laugh while thou *list*,  
 Nothing but folly, nought but vain thou seest.

This

This alwaies weeps, that still remains in gladness;  
 Yet both endure one labour, both on sadness.  
 Now need requires (since all the World is mad))  
 A thousand laughing, and a thousand sad:  
 'Tis time the World turn'd (madness is so fore)  
 T' Anticera, the grass to Hellebore.

## X L.

Out of Catullus.

MY Mistress saith she'll marry none but me,  
 Though Jove himself should force her unto  
 But Womens words unto their lovers be (it:  
 So firm, they may in wind or waves be writ.

## X L I.

On an Astronomer that tryed by rules of Art to find  
 whether he were a Cuckold.

Star-gazing fool? thou from the signs would'st see,  
 And Planets face what thy wives dealings be.  
 She does her works below, where Sun ne'r pries,  
 And though she's light, she mounts not to the skies,  
 'Cause she's kept down by men; if in the sphear  
 Thou Venus see, thou think'st thy wife is there:  
 And if the Bull or Aries thou dost see,  
 Thou think'st they are reflections of thee.

Fool keep at home : when thou abroad dost go,  
 In imitation her legs do so too :  
 And when thou gazeſt in the ſkies to know  
 Her works, ſhe does even what ſhe pleaſe below.

## XLII.

*On Geneva's Arms.*

**G**ENEVA bears the Eagle and the Key ;  
 The Empires this, and that the Papacy :  
 If th' Emperour's Eagle, and the Pope agen  
 Reſume his Key, where is thy Empire then ?

## XLIII.

*To a ſad Widow.*

**W**HILE widdow'd wife, for thy drown'd huſ-  
 Doſt with perpetual tears thy cheeks bedew,  
 Eterniz'd in three graves his happy ſhade,  
 In water twice, and once in Earth is laid.

## XLIV.

*On a bribed Judge.*

**T**WO parties had a difference, and the cauſe  
 Did come to be decided by the Laws :

The

The bribing *Plaintiff* did the *Judge* present  
 With a new *Coach* ; T'other with same intent,  
 Gives him two *Horses* ; each with like design,  
 To make the *Judge* to his own side incline.  
 The cause being try'd, the *Plantiffs* overthrown ;  
 O *Coach* (quoth he) thou art the wrong way gone ;  
 The *Judge* reply'd, It cannot but be so ;  
 For where his *Horses* draw, your *Coach* must go.

---

## XLV.

*To a jealous Husband.*

IN vain thou shutt'st thy doors by day, in vain  
 Windows by night, thy wives lust to refrain ;  
 For if a *Woman* only chaste will be  
 In watch and ward, she has no *chastity*.

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## XLVI.

*On proud Rome.*

SHUT up (ye Gods) the gates of Heaven above,  
 And do thou keep thy heavenly Castle *Jove* :  
 Now sea and Land are subject unto *Rome* ;  
 Only to *Heaven* they've yet a path to come.



Then snow what's colder? yet 't had pow'r t' inflame  
 My breast, when from my *Julia's* hand it came?  
 What place have lovers free from treacheries,  
 When fire within congealed water lies?  
*Julia* alone can make my flames expire,  
 Yet not with ice, or snow, but equal fire.

## L.

*An Essay of the Contempt of Greatness: being a  
 Dialogue of Lucian made English.*

*Lucian,*

(trim'd,

W Ith a long beard and broad, with hair un-  
 Coatless, and shooe-less, almost naked limb'd;  
 A wandring life you lead, as *beasts* do do,  
 No certain place are you confin'd unto:  
 On the bare ground, and in the open air,  
 You rest your bones; the *mantle* which you wear,  
 Your *only garment* both for night and day;  
 Though *rough* and *course*, had worn it self away;  
 But by the *dirt* that does thereon abide,  
 Its gaping cranies daily are supply'd;  
 The *earth* and *air* both, you about you bear:  
 As *earth* 'tis dirty, and as thin as *air*:  
 Grave Sir, what may you be pray?

*Cynicus*

Young-man, why

Seems this so strange t' yon? here you see live I  
 Content with what I can with *ease* obtain,  
 And without injury or danger gain:  
 What costs no *grief*, nor *trouble*, I can feed  
 And cloath my self withall, I nothing need,

But

But unconcern'd can pass by and deride  
 All, but what serves to *nourish, warm, and hide* :  
 Pray tell me, do you think, that viciousness  
 Lies in superfluous luxury ?

L. Surely yes.

C. And don't you judge *frugality* in men  
 To be a virtue too ?

L. I do.

C. Why, then

When you see me more *thriftilly* to live  
 Then other men, and them their minds to give  
 To *cost* and *dainties*, can it justice be  
 To *wink* at those, and only censure me ?

L. Alas Sir, 'tis not *Thriftilly* you live,  
 But *niggardly* and *basely*. God does give  
 With liberal hand his gifts, and with the same  
 We ought to take them, and we're much too blame  
 If we neglect them ; for we shall make void  
 Those  *blessings*, which he sends to be enjoyed.  
 You pine your self, make your *enjoyment* scant  
 By *wilful affectation* still to want,  
 And live in poverty.

C. Therefore I pray,  
 Since we are gone so forward in the way ;  
 Let's well consider, what by *wanton's* meant,  
 Or penury, and what's sufficient.

L. Please you, let it be so ;

C. Is that which can  
 Supply the just necessity of man,  
 Esteem'd *sufficient* ? or d'you judge or know  
 A thing to be desired beyond that ?

L. No.

C. May it be then call'd *indigence* or want,  
 Or poverty, when men sufficient han't ?

L. It



L. It may no doubt.

C. Then I've sufficient, for I am without  
Nothing that should supply *necessity* :  
More I nor *crave* nor *want*.

L. How can that be ?

C. You'll quickly know, if you do well pretend  
And observe rightly, what's the proper end  
Those things were made for, which you say we *need*.  
Is not a house a shelter ?

L. Yes indeed.

C. And are not *garments* coverings ?

L. True, they be.

C. Both these *defend* and *cover* us, that we,  
Whom these do *shelter*, and do *cover* so,  
By their *defence* and *warmth* should better grow.

L. No question.

C. Do my feet now seem to you  
The worse, because not cover'd from your view ?

L. I know not truly.

C. If you do not know,  
Learn what's the office of the feet.

L. To go.

C. And do my feet go worse then others do.

L. Perhaps they don't.

C. Nay they do not, I know ;  
And since their office they perform as well  
*Naked* as *clad*, why should the clad excel ?  
And for my body, why's not that as good  
As other men's ? if it were not, it wou'd  
Be more *diseas'd*, *infirm* and weak then theirs :  
But no *infirmity* in mine appears ;  
And therefore since that *health* and *strength* do show  
A bodies excellence, why's not mine so ?  
Does this appear diseased ?

L. Not

L. Not to me.

C. Therefore my feet or body cannot be  
In want of other covering ; for ne'r doubt it,  
If they did want, they'd be the worse without it ;  
For *want's* a real evil to mankind ;  
What e'r we need, we *languish* till we find.  
I thrive in body, and look fresh you see,  
And sound and strong ; my meat does nourish me ;  
That fare that's counted course and vile by you,  
Makes me both strong and healthful.

L. Very true.

C. Else how could aged I who've liv'd so long,  
Remain so nimble, active, and so strong ?  
Did I on *dainties* feed, and gayly go,  
To pamper *appetite* as others do ;  
Dwingle and pine I should, like them whose food,  
Thought twice more costly, is not half so good.

L. Perhaps you might.

C. What reason then is there,  
Why you should pass a censure so severe  
Upon my way of living, and esteem it  
Wretched and miserable ?

L. I so deem it,  
Because great nature (whom we all adore)  
And the great *Gods* this spacious world did store,  
With such variety of *gifts*, and those so good,  
So excellent both for our ease and food,  
In such *abundance* too, that they supply  
Our coy *delight* as *well's necessity*,  
And made all *common* as the world is, that  
All might of all alike participate :  
These blessings then we may, nay ought t'enjoy,  
And not to be so overnice and coy,

To sleight them all, or all but very few,  
As they're neglected by the beasts and you :  
Water you drink as *beasts* do, and you eat  
What you next find, as *dogs* do drink and meat ;  
And lodging's all alike ; to rest or feast,  
You have no better pattern then the beast :  
The *grounds* your common bed, and for your cloaths,  
They'r such as every beggar justly loaths.  
You do content your self with things thus vile,  
Thus poor, and thus contemptible ; the while  
Our bounteous God spreads his unwearied hand,  
And with variety gluts sea and land ;  
Puts his fat cattle on our flowry plains,  
And fructifies the teeming earth with rains ;  
Who makes returns in *fruits* such various store,  
Nature her self doth seem embroyder'd o'r.  
The *tugging* Bee brings her mellifluous juice,  
Extracted from all flowers for mans use :  
Oyl like a deluge over-whelms the ground ;  
And *Amber* floating on the sea is found :  
Peoples the seas with fishes, and each field,  
Groans as o'r burden'd with the *corn* they yield ;  
With various rare productions of such things  
As our delight, and with't our wonder brings.  
But above all the amorous fruitful *Vine*,  
Hugs the tall trees, and the heart-cheering *Wine*,  
Blushes and swells in the plump grapes which be  
*Drunk* with their own rare juyce, and why should we  
B'endow'd with these abilities which we find,  
Do fill the body, and adorn the mind ?  
Why have we strength, and art, and wit to frame  
Such stately fabricks, but t'enjoy the same ?  
And why does Art such various things produce,  
But for our ornament, delight, and use ?

If

If you do well in slighting these things thus,  
 God did not well in sending them to us :  
 Should you by any other be debar'd  
 Th' enjoyment of these things, how ill and hard  
 would it appear t' you ? it would vex your mind,  
 As much as if you're fetter'd and confin'd :  
 Why then does your own self restrain,  
 And limit from them thus ?

C. I should disdain  
 Indeed to be confin'd by other men,  
 And kept from these enjoyments so ; but then  
 Hear me a little ; let me ask you this ;  
 Suppose a man that *rich* and *bounteous* is,  
 Should make a sumptuous *feast*, and should *invite*  
 Guests of all sorts, and please their appetite  
 With *cheer* of all sorts too ; for *strong men strong*  
 Dishes ; and for the *weaker* palats mix among  
 Some milder *delicates*, and fill his feast  
 To the *degree* and *palat* of each *guest* ;  
 If 'mong the guests there should be *one* that wou'd  
 Snatch and devour all that on th' table stood,  
*Reaching* from end to end ; though *lusty* and *strong*,  
 Yet eats those meats that to the weak belong ;  
 Out-sits all others and out-feeds 'um too,  
 Would you think this man *temperate* ?

L. Surely no.

Nor temperate, nor good.

C. But then suppose  
 Another person should neglect all those  
 Delicious *junkats*, and that *costly fare*,  
 And those enticing *delicates* that are  
 Superfluously invented to invite  
 To new attempts the sated appetite,

And placeth in one plain and wholsome dish,  
 All that he needs, and all that others wish,  
 And feeds but sparingly thereon, don't you  
 Think this a temperate man?

L. Indeed I do

And on just reason.

C. Do you apprehend  
 By what I say, what 'tis I do intend?  
 Or shall I tell you?

L. Pray explain your mind.

C. God's this feast-Master, who of every kind  
 With store of various blessings has supply'd  
 Our various wants, and vast desires beside:  
 For healthy men and strong he doth provide,  
 Such diet as their health and strength can 'bide;  
 The sick and weak he doth with food supply  
 Apt for their sickness and infirmity:  
 Not that we all should upon all things feed;  
 But all have all things that they truly need:  
 Yet so enrag'd our vast desires still be,  
 And so insatiate is our mind, that we  
 Reach at, and gripe what e'r we meet withall;  
 And alwaies think what e'r we have too small  
 T'appease our appetite that still aspires;  
 And new enjoyments breed but new desires:  
 The Land and Seas both contribute their store  
 To our fond wills, yet still we long for more.  
 What nature scatters with her lib'ral hand  
 O'r the wide earth, we ransack for; no land,  
 No Sea so dangerous, nor so far remote,  
 But we invade to fill the craving throat,  
 And oft neglect what's wholsome, and what's good,  
 Because 'tis easie, or 'tis common food;

Preferring things bought *dearly*, and fetcht far,  
 Before all such as in their nature are  
 Useful and good; as if their vertue were  
 Not to be good, but *difficult* and *dear* :  
 And therefore choosing rather to endure  
 A *restless*, then a quiet life and pure.  
 Consider all those *things*, which you provide  
 To gratifie your *humour*, *lust*, or *pride* :  
 Your *stately buildings*, costly furniture ;  
 Imbroydred garments, made to tempt the viewer ;  
 Your *gold and silver jewels*, and your *rings*,  
 And such *unnneedful*, and *unuseful things* ;  
 For which you *vainly* ranfack every nation,  
 Not for *necessity*, but *ostentation* :  
 With how much toyle, and how much *danger* they  
 Must be *procur'd* and *purchas'd* for you, nay  
 With how much *bloud* and *slaughter* of *poor men* ;  
 Whom your *vain luxury* does make so, when  
 They for their *livelihood* must *plow* the *seas*,  
 And traverse *foreign land* meerly to please  
 Your *pamper'd appetites*, and find their grave  
 I'th *bosome* of an *unrelenting wave* ;  
 Or if they scape the *seas*, they meet by *land*  
 Men *crueller* then *waves*, or *rocks*, or *sand* :  
 And when they are through *dangers*, *costs*, and *pains*,  
*Purchas'd* and *brought*, disturb our hearts and brains ;  
 And cause *disfentions*, *treacheries*, and *blowes* ;  
*Murthers* and *thefts*, *frauds*, *rapines*, make friends foes ;  
 Make *brothers* brawl with *brothers*, and *inspires*  
*Sons* with unnatural rage against their *Sires* ;  
*Husbands* destroy their *Spouses*, and the *Wives*  
*Break off* all *bonds*, and *snatch* their *husbands* lives.  
 So did it make *Euriphile* of old,  
 Basely betray her husband for his Gold.

Yet

Yet when all's done, these costly garments can  
*Warm* or *defend* or *dignify* a man,  
 No more then those which only serve for use :  
 Nor do your stately fabricks more conduce  
 Unto our *shelter* and *protection*, then  
 Those humble *Cottages*, which old wise men  
 Built for *necessity*, to guard, and warm's  
 Against the rage of rapine or of storms :  
 Those spacious dishes; and vast *goblets* too,  
 Wherein you riot, not for need, but shew ;  
 Though beaten silver, or of massie *gold*,  
 Can't make the liquor better, which they hold ;  
 Nor make the food more wholesome, nor more sweet;  
 Nor make you see the *poysen* you may meet  
 Subtly convey'd into them : Nor d' your heads  
 Or bodies rest more on your downy beds ;  
 Nor sleep more soundly 'cause your bed-steads be  
 (What ere you dream) of gold or Ivory :  
 Nay we do often find, those men enjoy  
 More quiet and contented sleep, who lay  
 Their wearied bodies on the humble ground,  
 And with Heaven only *canopy'd* around,  
 Then those can find, who roll their limbs in beds  
 Of Down, or spread with *Persian* Cover-leds ;  
 Nor is their health, or strength the more, who eat  
 The most delicious, and most costly *meat*,  
 Then theirs whose *diet* is but mean and small,  
 To nourish and refresh themselves withall :  
 We see the pamper'd bodies often wax  
 Tender, infirm, unfit for manly *Acts* :  
 Consumptive, full of pains and maladies,  
 Unknown by persons temperate and wise ;  
 For luxury and sloth, how e'r it pleases,  
 Serves but to feed *Physicians* and *diseases* :

Y

Yet

Yet what a bustle do men make, what dust  
 To gratifie their palat, pride, and lust?  
 Nay which is more then this, so vile; so vain  
 Mens hearts are grown, and so corrupt their brain,  
 That they pervert the use of things, and bend  
 The *Creatures* use against the *Creatures* end.

L. Pray Sir, who do so?

C. You wh' abuse poor Men,  
 Although you'r fellow *Creatures*, and have been  
 Made of the self-same matter, and inspir'd  
 With the same soul and form, and have acquir'd  
 The same perfections too; and by their birth,  
 Have as good interest in what's here on Earth,  
 As the Great't *He*; only by policy,  
 By fraud, or force kept in a low degree,  
 By those that *property* devis'd, and fram'd  
 Bounds for those things which nature free pro-  
 (claim'd:

So brought degrees into the World, and so  
 Masters and Servants made, and high and low,  
 To gratifie Mens *lazyness* and pride,  
 Some must be serv'd, ador'd and deifi'd;  
 Mounted in state and triumph, born along  
 On others shoulders, through th' adoring throng,  
 And the poor slaves, are harness'd for that toyl,  
 And us'd like *beasts*; do asses work the while,  
 And those in highest honour with you stand,  
 Who most poor slaves can tread on and command:  
 But you blame me because I do despise,  
 And won't partake of such slight *vanities*,  
 But live content with what I do enjoy;  
 Not grasping *superfluities* that cloy,  
 And indispose the mind, and with them bring  
 Cares and vexations, which to them do cling:

Nor



Nor are they only difficult to gain,  
But also in the enjoyment very vain :  
You don't *consider* how few things, how small  
A *wise* contented man may live withall ;  
With plenty and with comfort ; all those things  
We truly need are few and mean ; this brings  
Your *scorn* on me, to think or say at least  
'Cause I live so, I live but like a *beast* :  
But by that rule the *Gods* themselves would be,  
( 'Cause they want nothing ) verier beasts than we.  
Consider rightly, and you'll clearly find,  
Which is the best way to dispose your mind :  
Or to want *much*, or *little*, 'tis the fate  
Of the inferior, and the infirmer *State*,  
To want more than the nobler and the strong ;  
Thus to weak *infants* do more wants belong  
Then to th' adult ; and thus *sick* persons do  
Want more than healthful ; and the *women* too  
Want more than men ; and men want more than  
( *Cods*,  
For they want nothing : Therefore those, by odds,  
Approach most nearly to the sacred choir,  
Who want the *least*, and who the *least* desire.  
Can you suppose great *Hercules*, that *he*  
Whom noble acts proclaim'd a *Deity*,  
Was in a wretched miserable case,  
Because without a garment he did trace  
Th' *uneven Earth*, and wandred up and down  
Without a *purple robe*, or costly *gown* ;  
His body almost naked, only drest  
In a rough skin tane from a slaughter'd beast ;  
Desiring none of all those trifles that  
We vainly prize, and at so dear a rate ?

Surely he could not miserable be,  
 Who others did *protect* from misery ;  
 Nor was he poor ; his power did extend  
 To sea and land ; where ever he did bend  
 His force, he won the victory, and ne'r  
 Met with his conquerour, nor with his Peer :  
 D' you think he wanted garments or such things,  
 Who conquer'd and commanded *Lords and Kings* ?  
 'Tis not to be imagin'd ; no, he was  
 Content and sober in his mind ; and as  
 He *valour* shew'd, he shew'd his *temperance* too,  
 And ne'r indulg'd himself (as now men do)  
 With vain delights. Or what say you to me  
 Of *Thesus* his disciple ? was not he  
 King of the *Athenians*, and most valiant too  
 Of all his stout *contemporaries*, who  
 By his renowned actions, justly won  
 The reputation of great *Neptune's* Son ?  
 Yet was his body naked, his feet bare,  
 Nor did he shave his beard, or cut his hair.  
 His limbs were hard and hairy, and in that  
 He our bold *Ancestors* did imitate ;  
 Who held a smooth and softly skin to be  
 An argument of mens *effem'nacy* :  
 And this their actions spoke them men, even so  
 Their plain and simple fashions shew'd them too ;  
 They thought a beard mans natural ornament,  
 And Lyons too ; and that the *Mane* was sent  
 For the same end to Horses ; and there is  
 In both by nature plac'd a *Comelyness*,  
 A grace and ornament ; these I propose  
 Unto my self to imitate, not those  
*Ridiculous* men of this *deluded* age,  
 Whose undiscerning fancies do engage

Their

Their fond desires to doat on *Lushious* fare  
And *gorgeous* vain attire, and only there  
Place their imaginary Happiness:  
For my part I desire not, I profess,  
My hough should differ from a Horse, but be  
Like Houghs as *Chirons* were, alls one to me:  
I am the nobler much and happier,  
That no more garments then the *Lyons* wear;  
And that my palat does no more require,  
Or choyser delicats then *Dogs* desire;  
No better Lodging then the Earth I crave;  
And for my dwelling-house the world I have;  
And for my diet I provide such meat,  
As without cost or trouble I may eat:  
That *Gold* and *Silver* bravely I despise,  
From the desire whereof all ills arise,  
That do befall Mankind; *Seditious* jars,  
Slaughters and treacheries, Rebellion, Wars,  
Things that ne'r touch my heart, who little have  
Yet nothing want, not more then little crave:  
Thus stands the *case* with me; and now you know  
Both my profession, and my practice too;  
All which is different from Common strains,  
And from the opinion of *Vulgar* brains,  
From whom no wonder we in habit do  
Differ, since we in *Principles* do too:  
But I admire at you, who attribute  
T' all sorts of Men their *habit* and their suit;  
To th' *Harper* his peculiar garb, and so  
To the *Tragedian* his; and yet you do  
No habit of distinction yet devise,  
Or set apart for *vertuous* Men or *wise*;  
But vainly think it fit that they should go  
Apparel'd as the fools and vulgar do,

A thing both ill and inconvenient too :  
And certainly if any habit is  
Proper for th' good and wise, 'tis such as this  
I wear, which the luxurious *Gallants* hate,  
And more then Vice scorn and abominate :  
My garment's coarse, and rough, and made of hair ;  
My hair's unshav'n, and both my feet are bare ;  
Yours are like *Pathicks*, spruce and finical,  
*Effeminate* Courtiers that cannot at all  
Be from the rout distinguished or known ;  
Nor by your habits difference nor your own :  
Your garments soft like theirs, and gay like theirs,  
You wear as many as the *gallant* wears ;  
As various too in colour and in shapes,  
As *Protean* as *Jove* in all's escapes :  
So gay your coats, and cloaks, so neat your *shoes*,  
To trick and kemb your *hair*, such art you use,  
And so much *time* and *cost* thereon bestow,  
To curl and powder't for the smell and show,  
To tempt, and cheat each other; you that wou'd  
Have people think you're happy, wise and good,  
Out-do the *Vulgar* in these vanities,  
Those *Vulgar* which so proudly you despise :  
Yet you must grant that they don't come behind,  
In parts of *body*, nor in gifts of *mind*,  
The gay't of you, but are as strong to *toyle* ;  
As stout to *fight* as you, whom *lust* can foyle,  
And wanton pleasures conquer and subdue  
As soon as those are least esteemed by you :  
You in your meat, drink, sleep, and your array,  
Are as *luxurious* and vain as they ;  
You scorn forsooth to walk a foot, but will  
By Beasts or by poor men, be carry'd still,

Whil'st

Whil'ft I without relenting can abide  
 Both heats and colds, and what ere can betide  
 Us mortals, and with equal mind I bear  
 All things that *God* sends down, what ere they are,  
 For which content you count me miserable;  
 Whereas you thriving worldlings are not able  
 So to compose your souls to be content  
 With your *condition*, but do still relent,  
 Vex, and repine in every State ; all that  
 Is present you *dislike*, still aiming at  
 Things absent with great longing ; when you lye  
 Cold in the *Winter*, you for *Summer* cry ;  
 And when the *Summers* heat you do obtain,  
 You *Summer* loath, and *Winter* court again :  
 Too hot still, or too cold, like *bodies* ill,  
 You are repining and complaining still :  
 The same effects diseases in them do  
 Produce, Your *Customes* do beget in you :  
 'Twixt both this only difference we find,  
 They're in their bodies *sick*, you in your mind :  
 Yet not content that your own selves are so  
 Misled, you'd tempt and draw in others too  
 To these absurdities and ills with which  
 You have perplext your lives, led by the itch  
 Of blind desire and custome, not the laws  
 Of *Reason* and of *Judgement* ; your *lust* draws  
 And hurries you which way it will ; you go  
 By *violent* motion, whe'r you will or no :  
 Like to light bodies swimming on a stream,  
 Your *lusts* drive you, as does the *torrent* them ;  
 Just as a *Rider* on an untam'd horse,  
 Is carry'd, not by's will, but th' horses force ;  
 Can nor go where he please, nor get on's feet,  
 Whom if one should in his fierce *hurry* meet,

And ask him where he rides, if truth he sayes,  
 His answer must be, *Where my Horse doth please.*  
 To the same question you must answer too,  
 Where your *affections* hurry you, you go :  
*Pleasure* sometimes, sometimes *ambition* drives,  
 And sometimes *avarice* does rule your lives ;  
 Contrary *passions* work contrary waies ;  
*Fear* this way, *anger*, that way, all your daies  
 You're tof's'd like empty *ships* from this to that,  
 Desiring still, but ne'r agreeing what :  
 You are on many *Horses* mounted, true,  
 All wild, and all untamable by you ;  
 You climb the craggy rocks, you cross the Seas,  
 Stick at no hard or dang'rous passages ;  
 No *Countray* so remote, no toyle so great ;  
 No danger so apparent, cold or heat,  
 Or pain or hunger frights or hinders you ;  
 If your *affections* bid you go, you do :  
 While my contemned life keeps me at home  
 Safer, and quieter, then you that rome :  
 I can converse with whom I please, and do  
 What I (that is my reason) prompts me to ;  
 The *ignorant*, though rich, I can contemn,  
 And with a *free-born* mind slight theirs, and them :  
 Th' *intemp'rate*, and *effeminate* from me fly,  
 Fearing my habit, and my *gravity* ;  
 The wise, the modest, and the virtuous be  
 The sole *companions* and delight of me ;  
 While I contemn the *wanton* Men and vain,  
 Whose glory's in their wealth, attire and train ;  
 And bravely can their wealth and them deride,  
 And make my *scorn*, that which they make their  
 View but the *Statues* of the Gods, and see (*pride* :  
 If they're not simple-habited like me,

In the Barbarians *Temples*, or the *Greeks*,  
 Who ere the *Gods* attire and fashion seeks,  
 Shall find their *habit*, and their *beards*, and *hair*.  
 Just as my *hair*, and *beard*, and *habit* are :  
 They are not painted, comb'd, nor trim'd like you ;  
 No upper coat made to mislead our view :  
 But one loose simple *vest* like mine, they do  
 Wear both to cover and adorn them too :  
 Therefore henceforth do you slight me no more,  
 Nor yet upbraid me, as you've done before  
 For my plain *habit*, since the *gods* prefer  
 It before all the rest, and for their wear,  
 Make choyce of this attire, and wisely do  
 Lead us by *precept*, and *example* too ;  
 Which when thou'lt ponder'd well, thou'lt find it  
 Better to be like gods, then like vain men. (then,

## L I.

*A Paraphrase upon the first Chapter of Ecclesiastes.*

**T**HUS said the *Royal Preacher*, who did spring  
 From holy *David Israel's* blessed King ;  
*All things are vain, most vain, nay vanity,*  
*Tea vanity of vanities they be.*  
 See how the industrious *mortals* toil and care !  
 Look how they travel, how *turmoyl'd* they are !  
 When their *work's* ended, and their *race* is run,  
 What profit gain they underneath the Sun ?  
 This *Generation* that appears to day,  
 To morrow vanisheth and fleets away :  
 In whose unstable mansion there comes  
 The next, to fill their *Predecessors* rooms :

And

And these but come and go ; but this vast frame  
 Th' *Earth* still remains, though not the very same :  
 The glorious Heavenly *Charioter* new drest,  
 Riseth in burnish'd glory in the *East*,  
 And circles this vast *Globe* with constant Race,  
 Till it returns to its first rising place.  
 Th' unconstant *wind* that now doth southward blow,  
 Anon to th' *North* from whence it came, will go :  
 It whirlleth still about, yet in its change,  
 It still returns from whence it first did range :  
 The posting *River*, though about it wanders,  
 Curling it self in intricate *Meanders*,  
 Yet with a greedy, and a head strong motion,  
 It runs to its original the *Ocean* :  
 Whose vast unsatiate *womb* it cannot fill ;  
 For as its *taking*, so 'tis *giving* still ;  
 And by alternate *gratitude* supplies  
 The thirsty *Earth*, and makes new *streams* arise,  
 Which by an ever active *imitation*  
 Return from whence they had *origination* :  
 Thus in this toilsome *fabrick* every thing  
 Is full of labour, and doth trouble bring  
 To the still craving *Mortal*, whose false breast,  
 Vainly supposes this a place of *rest* ;  
 And while he toyles his *labours* to possess,  
 Endures more troubles then he can express :  
 The restless *Eye* is never satisfi'd  
 With viewing objects ; nor doth th' ear abide  
 Content with hearing ; But the senses all  
 Grow by fruition more *hydropical* ;  
 And every fresh *enjoyment* straight expires,  
 And's buried in the *flames* of new desires.  
 The thing which hath been in the daies of yore,  
 Shall be again, and what's now done no more,

Then



Then what hereafter shall agen be done ;  
And *there's no new thing underneath the Sun* ;  
There's no *Invention* ; that which we stile *wit*,  
Is but *remembrance* ; and the fruits of it,  
Are but old things reviv'd. In this round *World*,  
All things are by a *revolution* hurl'd.  
And though to us they variously appear,  
There are no things but what already were :  
What thing is there within this world that we  
Can justly say is *new* , and cry *Come see* ?  
We can't remember things that have been done  
Ith' *Nonage* of the *World*, when time begun ;  
And there will come a time, when those that shall  
Succeed us, *shan't* remember us at all ;  
When things that have been, or that shall be done,  
Shall be entomb'd in vast *oblivion* :  
I that your *Preacher* am, was he that sway'd  
A *Royal Scepter*, and have been obey'd  
By th' *Israelites*, and in *Jerusalem*  
Did wear great *Judah's Princely Diadem*,  
And us'd my wealth, my power, and strength of mind,  
To seek and search for wisdom, and to find  
Thereby the causes and *effects* of all  
Things done upon this *sublary* ball ;  
The works of our great *Architekt* survey'd ;  
The firm *foundation* which his hand had laid ;  
The various *superstructures* small and great,  
Mens *labours* how they strive to *Counterfeit* ;  
And in their several *postures* how they strive  
To *feed*, and *fence*, and keep themselves alive ;  
How they do love and hate, are foes and friends,  
Upon mistaken grounds, and false *self-ends* ;  
How they doe *doe*, and *undoe*, how they pant  
And tug to kill imaginary *want* ;

What

What they both *do* and *suffer*, how and why,  
 Their self-created *troubles* I did spy :  
 And in my Towing over-search I see  
 Both what Men *are*, and what they ought to be :  
 A fore and tedious *travel* to the mind,  
 Which our great God in wisdom has design'd  
 For us poor Sons of *mortals*, and thought fit  
 That we therein should exercise our wit.  
 All that hath been, and all that hath been done,  
 All *Creatures* actions underneath the Sun ;  
 My searching *soul* hath seen by contemplation,  
 And lo all's *vanity*, and the soul's *vexation* :  
 All men, all things are crooked and perverse,  
 Full of defects are it, and they, and theirs,  
 All so *imperfect* that they're not at all ;  
 And (which we may the great'st *vexation* call)  
 This *crookedness* cannot be *rectifi'd* ;  
 Nor those *defects* (though numberless) supply'd :  
 When I arriv'd the very top of all,  
 That the mistaken *Mamonists* miscall,  
 And think their chiefest blessings ; *wealth* and *wit*,  
 With all th'additaments that cleave to it :  
 Then did I to my heart Communicate  
 And said ; Lo I've attain'd a vast estate,  
 And do in wisdom far transcend all them  
 That reigned before me in Jerusalem ;  
 And to compleat the *wisdom* of my mind,  
 To my large *knowledge* have experience joyn'd ;  
 I did apply my active mind to know  
*Wisdom* and folly, nay and *madness* too :  
 And from th' experience of all, I find  
 All this is but *vexation* of the *mind* :  
 For in much *wisdom* lies much grief ; and those  
 That increase *knowledge*, but increase their woes.

## LII.

*A Speech made to the Lord General Monck, at Cloth-workers-Hall in London the 13. of March, 1659. at which time he was there entertained by that worthy Company.*

N Ay then let me come too with my *Address*,  
Why mayn't a *Rustick* promise, or profess  
His good affection t' you? Why not declare  
His Wants? how many, and how great they are?  
And how you may supply them? Since you may  
See our *hearts* mourn, although our clothes be *gray*.

Great *Hero* of three Nations! Whose blood springs  
From *piens* and from *pow'rful Grand-fire Kings*,  
With whose *blood-royal* you've *enrich'd* your *veyns*,  
And by continu'd *Policy* and *Pains*  
Have equall'd all their *Glory*; so that now  
Three *Kinglefs Scepters* to your feet do bow,  
And court *Protection*, and *Alliance* too;  
And what great men still *reach'd* at, *stoops* to you:  
But you're too truly *Noble* to aspire  
By *Fraud* or *Force* to *Greatness*, or t' acquire  
*Scepters* and *Crowns* by robbery, or base  
And wilful breach of *Trusts*, and *Oaths*; nor place  
Your *happinefs* in *ravisked Dominion*,  
Whose *Glory's* only founded in *opinion*,  
Attended still with danger, fear, and doubt,  
And fears *within*, worse then all those *without*:  
You must still *watch*, and *fear*, and *think*, and must  
Lose all *content* to gratifie one *lust*;  
Should you invade the *Throne*, or aim at *Pelf*,  
Throw down three Nations to set up your self;

" *Kings*

" *Kings* are but *royal slaves*, and *Prisoners* too,  
 " They *alwaies* *toyl*, and *alwaies* *guarded* go.

You are for making *Princes*, and can find  
 No work proportion'd to your *pow'r*, and *mind*,  
 But *Atlas*-like to bear the *World*, and be  
 The great *Restorer* of the *Liberty*  
 Of three long captiv'd *Kingdomes*, who were thrown  
 By others strong, *delusions*, and their own  
*Misguided zeal*, to do and suffer what  
 Their very *Souls* now *grieve* and *tremble* at;  
*Debauch'd* by those they thought would *teach* and  
 (rule 'um,

Who now they find did *ruine* and *befool* 'um :  
 Our *meanings* still were *honest*, for *alas* !  
 We never *dream't* of what's since come to pass ;  
 'Twas never our *intent* to *violate*

The settled *Orders* of the *Church* or *State*,  
 To throw down *Rulers* from their lawful *Seat*,  
 Merely to make ambitious *small things* great ;

Or to *subvert* the *Laws* ; but we thought then  
 the *Laws* were *good*, if manag'd by *good men* ;  
 And so we do think still, and find it true ;  
*Old Laws* did more good, and less harm then *new* ;  
 And 'twas the plague of *Countreys* and of *Cities*,  
 When that *great belly'd house* did spawn *Committees*.

We fought not for *Religion*, for 'tis known,  
 Poor Men have little, and some great Ones none ;  
 Those few that love it truly, do well know,  
 None can take't from us, whe'r we will or no.

Nor did we fight for *laws*, nor had we need ;  
 For if we had but gold enough to feed  
 Our talking *Lawyers*, we had *Laws* enough,  
 Without addressing to the *sword* or *Buffe*.

Nor yet for *Liberties* ; for those are things  
Have cost us more in *Keepers*, than in *Kings*.

Nor yet for *Peace* ; for if we had done so,  
The *Souldiers* would have beat us long ago :  
Yet we did fight, and now we see for what ;  
To shuffle mens *Estates* ; those owners that  
Before these wars, could call *Estates* their own,  
Are beaten out by others that had none.  
Both *Law* and *Gospel* overthrown together,  
By those who ne'r believ'd in, or lov'd either. (*dom*,  
Our *truth*, our *trade*, our *peace*, our *wealth*, our *free*-  
And our full *Parliaments*, that did get, and breed 'um,  
Are all devour'd, and by a *Monster* fell,  
Whom none, but you, could satisfie, or quell :  
You're great, you're good, you're valiant, and you're  
You have *Briareus* hands, and *Argus* eyes ; (*wife* ;  
You are our *English* Champion, you're the true  
*St. George* for *England*, and for *Scotland* too :  
And though his *story*'s question'd much by some,  
Whe'r true, or false, this *Age* and those to come,  
Shall for the future find it so far true,  
That all was but a *Prophecy* of you ;  
And all his great and high *Atchievements* be  
Explain'd by you in this *Mythology*.

Herein you've far out done him ; he did fight  
But with one single *Dragon* : but b' your might,  
A Legion have been tam'd, and made to serve  
The People, whom they mean t' undo and starve :  
In this you may do higher, and make fame  
*Immortalize* your celebrated name.

This ages glory, wonder of all after,  
If you would free the *Son*, as he the *Daughter*,

## LIII.

Leges Convivales quod fœlix faustumque convivis  
in Apolline sit.

**N**emo asymbolus, nisi umtra huc venito,  
Idiota, insulsus, tristis, turpis abesto.  
Eruditi, Urbani, Hilares, modesti adsciscuntur,  
Nec lecta fœmina repudiantur.  
In apparatus, quod convivis corruget nares nil esto,  
Epu' a delectu potius, quam sumptu parantur;  
Obsonatur, & coquus convivarum gula periti sunt;  
De discubitu non contenditur  
Ministri à dapibus oculati, & muti,  
Apoculis auriti, & celeres sunt.  
Vina puris fontibus ministrantur, aut vapulet hospes,  
Moderatis poculis provocare sodales fas esto,  
At fabulis magis quàm vino velitatio fiat,  
Conviva nec muti, nec loquaces sunt.  
De seriis, aut sacris, poti, & Saturi ne differunto;  
Fidicen nisi accersitus non venito.  
Admissoris, tripudiis, choreis, cantu, salibus,  
Omni gratiarum festivitate sacra celebrantur;  
Foci sine felle sunt,  
Insipida poemata nulla recitantur;  
Versus scribere nullus cogitur;  
Argumentationis totius strepitus abesto;  
Amatoriis querelis, ac suspiriis liber angulus esto.  
Lapitharum more, Scyphis pugnare, vitrea collidere,  
Fenestras excutere, supellectilem dilacerare ne fas esto  
Qui foras dicta vel facta eliminet, eliminato,  
Neminem reum pocula faciunto.

Focus perennis esto.

Ben.

## Ben. Johnsons sociable rules for the Apollo:

**L**et none but *Guests* or *Clubbers* hither come ;  
 Let Dunces, Fools, sad, fordid men keep home ;  
 Let learned, civil, merry men b'invite<sup>d</sup>,  
 And modest too ; nor the choice *Ladies* sleighted :  
 Let nothing in the *treat* offend the *Guests*,  
 More for delight then cost prepare the feasts :  
 The *Cook* and *Purvey'r* must our palats know ;  
 And none contend who shall sit high or low :  
 Our waiters must quick-sighted be and dumb,  
 And let the *dramers* quickly hear and come :  
 Let not our wine be mixt, but brisk and neat,  
 Or else the dinkers may the *Vintners* beat.  
 And let our only emulation be,  
 Not drinking much, but *talking* wittily :  
 Let it be voted lawful to stir up  
 Each other with a moderate *chirping* cup ;  
 Let none of us be mute, or talk too much,  
 On serious things or sacred let's not touch  
 With sated heads and bellies : Neither may  
*Fidlers* unask'd obtrude themselves to play :  
 With laughing, leaping, dancing, jests and songs,  
 And what ere else to grateful mirth belongs ;  
 Let's celebrate our *feasts* ; And let us see  
 That all our jests without reflection be :  
 Insipid *Poems* let no man rehearse,  
 Nor any be compell'd to write a verse :  
 All noise of vain *disputes* must be forborn,  
 And let the lover in a *corner* mourn :  
 To fight and brawl (like *Hectors*) let none dare,  
 Glasses or windows break, or hangings rare.

Who ere shall publish what's here done or said,  
 From our Society must be banished :  
 Let none by drinking do or suffer harm,  
 And while we stay, let us be alwaies warm.

## LIV.

*Cromwell's Panegyrick, upon his riding in triumph  
 over the baffled City of L.*

**S**Hall Presbyterian bells ring *Cromwel's* praise,  
 While we stand still and do no *Trophies* raise  
 Unto his lasting name? Then may we be  
 Hung up like *bells* for our malignity :  
 Well may his *Nose*, that is *dominical*,  
 Take *pepper* in't, to see no Pen at all  
 Stir to applaud his merits, who hath lent  
 Such valour, to erect a *monument*  
 of lasting praise ; whose name shall never dye,  
 While *England* has a *Church*, or *Monarchy*.  
 He whom the laurell'd *Army* home did bring  
 Riding *Triumphant* o'r his conquer'd King,  
 He is the *Generals* Cypher now ; and when  
 He's joyn'd to him, he makes that one a *Ten*.  
 The Kingdomes *Saint* ; *England* no more shall stir  
 To cry *St. George*, but now *St. Oliver* :  
 He's the *Realms* *Ensign* ; and who goes to wring  
 His *Nose*, is forc'd to cry, *God save the King*.  
 He that can rout an *Army* with his name,  
 And take a *City*, ere he views the same :  
 His *Souldiers* may want *bread*, but ne'r shall fear  
 (While he's their *General*,) the want of *Beer* ;

No



No Wonder they wore *Bayes*, his *Brewing-fat*  
 (*Helicon-like*) makes *Poets Laureat* :  
 When Brains in those *Castalian* liquors swim,  
 We sing no *Heathenish Pean*, but an *Hymn* ;  
 And that by th' Spirit too, for who can chuse  
 But sing *Hosanna* to his King of *Jews* ?  
 Tremble you *Scottish* zealots, you that han't  
 Freed any *Conscience* from your *Covenant* :  
 That for those *bald* Appellatives of *Cause*;  
*Religion*, and the *Fundamental Laws*,  
 Have pull'd the old *Episcopacy* down ;  
 And as the *Miter*, so you'll serve the *Crown* :  
 You that have made the *Cap* to th' *Bonnet* vail,  
 And make the *Head* a servant to the *Tail*.  
 And you curst spawn of *Publicans*, that sit  
 In every *County*, as a plague to it ;  
 That with your Yeomen *Sequestrating* Knaves,  
 Have made whole *Counties* beggarly, and slaves.  
 You *Synod* that have sate so long to know  
 Whether we *must* believe in *God*, or no ;  
 You that have torn the *Church*, and sate t' impair  
 The *Ten Commandments*, the *Creed*, the *Prayer* ;  
 And made your *honours* pull down heavens glory,  
 While you set up that *Calf*, your *Directory* :  
 We shall no wicked *Jews-eat'd Elders* want,  
 This *Army's* made of *Churches Militant* :  
 These are new *Tribes* of *Levi* ; for they be  
*Clergy*, yet of no *Univerlity*.  
 Pull down your *Crests* ; for every bird shall gather,  
 From your usurping backs a stolen feather :  
 Your Great *Lay-Levite P.* whose *Margent* tires  
 The patient *Reader*, while he blots whole quires,  
 Nay reams with *Treason* ; and with *Nonsense* too,  
 To *justifie* what e'r you say or do :

Whose *circumcised* ears are hardly grown  
Ripe for another *Persecution* :  
He must to *Scotland* for another pair ;  
For he will lose these, if he tarry here.  
*Burges* that Reverend Presby-dean of *Pauls*,  
Must (with his *Poundage*) leave his *Cure* of Souls,  
And into *Scotland* trot, that he may pick  
Out of the *Kirk*, and nick-nam'd *Bishoprick*.  
And *Will the Conquerour* in a *Scottish* dance,  
Must lead his running Army into *France*.  
And that still-gaping *Tophet Goldsmiths-Hall*,  
With all its *Furies*, shall to ruine fall.  
We'll be no more gull'd by that *Papish* story,  
But shall reach heav'n without that *Purgatory* :  
What honour does he merit, what renown  
By whom all these oppressions are pull'd down :  
And such a Government is like to be  
In *Church* and *State*, as eye did never see :  
*Magicians* think he'll set up *Common-Prayer* ;  
Looking in's face, they find the *Rubrick* there :  
His *Name* shall never dye, by fire nor flood,  
But in *Church-windows* stand, where pictures stood :  
And if his soul loathing that house of clay,  
Shall to another *Kingdome* march away,  
Under some *Barns-floor* his bones shall lye,  
Who *Churches* did, and *Monuments* defie :  
Where the rude *Thrasher*, with much knocking on,  
Shall wake him at the *Resurrection*.  
And on his *Grave*, since there must be no *Stone*,  
Shall stand this *Epitaph* ; *That he has none*.

## L V.

*A Record in Rhythme, Being an Essay towards the Reformation of the Law, offer'd to the Consideration of the Committee appointed for that purpose. Written by some men of Law, at a time when they had little else to do.*

By A. B.

*London, ff.*

**B**E it remembred now that formerly,  
To wit, last Term o'th' holy Trinity,  
Before the *Keepers* of the liberty  
Of England, by the full authority  
Of the long Parliament at *Westminster*,  
*Priscilla Morecrave* widow came, by her  
Attorney *M. B.* and prefers,  
I'th Court of Upper Bench, a bill of hers,  
Against one *Roger Pricklelove*, who doth lye  
A prisoner in the *Marshalls* Custody  
*Et cetera*, and 'tis upon a plea  
Of trespass on the *Case*, *Pledges* there be  
To prosecute the suite, to wit, *John Doe*  
And *Richard Roe*. And the said bill also  
Doth follow in these very words, to wit  
In legal manner, *London, Scilicet.*

## Declaration.

By M. B.

*Priscilla Morecrave* Widow, doth complain  
 Of *Roger Pricklow*, who doth now remain,  
 Prisoner to th' *Marshal* of the *Marshalse*,  
 Of the said Keepers of the *Liberty*  
 Of *England*, by authority and power  
 Of Parliament, i'th' *Bench* superiour,  
 Before the same *Keepers* themselves that be,  
 For that (to wit) whereas the aforesaid she  
*Priscilla Morecrave*, is a person just,  
 Honest, and faithful, one that never durst  
 Give the least cause for to be thought unchast,  
 But hath liv'd ever modest, and was grac't,  
 With godly education, and demurely,  
 Behav'd her self; and all her life most purely,  
 Hath with the zealous and precise consorted;  
 And free from all uncleanness was reported,  
 Who never was amongst the well affected,  
 Stain'd with a Crime, or in the least suspected;  
 But with the pious people of this Nation,  
 Hath had good fame, credit, and reputation;  
 By which good reputation, she hath gain'd  
 Not only love, and favour, but obtain'd  
 A plentiful estate, by which most freely  
 She manag'd her Affairs; And that *Ralph Seely*,  
 One of the Assembly late at *Westminster*,  
 A godly-Gospel-preaching-Minister,  
 Was earnest suiter in the way of Marriage,  
 To have her for his yoke-fellow; his carriage;

And

And his most Saint-like loving humble speeches,  
 Had her consent to all that he beseeches.  
 And she agreed to give him all content,  
 To wed him by the Act of Parliament :  
 Three times the Contract publish'd, then their trust  
 That all shall be compleated by the Justice : (is  
 But this said *Roger* all afore said knowing,  
 Maliciously intending her undoing,  
 To blast her reputation, and dishonour  
 Her untain'd Chastity ; to cast upon Her  
 Infamous obloquy, to dis-repute Her ;  
 And to deprive her of her foresaid Suiter ;  
 By breaking of the marriage was intended ;  
 To leave her to the world lost, and unfriended ;  
 In month *September*, day of the same *Eleven*,  
 One thousand six hundred fifty and seven,  
 Of our Lords year, as by our computation,  
 Our Common-wealth reckons from th' incarnation,  
 At *London* in the parish of *St. Mary*  
*Bow*, in the ward of *Cheap*, he then contrary  
 To truth most falsly and maliciously  
 In hearing of right worthy Company,  
 And honourable persons, *Noble Lords*,  
 Did speak these false, and most reproachful words,  
 To and off her the *Plaintiff* ; that's to say,  
*You are a Pockie Whore, and at this day*  
*You have three Bastards living, which do dwell,*  
*Two in Pick-hatch, and one in Clarkenwell :*  
 By reason of which false malicious speaking  
 Of the said *Roger*, to her great heart-breaking ;  
 The godly *Gospel-Minister*, her Suiter,  
 Forbears his former suit, and for the future,  
 Did make profession he would never take her  
 To be his *Consort*, but did quite forsake her ;

And all her friends with whom he had repute,  
 Do now esteem her for a *Prostitute* ;  
 Whereby she is the worse, and damni'd,  
*One thousand and five hundred pounds*, beside ;  
 And thereupon she doth her suit produce,  
 In th' Upper *Bench*, because of this abuse,

*Imparlance.*

By A. B.

And now until this day, that is to say,  
 On *Munday three weeks after Michaels day*  
 In this same Term, which very day until  
*Roger* had leave t' emparl unto that Bill,  
 And then to answer it ; before the same  
*Keepers*, as well the said *Priscilla* came,  
 I'th Court of Upper Bench, at *Westminster*  
 By that Attourney nam'd before, for her,  
 As the aforesaid *Roger*, who doth come  
 By his Attourney *A. B.*  
 And doth defend the force and injurie,  
 When, where, *et cætera*. And said that she,  
 The said *Priscilla*, ought not maintain, nor  
 Have thereupon her Suit against him, for  
*Protesting*, nor acknowledging that she  
 's half so honest as she'd seem to be ;  
 Nor is her body, or her life so clear,  
 Nor so unspotted, as she would appear ;  
 Nor is she of so chaste a reputation,  
 As is pretended by her Declaration :  
*Protesting* also that the said *Ralph Seely*  
 (Though oft together did both he and she lye)

Ne'r

Ne'r meant to Marry her, but all his power,  
Of love was quench'd in less then half an hour.  
Besides he'd quite undo her ; if he had,  
His *learning* was so small his *life* so bad.

For *Plea* he saith that at the time, wherein  
She does suppose these slanderous words t'have bin  
Spoke by th' aforesaid *Roger*, she the said  
*Priscilla* was nor Widow, Wife, nor Maid ;  
And though she pass'd for an unbroken Virgin,  
She catch'd th' aforesaid *Presbyter* in her gyn ;  
And with his wall-ey'd *Saintship* plaid the sinner,  
Who b'ing inspir'd by a Thanksgiving dinner,  
Did carnally her body know, to wit  
The crime of *Fornication* did commit ;  
In the same *Ward*, and *Parish*, to his Honour,  
He at one clap got three great Boyes upon her.  
All which for privacy were put to feeding  
At *Bridewell* and *Pick-hatch*, to learn good breeding :  
And she in recompence clap'd him so sore,  
With *Anglice French-POX*, it made him rore ;  
And put his *Genitals* in such a pickle,  
That all his *Parish* women did article,  
And out him of his *Benefices* twain,  
And into *Scotland* made him trot again :  
Wherefore (as lawful 'twas) on this occasion,  
He spake the words laid in the Declaration.  
And this he *Justifies*, and judgement crave,  
If she this suit ought to maintain or have.

*Replication.*

## Replication.

By I. H.

And she the said *Priscilla* doth maintain her  
 Said Action, against all that's said to stain her ;  
 And saith this *Court* nor will nor can forejudge her,  
 For ought that's pleaded by the foresaid *Roger* ;  
 But though by his said Plea, she's forc'd to carry,  
 Her suit against him, yet she ought to carry ;  
 Protesting therefore she's not such a liver,  
 Nor of such Fame, as the said Plea doth give her  
 Out for to be, but that she hath not vary'd  
 One jot in life from what she hath declared :  
 And on the said *Ralphs* part protesting farther,  
 That of the *Kirk* he was a Godly Father ;  
 And of as pure and chaste a conversation,  
 As any *Presbyter* within the Nation :  
 And free from any lustful act committing,  
 With her, or any other deed unfitting :  
 For *Replication* saith, she was not knowing  
 Of the said *Ralph* but three years last foregoing :  
 During which time, and till the said words spoke  
 (were  
 By the said *Roger* (that almost have broke her)  
 She liv'd a *Matrons* life, chaste, grave, and thrifty,  
 And came unto the Age of *three and fifty* ;  
 And the said *Ralph* all the said time, by reason  
 Of his much preaching in and out of season ;  
 And of his fasting long, and longer praying,  
 And from his peoples not their duties paying,  
 In the same *Ward* and *Parish*, grew so weakly,  
 That of his life he did despair weekly :

Which



Which weakness had so very much out-worn him,  
That in his bed he was not able turn him ;  
Till that a learned *Doctor* of the *Colledge*  
Who of his sickness had full perfect knowledge,  
For gaining of his health did much exhort him,  
To wed an honest *Matron* to Comfort him :  
Which the said *Ralph* well liking, and well knowing  
The honour to the said *Priscilla* owing,  
And thinking that delays might greatly worse him,  
With Zeal, did Court her for a wife to nurse him :  
And she in pity to his weak *Condition*,  
Did condescend to be his she *Physician*,  
And for their joynt desires better carrying,  
A day by both appointed was for marrying :  
But on the sudden off the same was broken  
By the said *Roger's* words aforesaid spoken ;  
By means whereof, he the said *Ralph*, endure  
Could not the said *Priscilla* for a Cure,  
But of relief his expectations failing,  
And his long sickness more and more prevailing ;  
In Month *October*, day thereof that *first is*,  
In the *Lords* year that formerly exprest is ;  
At the said *Ward*, the said *Ralph* much in trouble,  
Did dye, to's loss, possess'd of living double :  
And left the said *Priscilla* to bemoan her,  
For that no other man would after own her ;  
And that she truly doth reply and don't lye,  
She prays may be inquired by the *Country*.

*Rejoynder.*

*Rejoynder.*

By A. B.

And the aforesaid *Roger* saith the Plea  
 By her the said *Priscilla* formerly  
 Put in and pleaded by her *Replication*,  
 In the aforesaid manner, form, and fashion,  
 And the whole matter that's contained there,  
 Are not sufficient in the law, for her  
 The said *Priscilla*, to maintain her aforesaid  
 Suit against him, and there need be no more said:  
 Nor by the laws of *England* is it fit,  
 That he should make answer unto it;  
 This to averr he's ready. Whereupon  
 For want of better *Replication*  
 In this behalf, he doth a judgment pray,  
 And that she from having her action may  
 Be barr'd, for this against him; And for  
 The causes why he doth in Law *demurr*  
 Upon that *Replication*, he the said  
*Roger* according to the Statute made,  
 And in such case provided, doth declare  
 And shew to th' Court of Upper Bench that's here,  
 These causes following, to wit, that this  
 Said *Replication* insufficient is,  
*Negative*, pregnant, and uncertain, rude,  
*Double*, wants form, and does not conclude  
 Rightly, according to the legal way.

*Joyning*

*Joyning in Demurrer.*

By A. B.

And she the said *Priscilla* here doth say,  
That the said *Plea* which by reply has been  
Pleaded by her, and what's contain'd therein,  
In point of *Law*, good, and sufficient be,  
Her suit against him to maintain; And she  
That *Plea* and matter, pleaded as above,  
Is ready here both to maintain and prove,  
As this *Court* shall consider, and think fit,  
And 'cause he does not answer it, nor yet  
Deny the *Replication* any way,  
The said *Priscilla* (as before) doth pray  
Judgement, and dammages to be judg'd to her,  
For all this injury which he did do her:  
But 'cause this *Court* here not advis'd is  
Of giving judgment of the premises,  
A day's giv'n to both parties to appear  
I'th Upper *Bench*, before the *Keepers* here  
At *Westminster*, till *Munday* after eight  
*Dayes* of *St. Hillary*, for the receipt,  
And hearing of their Judgment upon it,  
For that the *Court* is not advis'd as yet.

To

## LVI.

*To the Kings most Sacred Majesty, on his miraculous  
and glorious return 29. May, 1660.*

Now our *Spring-royal's* come, this <sup>(ground,</sup> cursed  
Which for twelve years with Tyrants did <sup>(abound,</sup>  
Bears *Kings* again, a memorable Spring!  
*May* first brought forth, *May* now brings home our  
(*King*;

*Auspicious Twenty ninth!* this day of *Mirth*  
Now gives *Redemption*, which before gave *Birth*.  
Hark, how th' admiring people cry, and shout,  
See how they flock and leap for joy; the Rout,  
Whose *Zeal* and *Ignorance*, for many years,  
Devis'd those Goblins *Jealousies* and *Fears*,  
And fighting blindfold in those puzzling *Mists*,  
Rais'd by the conjuring of their *Exorcists*,  
*Wounded*, and *chas'd*, and *kill'd* each other while  
Their Setters-on did share the prey, and smile.  
Now the delusion's o'r, do plainly see  
What once they were, what now they ought to be.  
T' abused Trumpet that was only taught  
To inspire Rebellion, now corrects its fault;  
Tun'd by your *Fame*; and with more chearful voyce,  
Contributes sounds, and helps us to *Rejoyce*:  
The Guns which roar'd for your best subjects blood,  
Disown their cause now better understood;  
The Bells that for sedition long chim'd in,  
As if themselves too, Rebaptiz'd had been,

Con-

Convert their notes ecchoing with louder peal,  
 The harmony of Church and Common-weal :  
 While in contiguous *Bon-fires* all the Nation  
 Paint their late fears, and sport with *Conflagration* ;  
 'Bout which rejoycing *Neighbours* friendly meet,  
 And with fresh wood the kind devourer greet.

Meanwhile, th' old *Subjects*, who so long have  
 In *Caves*, and been miraculously kept (slept  
 From *Rage* and *Famine* ; while the only thing  
 That fed and cloath'd them, was the hope of *King*,  
 Do all *New-plume* themselves to entertain  
 Your long'd-for *Majesty*, and *welcome Train*.

And (as in *Job's* time 'twas) those *Spurious* things,  
 Who look like *Subjects*, but did ne'r love *Kings*,  
 Appear among your *Subjects* in array  
 That's undiscernable, unless more gay.  
 All with loud *hallows* pierce the smiling skies,  
 While brandish'd *Swords* please and *amaze* our eyes.

Why then should only I stand still? and bear  
 No part of *triumph* in this *Theatre* ?  
 Though I'm not wise enough to speak t' a *King*  
 What's worth his ear, nor rich enough to bring  
*Gifts* worthy his acceptance ; though I do  
 Not ride in *Buff* and *Feathers*, in the show ;  
 (Which *Pomp* I did industriously eschew,  
 That *Cost* being more to me, than th' *shew* to you)  
 Nor do I love a Souldiers garb to own,  
 When my own Conscience tells me I am none.  
 Yet I'll do duty too, for I've a mind  
 Will not be idle, but will something find  
 To bid my SGVERAIGN *Welcome* to his own  
 Long-widow'd Realm, his *Scepter*, *Crown* & *Throne*;  
 And though too mean and empty it appear,  
 If he afford a well-pleas'd *Eye* and *Ear*,

His

His pow'r can't by my *Weakness* be withstood,  
 Bee't what it will, he'll find, or make it good.

Hail long-desired *Sovereign*! you that are  
 Now our sole joy and hope, as once our fear!  
 The Princely Son of a most pious Sire  
 Whose *Precepts* and *Example* did inspire  
 Your tender years with *virtues*, that become  
 A King that's fit to rule all *Christendome*:  
 Which your great Soul hath so improved since,  
*Europe* can't shew such an accomplish'd Prince:  
 Whose whole life's so *exemplary*, that you  
 Convinc'd those foes, which we could not subdue;  
 And those that did t' your Court t' abuse you come,  
 Converted Profelytes returned home:  
 Such strong and *sympathetick* virtues lye  
 In your great name, it cures when you're not nigh,  
 Like Weapon-salve; If fame can reach up to  
 This height of Cures, what will your person do?  
 Your Subjects high't *Ambition*, and their Cure,  
 Bold *Rebels* terror, you that did endure  
 What e'r the *Wit* or *Malice* of your foes  
 Could lay on you or yours, yet stoutly chose  
 To suffer on, rather than to requite  
 Their injuries, and grew *Victorious* by't;  
 And by your patient suffering did subdue  
 The *Traytors* fury, and the *Traytors* too.

The great King-makers favourite, a Prince  
 Born to a *Crown*, and kept for't ever since.  
 From *Open* force, from all the *Close* designs  
 Of all your *Foes*, and all our *Catilines*,  
 From all th'insatiate malice of that bold  
 Bloud-thirsty *Tyrant*, from his sword, and gold,  
 Which hurt you more; and from your own false  
 Whom he still kept in pay to serve his ends (*Friends*,  
 Yet

Yet you're deliver'd out of all these things,  
 By your *Protector*, who's the *King of Kings*.  
 No more that proud *Usurper* shall proclaim  
 Those partial *Conquests* which but brand his name,  
 To all posterity, no more remember,  
 His *thrice auspicious third day* of September;  
 Since he fought not for victories, but paid;  
 Nor were you conquer'd by him, but betray'd:  
 And now your *May*, by love, has gotten more,  
 Than his *Septembers* did, by blood, before.

Thanks to that *Glory of the West*, that Star,  
 By whose conductive influence you are  
 Brought to enjoy your own, whose eminent worth  
 These *Islands* are too small to *Eccho* forth:  
 Whose *courage* baffled fear, whose purer soul  
 No bribes could e'er seduce, no threats controul,  
 But strangely cross'd the proverb, & brought forth  
 The best of *Goods* from th' once-pernicious *North*,  
 To whose *Integrity*, your Kingdoms owe  
 Their *restoration*, and what thence does flow,  
 Your blest arrival; with such *prudence* still  
 He manag'd these affairs, such *truth*, such *skill*,  
 Such *valour* too, he led these Nations through  
 Red Seas of *Blood*, and yet ne'r wet their shoe.  
 Blest be the Heavenly pow'rs, that hither sent  
 That Noble *Hero*, as the instrument,  
 To scourge away those *Furies*, and to bring  
 To's longing subjects our long absent King. (been,  
*Welcome* from foreign Kingdoms, where you've  
 Driv'n by hard-hearted *Fate*, and where you've  
 (seen,  
 Strange men and manners; yet too truly known,  
 No Land less *Hospitable* than your own;

A a

From

From those that *would* not, those that *durst* not do  
*Right* to themselves, by being kind to you ;  
 From *profess'd* foes, and from *pretended* friends,  
 Whose feigned love promotes their cover'd *Ends*.  
 " *Kings treating Kings, springs not from love, but state,*  
 " *Their love's to policy subordinate.*

From *banishment*, from *dangers*, and from *want*,  
 From all those *mischiefs* that depend upon't,  
 You're truly *welcome*, *welcome* to your *throne*,  
 Your *Crowns* and *Scepters*, and what ere's your *own*,  
 Nay to what's *curs* too, for we find it true,  
*Our wealth is gotten and preserv'd by you.*

*Welcome* 't your Subjects hearts, which long did burn  
 With strong desires to see your blest'd *Return*.

*Welcome* 't your friends, *welcome* 't your wisest foes,  
 Whose bought *Experience* tells them now, that  
 (those

*Riches* they've got by *plunder*, *fraud*, and *force*,  
 Do not *increase*, but make their *fortunes* worse,  
 Like *Robbers* spoils, just as they come, they go,  
 And leave the *wretches* poor and *wicked* too.

They see their error, and that only you  
 Can give them pardon, and protection too.  
 Since you're come out o'th fire, twelve years refin'd,  
 With *hardned* body, and *Experienc'd* mind.

Only that crew of *Caitiffs*, who have been,  
 So long, so deeply plung'd in so great sin,  
 That they *despair* of *pardon*, and believe,  
 You can't have so much *mercy* to forgive,  
 As they had *villany* 't offend, and so  
 They to get *out*, the further in do go.

These never were, and never will be true  
 (What e'r they say or swear) to God or you.



The scum and scorn of every sort of men ;  
 That for abilities, could scarce tell *ten* ;  
 And of estates proportion'd to their parts ;  
 Of mean enjoyments, and of worse deserts,  
 Whom *want* made *bold*, and *impudence* supply'd  
 Those gifts, which *art* and *nature* had deny'd ;  
 And in their practice perfect Atheists too,  
 (For half-wit, and half-learning makes men so).

These first *contriv'd*, and then *promoted* all  
 Those troubles, which upon your Realm did fall ;  
 Inflam'd three populous Nations, that they might  
 Get better *opportunity* and *light*  
 To steal and *plunder*, and our goods might have,  
 By robbing those, whom they pretend to save,  
 Our new *commotions* new *employments* made,  
 And what was our *affliction* grew their *trade* :  
 And when they saw the *plots*, th' had laid, did take,  
 Then they turn'd *Gamesters*, and put in their stake,  
 Ventured their *All* ; their Credit which was small,  
 And next their *Conscience* which was none all,  
 Put on a'l *forms*, and all *Religions* own,  
 And all alike, for they were all of none :  
 A thousand of them han't one *Christian* soul,  
 No *Oathes* oblige them, and no *Laws* controul  
 Their strong desires but *pœnal* ones ; and those  
 Make them not *innocent*, but *cantelous*.  
 Crimes that are scandalous, and yield no *gain*,  
*Revenge* or *pleasure*, they perhaps refrain ;  
 But where a crime was *gainful* to commit,  
 Or pleas'd their *lust* or *malice*, how they bit !  
 This did invade the *Pulpit*, and the *Throne*,  
 And first made them, then all that's ours, their own  
 Depos'd the *Ministers* and *Magistrates*,  
 And in a godly way, seiz'd their estates ;

A a 2

Then

Then did the *Gentry* follow, and the *Rich*,  
 Those neutral sinners, by *omission*, which  
 Had good estates, for it was not a sin  
 To plunder, but t' have ought worth plundring.  
 And by religious forms, and shews and paints,  
 They're call'd the godly party, and the *Saints*.  
 By crafty artless Oratory, they  
 Vent'ring to make Orations; preach, and pray,  
 Drew in two silly souls, that were  
 Caught with vain shews, drawn on by hope and fear,  
 Poor undiscerning, all believing Elves,  
 Fit but to be the ruine of themselves;  
 Born to be couzen'd, trod on, and abus'd;  
 Lov'd to be fool'd, and easily seduc'd:  
 These beasts they make with courage fight and dye,  
 Like *Andabates*, not knowing how, nor why,  
 Till they destroy'd King, Kingdome, Church, and  
 (Laws,

And sacrificed all to *Molochs Cause*:  
 While those possess the fruit of all the toils  
 Of these blind slaves, and flourish with their spoils,  
 Plum'd with gay feathers stoln, (like *Aesops Crow*)  
 They seem gay birds, but it was only show.

Now publique lands and private too, they share  
 Among themselves, whose mawes did never spare  
 Ought they could grasp; to get the *Royal* lands,  
 They in *Blond Royal* bath'd their rav'nous hands.  
 With which they shortly pamper'd grew, and rich,  
 Then was their bloud infected with the itch  
 Of *Pomp*, and *Power*, and now they must be *Squires*,  
 And *Knights* and *Lords*, to please their wives desires,  
 And *Madams* them. A broken tradesman now,  
 Piec'd with *Church-Lands*, makes all the vulgar bow

Unto his honour, and their Bonnets vail  
 To's worship, that sold Petticoats, or Ale.  
 In pomp, attire, and every thing they did  
 Look like true *Gentry*, but the *Soul*, and *Head*,  
 By which they were discern'd, for they were rude;  
 With harsh and ill-bred natures still endu'd;  
 Proud, and penurious. What *Nobility*  
 Sprung in an instant, from all *trades* had we!  
 Such *t' other* things, crept into *t' other House*,  
 Whose *Sires* heel'd stockings, and whose *Dams*  
 (sold fowse.

These were *Protectors*, but of such a crew,  
 As people *Newgate*, not good men, and true:  
 These were *Lord Keepers*, but of *Cowes* and *Swine*,  
*Lord Coblers*, and *Lord Drawers*, not of *Wine*.  
 Fine *Cockney-pageant* Lords, and Lords *Gee-hoo*,  
 Lords *Butchers*, and Lords *Butlers*, *Dray-Lords* too.

And to transact with these was hatch'd a brood,  
 Of *Justices* and *Squires*, nor great, nor good;  
 Rays'd out of *plunder*, and of *sequestration*,  
 Like *Frogs* of *Nilus*, from an inundation;  
 A foundred *Warrior*, when the wars did cease,  
 As nat'rally turn'd *Justice* of the *Peace*,  
 And did with boldness th' office undertake,  
 As a blinde *Coach-horse* does a *Stallion* make.

These fill'd all *Countreys*, and in every *Town*  
 Dwelt one or more to tread your *Subjects* down.  
 And to compleat this *Stratagem* of theirs,  
 They use *Auxiliary* *Lecturers*;  
 Illiterate *Dolts*, pickt out of every *Trade*,  
 Of the same metal, as *Jeroboams*, made,  
 That ne'r took *Orders*; nor did any keep,  
 But boldly into others *Pulpits* creep,

And vent their *Heresies*, and there inspire  
 The vulgar with *Sedition*, who desire  
 Still to be cheated, and do love to be  
 Mis-led by th' ears, with couzning *Sophistrie*,  
 These sold *Divinity*, as Witches do  
 In *Lapland*, Winds, to drive where e'r you go.  
 The *Sword* no action did, so dire and fell,  
 But that some *Pulpiteers* pronounc'd it, *Well*.

With these ingredients, were the Countreys ail  
 Poyson'd, and fool'd, and aw'd, while they did call  
 Themselves the *Cities*, or the *Counties*, and  
 Do in their names, what they ne'r underitand  
 Or hear of. These did that old *Dry-bone* call  
 Up to the *Throne*, (if he were call'd at all)  
 And vow'd to live and dye with him; and then  
 Address'd to *Dick*, and vow'd the same agen.  
 And so to *Rump*; but these vowes were no more  
 Then what they vow'd to *Essex* long before,  
 And so perform'd; they dy'd alike with all,  
 Yet liv'd on unconcerned in their fall:  
 So as these *Corks* might swim at top, they ne'r  
 Car'd what the liquor was, that them did bear.

These taught the *easie* people, prone to sin,  
 And ready to *imbibe* ill customes in,  
 To *betray trusts*, to break an *Oath*, and *Word*,  
 Things that th'old *English Protestants* abhorr'd.

And lest these Kingdoms should hereafter be  
 Took for *enchanted Islands* (where men see  
 Nothing but *D. vils* haunt, as if God and  
 All virtuous people had forfok the land,  
 And left it to these *Monsters*) these took care,  
 To make us match and mix our bloud with their  
 Polluted issue; and so do, as when  
*Gods* sons did take the daughters once of men.

To fright men into this, they did begin  
 To *decimate* them, for *Orig'nal Sin*.  
 Children that were unborn, in those mad times,  
 And unconcern'd in what they *Voted* crimes,  
 If guilty of *Estates*, were forc'd to pay  
 The *tenth* to those, who took *nine* parts away.

The *Law* was made a standing pool, and grew  
 Corrupt, for want of current; thence a crew  
 Of monstrous *Animals* out daily crawl'd,  
 Who little knew, but impudently ball'd;  
 And made the *Law* the *Eccho* of the *Sword*,  
 With such lew'd *Cattel* were the *Benches* stor'd,  
 That made the *Gown* ridiculous, Now and then  
 The *Malefactors* were the wiser men,  
 Most times the *honestest*; these did dispende,  
 And rack the *Laws*, 'gainst equity and sence,  
 Which way the *Buff* would have them turn; by  
 They long continued *powerful* and *Rich*. (which

Now they'll all wheel about, and be for you,  
 For (like *Camelions*) they still change their hue,  
 And look like that that's next them; they will vow,  
 Their hearts were alwaies for you, and are now.  
 'Tis no new Wit, 'tis in a *Play* we know,  
*Who would not wish you King, now you are so?*

Yet you can pardon all, for you have more  
*Mercy* and *love*, than they have *crimes*, in store.  
 And you can love, or pity them, which none  
 But you could do; you can their persons own,  
 And with unconquer'd patience look on them,  
 Because your Nature knows not to condemn.  
 You'll let them live, and by your grace convince  
 Their treach'rous hearts, that they have wrong'd a  
 (Prince,

Whom God and Angels love and keep ; whose mind  
Solely to love and mercy is inclin'd ;  
Whom none but such as they would hurt, or grieve,  
And none but such as you could e'r forgive  
Such men and crimes. Those feathers ne'rtheless  
Pluck'd from your Subjects backs, their own to  
(dress,  
Should be repluck'd, or else they should restore,  
They'll still be left *Crows*, as they were before.  
But if you trust them, —————

And now you are returned to your *Realms*,  
May you sit long, and stedfastly at th' *Helm*,  
And rule these head-strong people : may you be  
The true *Protector* of our *Libertie*.

Your *wisdom* only answers th' expectation  
Of this long injur'd, now reviving Nation.

May true Religion flourish and increase,  
And we love virtue, as the ground of peace ;  
May all pretences, outward forms, and shewes  
Whereby we have been gull'd, give way for those  
True act of pure religious, and may we  
Not only seem religious, but be.

Of taking *Oathes*, may you and we be shy,  
But being ta'en think no necessity  
O' power can make us break them ! may we ne'r  
Make wilful breach of promises ! nor e'r  
Basely betray our trusts ! but strive to be  
Men both of honour, and of honestie !  
And may those only that are just, and true,  
Be alwa'es honour'd, and employ'd by you.

Next let our sacred *Laws* in which do stand  
The *wealth*, the *peace*, and *safety* of our Land,  
be kept *invulnerable*, and never made  
Nets to the small, while the great *Flies* evade !

May

May those that are intrusted with them be  
Men of sound knowledge, and integrity,  
And sober courage; such as dare, and wilt,  
And can do Justice! We have felt what ill  
Comes by such *Clarks* and *Judges* as have been,  
For favour, faction, or design put in,  
Without respect to *Merit*, who have made  
The Law to *Tyrants* various lusts a *Law*,  
Perverted *Justice*, and our *Rights* have sold,  
And *Rulers* have been over-rul'd by *Gold*:  
Then are the people happy, and *Kings* too,  
When, they that are in power, are good, and do.

On these two *Bases* let our peace be built  
So firm and lasting, that no blood be spilt,  
No *Countrey* wasted, and no treasure spent  
While you and yours do reign; no future rent  
Disturb your happiness; but may we strive  
Each in his sphere, to make this Nation thrive,  
Grow plentiful, and pow'rful, and become  
The Joy or Terror of all *Christendome*.  
And those, who lately thought themselves above us,  
May, spite of fate, or tremble at, or love us,  
May no incroaching spirit break the hedge  
Between *Prerogative*, and *Priviledge*.

And may your sacred *Majesty* enjoy  
Delights of *Mind*, and *Body*, that ne'r cloy!  
Not only be obey'd, but lov'd at home,  
*Prais'd* and *admir'd* by all that near you come!  
And may your Royal Fame be spread as far  
As *valiant*, and as *virtuous* people are!

And when you're *Majesty* shall be inclin'd,  
To bless your Realms with heirs, oh may you find  
A Spouse that may for *Beauty*, *Virtue*, *Wit*,  
And royal birth, be for your person fit!

May

May you abound in hopeful heirs, that may  
*Govern* the Nations, and your *Scepters* sway,  
Till time shall be no more, and pledges be  
Both of your *love*, and our *felicity*.

May you live long and happily, and find  
No pains of body, and no griefs of mind :  
While we with loyal hearts Rejoyce, and Sing  
God blefs your *Kingdoms*, and

God save our KING.

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THE END.

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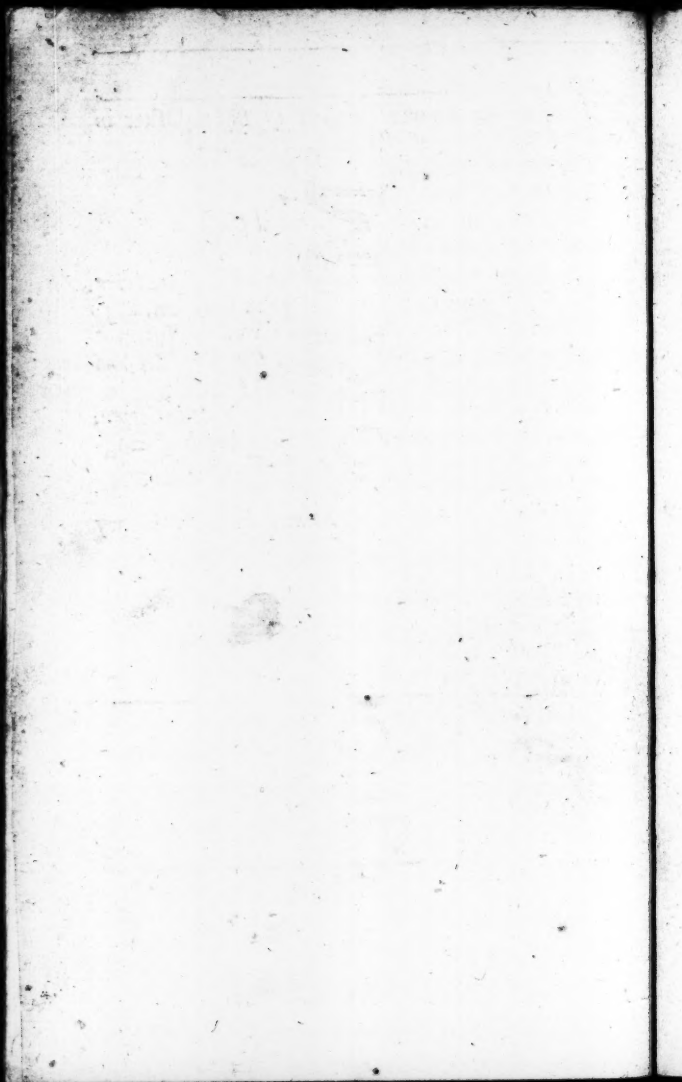
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